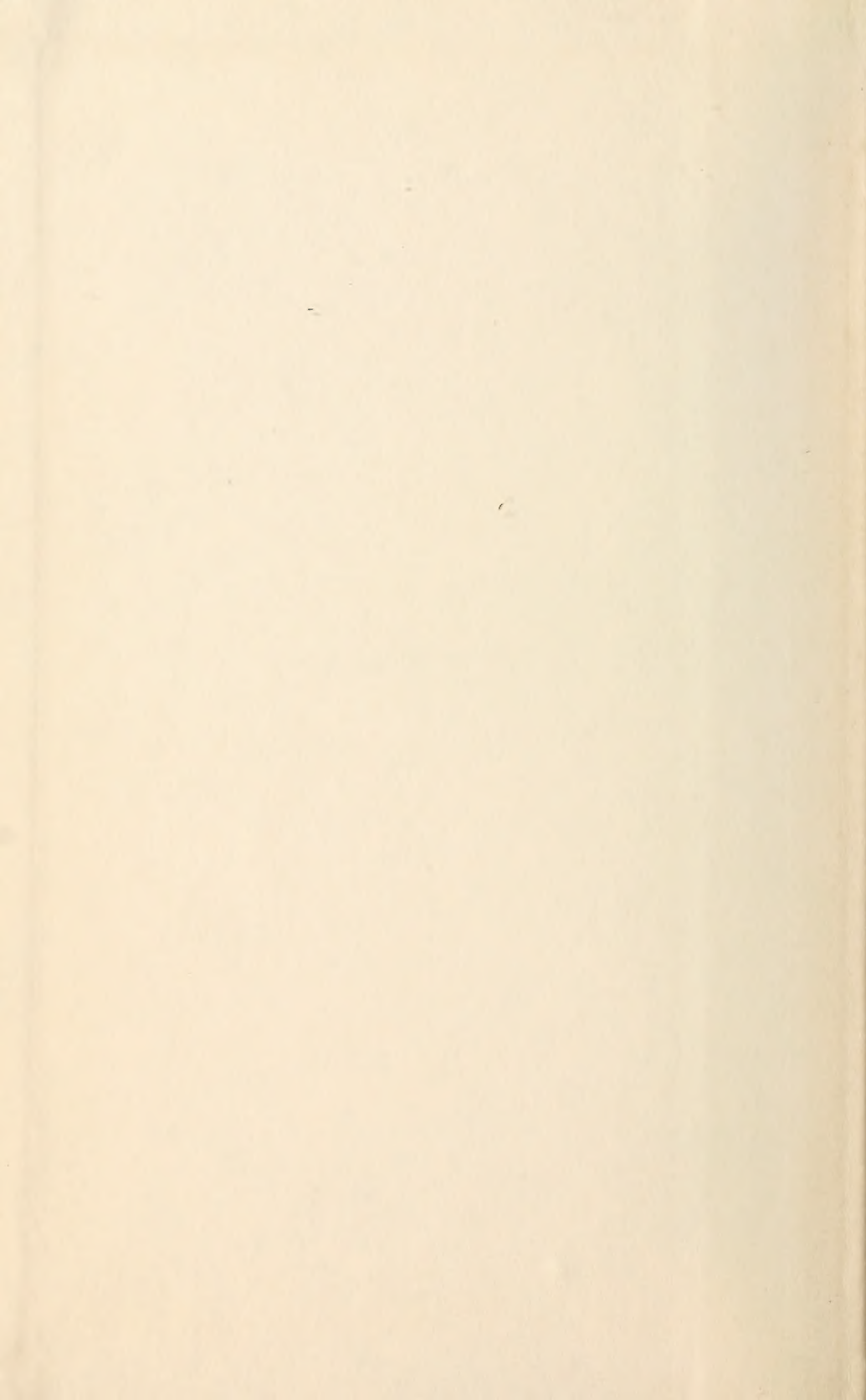




THE PERSONALIST

VOLUME III

ISSUED QUARTERLY BY THE
UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
RALPH TYLER FLEWELLING, *Editor*



1922

LOS ANGELES

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Our Contributor's Page

VIRGINIA TAYLOR McCORMICK, associate Editor of *The Lyric*, a magazine of verse, is already known to our readers. Her contribution on Flecker will be welcomed by those already acquainted with his work and will form the introduction of others to this genius of song.



DR. ERNEST CARROLL MOORE is director of the University of California, Southern Branch, located at Los Angeles, former professor at Harvard and nationally known educator. Philosopher by nature and training, when he turns from his multitudinous activities to discuss philosophy what he writes is sure to be of interest. *On Logic* is the title he chooses in defence of that ancient discipline.



FREDERICK MARSH BENNETT is a minister of Youngstown, Ohio, whose philosophical nature has been stirred by the "scientific" statement that "after all, love is only a chemical reaction." Is it scientific to say that all values of life including the soul can be thus brought to material appraisement and that this appraisal is final? He offers an answer.



DR. CHARLES COKE WOODS, a Methodist minister of Monrovia, California, is already widely known for his nature books, "In the Beauty of Meadow and Mountain," and "Our Spiritual Skies," as well as for his verse.



MR. GEORGE LAW, author of *The Barren Ideal*, has, we believe, set forth the spirit of John Burroughs with unimpeachable fidelity as well as with rare literary skill. We do not believe in John Burroughs' religious philosophy, greatly as we admire his appreciation of nature. We believe his intuitions were better than his explanations. Reginald Wright Kauffman is to present the other side in the next number.

Works by Ralph Tyler Flewelling

A tetralogy of thought-provoking books by an author whose philosophic writings have attracted wide attention because of their novelty of conception, suggestiveness of treatment, and chasteness and simplicity of style.

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This new volume is (1st) A critique of Bergson, showing his deficiencies on the side of the Philosophy of Religion. (2nd) A constructive discussion of Personal Realism, aiming to show that Personality is the supreme metaphysical and spiritual reality.

The manuscript of this volume was prepared under the direction of the Sorbonne and in consultation with Professor Bergson.

Those who had the privilege of reading Professor Flewelling's previous volumes will need no urging to possess his latest philosophic work.

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"This is a little war book of permanent value, because it deals with underlying causes. It shows how the false philosophy of Germany undermined its morals and religion and made its soldiers brutal, its aims material, its policies selfish. Egoism and impersonalism have been the ruin of a great people. Let us beware of false doctrine; it leads to death."—The Lutheran Quarterly. 18 mo. Cloth.

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THE PERSONALIST

University of Southern California, 36th and University Ave.
Los Angeles

Our Contributors' Page

JOSEPHINE HAMMOND is so widely known as a contributor to leading magazines as well as for her work in pageantry and education that she would scarcely need introduction to new readers of *THE PERSONALIST*. To our old readers she has become an inspiration and a reliance. We long for a sort of ubiquitous eye that might watch the expression of pleasure on the faces of our subscribers as they see her name on our covers.



PROFESSOR ROBERT WILLIAM ROGERS is known the world over as an Assyriologist. The mention of his titles would appear pedantic. The keenness of his historical mind and the beauty of his diction make the article on the University of unusual interest.



DR. BERNARD CAPEN EWER is Professor of Psychology in Pomona College and brings us the reason for naming that movement which gathers about the work of such men as James, and Dewey, and Perry, the distinctly American Philosophy. In our next issue we shall present a criticism of Pragmatism by a brilliant young philosopher of Columbia University.



VIRGINIA TAYLOR McCORMICK is a new-comer to *THE PERSONALIST* comradeship who will receive most hearty welcome. She is known to many of our readers for her contributions to other leading magazines. A recent book of her verse, *Star-dust and Gardens*, will shortly be reviewed in our columns. She is associate Editor of *The Lyric*, and is gaining most favorable mention as a lecturer on subjects of literature. She is a Virginian of Virginians, both her husband and father being well-known attorneys in that state, and her home is in Norfolk, Virginia.

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Manuscripts and communications should be addressed to THE PERSONALIST, University of Southern California, University Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, Los Angeles. Stamps for the return of manuscripts should be enclosed.

To the Gentle Personalist

WE CLOSE our Personalistic Creed Contest with the following contribution by PRESIDENT JOHN A. W. HAAS of Muhlenberg College, Pennsylvania.

A PERSONALISTIC CREED

- I believe that the energy of the universe demands will as its solution.*
- I believe that the order of the universe calls for intellect and purpose.*
- I believe that the beauty of the universe implies supreme feeling.*
- I believe that the moral implications of life indicate ultimate goodness.*
- I believe that the progress of history points to final righteousness.*
- I believe that a sound theory of education must posit universal human freedom.*
- I believe that the best philosophy of religion ends in the axiom of God as Spirit and Love.*
- I believe that all these claims are best united in a doctrine of personality, divine and human, individual and social.*

The Personalist

Volume III

Number 1

JANUARY, 1922

PLAYWRIGHTS OF FANTASY

II

WONDER AND THE PLAYWRIGHT, LORD DUNSANY

JOSEPHINE HAMMOND

Late Professor of English at Reed College

A TRAVELLER threw his cloak over his shoulder and came down slopes of gold in El Dorado. From incredible heights he came. He came from where the peaks of the pure gold mountain shone a little red with the sunset; from crag to crag he stepped down slowly. Sheer out of romance he came through the golden evening.

It was only an incident of every day; the sun had set or was setting, the air turned chill, and a battalion's bugles were playing "Retreat" when this knightly stranger, a British aeroplane, dipped, and went homeward over the infantry. That beautiful evening call, and the golden cloud bank towering, and that adventurer coming home in the cold, happening all together, revealed in a flash the fact (which hours of thinking sometimes will not bring) that we live in such a period as the troubadours would have envied.

Even when all the romance has been sifted from the age (as the centuries sift) and set apart from the trivial, and when all has been stored by the poets; even then what has any of them more romantic than these adventurers in the evening air, coming home in the twilight with the black shells bursting below?

The infantry look up with the same vague wonder with which children look at dragon flies; sometimes they do not look at all, for all that comes in France has its part with the wonder of a terrible story as well as with the incidents of every day, incidents that recur year in and year out, too often for us to notice them. If a part of the moon were to fall off in the sky and come tumbling to earth, the comment on the lips of the imperturbable British watchers that have seen so much would be, "Hullo, what is Jerry up to now?"

And so the British aeroplane glides home in the evening, and the light fades from the air, and what is left of the houses grows more mournful in the gloaming, and night comes, and with it the sounds of thunder, for the airman has given his message to the artillery. It is as though Hermes had gone abroad sailing on his sandals, and found some bad land below those winged feet wherein men did evil and kept not the laws of gods or men; and he had brought his message back and the gods were angry.

For the wars we fight to-day are not like other wars, and the wonders of them are unlike other wonders. If we do not see in them the saga and the epic, how shall we tell of them?

TALES OF WAR: *Lord Dunsany.*

A SOLDIER pauses after a brutal day to mark the wonder of an airplane's passing in the chill gold light,—pauses to marvel at the sagas latent in our science. Much that is characteristic of Lord Dunsany's writing is in this vignette of the late evening over the battlefield,—melodic prose, acute observation, skill in etching, a preoccupation with the powers of implacable gods, an abiding sense of the wonder of life. Prescience, of glories not all revealed, of ancient ways still sensate, of laws immanent and immutable, makes Dunsany's work singular in a time of rationalistic vociferation.

It is one of the paradoxes of our age that in a period of revelation we have lost the mode of wonderment. Perhaps, however, the mode is but hidden, and will recur, as fashions do; perhaps, too, it is a mode still used by the simple and the wise, and only by the brief chroniclers of

our time misplaced. We have explored the remote, probed the infinitesimal, mounted to magnitudes, but egocentric naturalism has disdained these perspectives and presented the pageant of life in the flat. However much we may appreciate the tonic service of the more powerful naturalists in freeing us, in the past fifty years, from a banal romanticism, we can but admit that much in the work of their successors, our self-conscious primitives, wearies and depresses us. Scaling their compositions in two dimensions, they forswear subtlety, luminosity, fertility. Seeking to express the ultimate of their sensations, they ramp without the curb and grace of brooded thought. Lacking the power to wonder or worship, they make the world a dull place, and spin it in vacuity.

Perhaps, to offset these drabbed gnomes, we quite unduly acclaim those writers, minor though they may be, who, while pondering silly or sombre realities, have yet kept an imaginative fourth-dimensional reach in their texts.

A fourth-dimensional reach and an artistry that is its own excuse for being are the chief distinctions of Lord Dunsany's work.

A phrase too easily misunderstood must not be labored. Lord Dunsany is so quiet in manner, so simple in intent, he deserves the simplest terms from his critics. But the truth is, his simplicity, being cosmic, is extraordinarily complicated for the sophisticated to understand! He admits this: "In my plays I tell very simple stories,—so simple that sometimes people of this complex age, being brought up in intricacies, even fail to understand them. To be sure, no man ever wrote a simple story, because he is bound to color it with his own experience." Man's experience includes the testimony of eyes, ears, mouth, and—something more. Without stress of cultism, then, let the *fourth-dimensional reach* suggest the *something more*,—

the mystery of man's correspondence with forces unfathomed. "I want to write about men and women and the forces that have been with them from their cradle up—forces that the centuries have neither aged nor weakened. Not about people that are so interested in the latest mascot or motor that not enough remains when the trivial is lifted from them!

Lord Dunsany is never overwhelmed with the petty trials of individual men and women: it is mankind as a whole that he flings out on a cosmic stage, where strange old gods dominate and deride man's vanities. For Dunsany, despite his singularity, reflects the fashion of our time by dipping back into primitive modes for the ancient freshness of the barbaric. Only to Dunsany the old gods are not merely ancient: they were, they are, they will be. For theme he uses again and again the irony: *How puny the measure of man's conceits when matched with gigantic potencies*. The laughter of his gods is cruel, sardonic, when their victim faces the *something more* just beyond his reckoning. Habitually foreshortening his plays, Dunsany omits all struggle between mankind and Destiny, and gives us only the catastrophe of man's submission to his fate.

Here, at once, is Dunsany's worth and his limitation. In so far as he shows man to be a dust-mote in the universe, he pricks out swollen pretensions, and brings us, chastened, back to decent respect for what we do not know: worlds beyond worlds exist for us, even though imagination may not compass the mystery of their creation. And when this playwright swings us to his Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon, where impersonal judgments reign, he gives us release from self-centered frettings—time is naught, and man's will a jest. So he subdues us and relaxes us from our intense concern to right the world in a jiffy.

On the other hand, (and this is most serious) although Lord Dunsany's plays take us to the Edge of the World where mystery floods, they have, philosophically, little meaning for the modern world. Lord Dunsany is, apparently, a fatalist, although he has nothing in common with the mechanistic fatalism of our day: I say *apparently* because Dunsany circumnavigated himself, as it were, too often to be ticketed! But his plays, at least, establish an absolute rule of Nemesis. Now modern occidental philosophy, fundamentally, is not receptive to the fatalistic attitude: it sees creation in flux, with man, not master of his circumstance, to be sure, yet not always an ignoble contender with it. The tragic drama of the western peoples has not grown from man, the victim, the puppet. Tragic drama has been with us intensely personal, dynamic. Particularly has the Nordic strain in our culture been insistent in recognizing that forces live within man as well as without him, lifting him from the impersonal to the dignity of infinitely diverse and peculiar personality. So that the drama that has given the highest aesthetic pleasure to occidental peoples has been that drama that has magnified man, not dwarfed him. A *Prometheus* wresting fire from *Zeus*; a *Hamlet* coping the hard press of circumstance with the strength of his sensibility; a *Faust* daring to make question of the universe; an old *Irish Mother* matching the courage of her endurance to the terrific toll-taking of the sea: these are the mimic disasters that have added assurance to men's thought. Lord Dunsany's plays, holding much wrath of the gods, have little of the strength and wit of men. He is not likely to win the more serious triumphs for his work until he pits man at his highest against the gods, nor will he win much patience for his philosophy until he creates a daemonology wherein the gods are great enough to forgive.

Lord Dunsany is a poet; it were best not to grow too

earnest with him. Too, he disclaims esoteric significances in his simple plays. But he does lay claim to artistry and to a serious intent in the presentation of tragic themes and cosmic grapples. So, willy nilly, the delicate question has to arise: can veritable tragic drama be fashioned when tragic issues are met by figurines rather than men and women? Lord Dunsany's figurines are striking, and his irony, past question, keen and true. But tragedy, to be profoundly appealing, must have substance in its characters, and irony, to be immortal, must have pity in its bite. Intellectually, we may applaud the logic of the Ironist's pattern, when he opposes us, as marionettes, to the splendor of the gods, but his logic can never magnetize pity and terror, and without pity and terror, how can tragedy be achieved?

But, I am reminded, Dunsany's plays are frankly fantastic, and, in the field of fantasy, the dreamer may make what pattern he pleases and scout psychology. Of course, so long as the pattern remains in the upper air, high on the slopes of El Dorado, never slipping down to mix its pure serene with the breath of men, substance may rise, translated, to the madness of fancy, as the immortal *Bottom* does, caparisoned in an ass's head, but patterned fancy may not stoop to flesh: the dream loses its just proportions when cast in the maelstrom of human chances. Lack of recognition of this distinction mars Dunsany's work, both in inception and execution: too often he pulls the fantastic into the world of men and women, producing a confusion of values, inharmonious, inartistic. When the idol *Klesh* gropes in to the huddled *Sailor Thieves*, at the end of the *The Night at the Inn*, the horrific, which has held us intently, becomes farcical, and when, in *The Gods of the Mountain*, the *Gods* appear to the *Beggars*, what should be impressive becomes grotesque.

Notwithstanding, then, Dunsany's declaration,—“I

want to write about men and women and the great forces that have been with them from their cradle up," we had best not seek in his dramatic work for authentic character creation, for psychological insight or philosophical foresight: we had best look on his plays as excursions, primarily, into the fantastic and grotesque. So shall we be richer for fairy tales, ingeniously shaped, and so shall we be charmed with imageries, clear-cut and glowing: we shall be served with zestful fable and the fillip of a fine imagination. Warrant we have to depart from philosophy and to relish fable, for Dunsany has also written:

But in case I shall not be able to explain my work, I think the first thing to tell them is that it does not need explanation. One does not explain a sunset nor does one need to explain a work of art. One must analyse, of course, that which is profitable and interesting, but the growing demand to be told What It's All About before one can even enjoy is becoming absurd . . . I am not trying to teach anyone anything. I merely set out to make a work of art out of a simple theme, and God knows we want works of art in this age of corrugated iron. How many people hold the error that Shakespeare is of the schoolroom! Whereas he is of the playground as all artists are.

All of which is wisely put, and if delightfully naïve, the more does it suggest the playground, with its happy tossing off of a work of art, and its happy forgetfulness that a goodly share of the workshop was necessary to Shakespeare's product!

We trifle time to pause with file and footrule when Dunsany, Maker of Magic, Poet more than Playwright, waits the clear green of emeralds, the jade of Kabul grapes, the darker green of the great god, *Illuriel*, towering above the ivory throne of *Darniak*. There camels will pace the golden sands, bearing silk and queens to Samarcand: by iris marshes may we watch them go, with gold-hung palanquins. And where the pass darkens into night, enraptur-

ed may we fear the fierce black-onyx gaze of desert men and gladsomely may we shrink before the ponderous tread of *Urjreets, lowering and austere!* Jackals will howl 'to quite unseat our ribs', and silver bells will haunt the air. There, full ghoulishly, shall men steal and kill, and there the menace of quick-avenging gods shall hold us tranced in quite delighted awe! And the *King* shall say to *Eznarza*: *When at evening the sun is set we shall weep for no day that is gone.* And *Eznara* shall make answer to the *King*: *I will raise up my head of a night-time against the sky, and the old, old, unbought stars shall twinkle through my hair, and we shall not envy any of the diademmed queens of the world.*

Melodrama and irony merge into poetry—we know not where, nor why, nor do we wish to know: a tale is told, rhythms weave their charms, colors glow, wit assaults our wit,—these are ends in themselves. Why seek to learn where the *Gyshon* flows, and where the site of *Zericon*? Anywhere, at any time, the *Golden Doom* may fall, crowns may pass as hoops to little boys, and men, with pomp and port, may utter doggerel decrees and call them transcripts from the living gods. But there are always those who yearn to discover *which* wind chilled and killed *Annabel Lee*, *what* the genesis of *Kubla Kahn*, *whence* the camel in *Tarascon*, and *what* the etymology of *slithy toves!* Lord Dunsany is acutely aware of this intellectual greed:

When I write of Babylon, there are people who can not see that I write of it for love of Babylon's ways, and they think I am thinking of London still and of our beastly Parliament. Only I get farther east than Babylon, even to the kingdoms that seem to lie in the twilight beyond the East of the World The "public" must needs know exactly "when it all happened" so I never neglect to inform them of the time. Since man does not alter, it does not matter in the least what time I put, unless I am writing about his clothes or his motor car, so I put "about the time of the Fall of Babylon," it seems a nice breezy time,

but "about the time of the invention of Carter's pills" would, of course do equally well. The result is that they (the producers) go to the British Museum, and get the exact costumes of the period in Babylon, and it does very nicely. There are sure to be people who say, "Now, my children, you shall come to the theatre and enjoy yourselves, *but at the same time you shall learn what it is really like in Babylon.*" The fact is the schoolmaster has got loose, and he must be caged, so that people can enjoy themselves without being pounced on and made to lead better lives, like the African natives being carried away by lions while they danced.

Thus does this Irishman play with his public, his ironies, his old tales. And the tales are draped in robes of rich dyes, and set out before us with cadences haunted by the Biblical rhythms to which Dunsany was bred. So does he provide the rarest of rare benefactions, fresh fairy tales for adults of certain and uncertain age. Evidently he plays with his dreams with much the same joy with which he sails toy-ships with Mr. Shaw: one can but wonder what happens when the Fatalist outspeeds the Creative Evolutionist! More devoted to fancy than to verisimilitude Dunsany pleads, as he plays, for hospitality for the Poet we keep so beggared without our gates.

It is easy for a philanthropist to endow a hospital, and easy for a benevolent man to work for the sake of the poor, their goal is near them, logic supports them and reasonable men applaud them upon the way. But the way of the poet is the way of the martyr. The greater his work the more infinite his goal. His own eyes cannot assess it. There is little logic in a lyric, and notoriously little money. How can an age which values all things in gold understand so unvalued a thing as a romantic fancy.

The kind of drama that we need to-day seems to me to be the kind that will build new worlds for the fancy, for the spirit as well as the body needs a change of scene.

It seems to me that a play that is true to fancy is as true as one that is true to modern times, for fancy is quite as real as more solid things and every bit as necessary to man. A fancy of some sort is the mainspring and end of

every human ambition, and a writer who turns from conventions and problems to build with no other bricks than fancy and beauty is doing no trivial work, his raw material is the dreams, and whims, and shadowy impulses in the soul of man, out of which all else ariseth.

It is interesting, a twist of Destiny that Dunsany must enjoy, that so ardent a follower of fancy is a soldier. He was trained at Sandhurst and fought and was wounded in the Boer War. As Captain of the 5th Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, he served in France in the Great War. Active in his profession and in the management of a large estate in Meath, which he holds as the eighteenth Baron of his line, he has had scant time for his career of letters. Quite justly, as a playwright he may still be counted the amateur. He published a book of Tales as early as 1905, but it was not until 1909 that he wrote, at the invitation of Yeats, an odd bit of a play, *The Glittering Gate*. Since then, two volumes of plays, *Five Plays* and *Plays of Gods and Men*, and six or seven collections of Tales have appeared. *The Glittering Gate* and *King Agimenes and the Unknown Warrior* were first produced at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin: the *Gods of the Mountain* and the *Golden Doom* at the Haymarket, in London. All of these with the exception of the *Glittering Gate*, have been presented with rare care and excellent effect here in America by Mr. Stuart Walker in his Portmanteau Theatre: it is his correspondence with the playwright that has brought some spirited footnotes from Lord Dunsany for the plays. Mrs. Fiske used a *Night at the Inn* as forepiece to *Service* for a brief season, and the *Tents of the Arabs*, *The Queen's Enemies*, and *The Lost Silk Hat* have been played here and there. *The Golden Doom*, perhaps the best turned of the shorter pieces, has been particularly honored in Russia. As yet, however, Lord Dunsany's work has had no long appearance in the public playhouses. Almost all the pieces are

brief, and our public has not yet learned to take its drama in incisive form. The longest play in the published volumes, the *Laughter of the Gods*, has not had, I believe, any notable presentation.

Currents of criticism have brought Dunsany full and meagre praise for his work. Mr. Bjorkman, in his introduction to the volume, *Five Plays*, calls the plays, "Things of beauty, and their beauty inheres in their design as well as in their style. Through all of them the greatest possible economy of means has been observed, so that not a word, not a tone, not a gesture is wasted in obtaining the effect aimed at . . . Each play of Lord Dunsany's is an exciting adventure, conveying to the reader an exhilarating sense of motion without ever descending to stage tricks for the production of that sense." And Mr. Hale, in a monograph, *Dunsany the Dramatist* (in which he finds the playwright, as is most reasonable, great, very great, not so great, not great at all, yet on the whole a poet of great promise!), brings his interesting analysis to a close thus:

Lord Dunsany deals not with life, but with dreams. It had almost passed beyond our recollection that there was a land in which realist and romanticist ceased to exist in themselves and blended into one. Dunsany has taught us again the name of that land, and he has called it Wonder

Lord Dunsany has opened for us the great gates leading into that other world so near, and yet so distant from us all. Like all the little people his creatures have no souls, for if they had then Time might overtake them. For the only thing in the whole world that is imperishable, the only thing that Time stands baffled before, is a dream, even a little one

The world is very tired of thinking, especially about itself and we who are each a part of the world are all tired too There seems to be hardly a human problem left untouched, uninvestigated, and hardly a human problem solved. Perhaps we have thought too much and dreamed too little. We have passed from the drama of the boudoir to that of the laboratory and the dissecting room; it may

well be that the time has come when these things shall leave us, and when we shall pass from the drama of the moment to the drama of all time, and from the destruction of little things to the preservation of great things. It seems to me there must be no one who can see the plays of Lord Dunsany or read them without feeling an immense sense of relief as at the release of some intolerable burden. . . . He is one of the great figures in a great literary movement,—in some ways he is the greatest figure,—and whatever Time may do to blot from the memory of men that which is passed, I think that the work of Dunsany will remain for always. For he has dreamed and dreams are imperishable.

Gain might come by opening the discussion as to whether a dream of a star transcend the dream of a lamp-post, particularly one with a red pillar-box such as Dunsany in the thin disguise of *Manalive* chases about the world on the heels of a Chestertonian whimsy, but irony in the spirit of the playwright demands that we go on to record his curt dismissal by Miss Jameson, in her *Modern Drama in Europe*:

Lord Dunsany has written several short plays in the manner of a Maeterlinck compelled to turn an honest penny by writing for a *Grand Guignol* which has itself been taken over by a committee for the Ruthless Propagation of the Higher Drama. He has an American reputation.

Damnation could no farther go! Since it is in America that Dunsany's work has been most discussed, it is appropriate that comment of him should appear with the other exhibitions of *Main Street*. In Mr. Lewis' novel, *Carol*, who aspires to cultivation, and *Kennicott*, her husband, who is inclined to take the world as he finds it, go to an amateur performance in Chicago:

The curtain was again drawn aside. On the stage they saw nothing but long green curtains and a leather chair. Two young men in brown robes like furniture-covers

were gesturing vacuously and droning cryptic sentences full of repetitions.

It was Carol's first hearing of Dunsany. She sympathized with the restless Kennicott as he felt in his pocket for a cigar and unhappily put it back.

Without understanding when or how, without a tangible change in the stilted intoning of the stage-puppets, she was conscious of another time and place.

Stately and aloof among vainglorious tiring-maids, a queen in robes that murmured on the marble floor, she trod the gallery of a crumbling palace. In the courtyard, elephants trumpeted, and swart men with beards dyed crimson stood with blood-stained hands folded on their hilts, guarding the caravan from El Sharnak, the camels with the Tyrian stuffs of topaz and cinnabar. Beyond the turrets of the outer wall the jungle glared and shrieked, and the sun was furious above drenched orchids. A youth came striding through the steel-bossed doors that were higher than ten tall men. He was in flexible mail, and under the rim of his planished morion were amorous curls. His hand was out to her; before she touched it she could feel its warmth—

"Gosh all hemlock! What the dickens is all this stuff about, Carrie?"

She was no Syrian queen. She was Mrs. Kennicott. She fell with a jolt into a whitewashed hall and sat looking at two scared girls and a young man in wrinkled tights. Kennicott fondly rambled as they left the hall:

"What the deuce did that last spiel mean? Couldn't make head or tail of it. If that's high-brow drama, give me a cowpuncher movie, every time! Thank God, that's over, and we can go to bed."

No doubt Lord Dunsany, accustomed as he is to human averages, would, if overhearing, enjoy the honesty of Kennicott's dictum, even while he ignored its vulgarity, but no doubt, too, his impulse would be to trundle Kennicott from *Main Street* to *Xanadu*, not to draw him to love of *Xanadu*, but only to send him back to the corner drug-store refreshed and eager for his *Carol*.

According to the Reviews, this is substantially what he has done in his latest play, *If*, now being performed at the Haymarket Theatre in London. The *Acacias*, in the su-

burbs, is English for *Main Street*. The play presents *John* cherishing revenge against a *Porter*, who, ten years back, had shut a platform gate in his face. To *John*, living in *h*-less content with *Mary* at the *Acacias*, is given a jewel which empowers its possessor to refashion the past as he would like it to have been. Whereupon, *John*, mindful of the lost train and the officious *Porter*, goes to the platform and triumphantly catches his carriage. What happens to the *Porter* the cables do not say. On the train *John* meets *Miralda*, another Cockney, possessed, in Persia, of a great fortune which she cannot use, so obdurate is the *Chief* who holds it! *John* promptly accompanies her to Persia, where he kills the *Chief*, usurps his place, and makes *Miralda* his favorite slave. Finding *Miralda* shrewishly planning his assassination, he runs away, wanders, and at length returns to the *Acacias*, where, the *Maid-Servant* having smashed the jewel, he resumes his *h*-less content with *Mary*. *Distinguished and diverting, but poorly put together*, is the comment of the critics: if their verdict hold, Lord Dunsany has yet to prove himself capable in a play of length of sustained and unified dramatic construction. There are those, too, who are putting the jewel together in the shape of the British Colonial Empire and drawing a moral thereby!

Only once before has Dunsany made use of a modern setting—in the happy flourish of the *Lost Silk Hat*, wherein the *Caller* (very possibly Mr. Moore) returns to domesticity (not possibly Mr. Moore) and his hat, despite the jibes of the *Poet* (quite definitely Mr. Yeats).

Poet. A hat is not one of the essential things of life.

Caller. I don't want to appear rude, but my hat isn't quite like yours.

Poet. Let us sit down and talk of things that matter, things that will be remembered after a hundred years. (They sit) Regarded in this light one sees at once the triviality of hats. But to die, and to die beautifully

for hopeless love, that is a thing to make a lyric about. That is the test of essential things—try and imagine them in a lyric. One could not write a lyric about a hat.

Caller. I don't care whether you could write a lyric about my hat or whether you couldn't. All I know is that I am not going to make myself ridiculous by walking about in London without a hat. Will you get it for me or will you not?

Poet. What is a hat! Will you sacrifice for it a beautiful doom? Think of your bones, neglected and forlorn, lying forlornly because of hopeless love on endless sands. "Lying forlorn!" as Keats said. What a word! Forlorn in Africa. . . .

But the *Caller*, instead of going to Bosnia to perish gloriously, returns to the maiden with whom he had quarrelled and from whom he had rushed, hatless.

Poet. (*As the Caller rings the bell*) You will marry. You will sometimes take a ticket with your wife as far as Paris. Perhaps as far as Cannes. Then the family will come; a large sprawling family as far as the eye can see. No monument will be set up to your memory but (*as the Servant answers the bell*)—but let there be graven in brass upon this house: Romance was born again here out of due time and died young.

The Romance that interests Dunsany is rarely the Romance of Love. Women appear but incidentally in his plays: when they come they commonly bring futility with them. One *Queen* emerges, a delicate, exquisite murderess, who, after gracefully feasting her enemies, drowns them in the great Nile.

Queen. Ackazarpes, Ackarzapses, I cannot bear to have enemies.

Ackazarp. Indeed, Illustrious Lady, it is most wrong that you should have enemies. One so delicate, so slender and withal so beautiful should never have a foe.

Queen. If the gods could understand it they would never permit it . . . But they only look at men and their horrible wars. Why must men slay one another and make horrible wars?

And then, when the *Queen* has killed the enemies, five *Princes and the Priest of Horus*:

Ackazarp. Illustrious Lady, you will sleep tonight.

Queen. Yes I shall sleep sweetly.

Another *Queen* wanders in and out before *The Laughter of the Gods*: it is a laughter she knows too well. Light, inflexibly fragile, fragiley adamantine she is, as all child-women are:

Queen. Women are blossoms in the hand of Death. They are often close to Death. . .

O do not speak of the gods. The gods are very terrible; all the dooms that ever be come forth from the gods. In misty windings of the wanderings they forge the future even as on an anvil. The future frightens me . . .

Tharmia. Your Majesty would be wakeful all night long and cry.

Queen. Oh, yes, I should not sleep; I should cry all night.
(She goes out)

Arolind. She has no influence with the King.

Tharmia. No. But he hates to hear her cry all night.

One appealing moment comes just before the doom the *Queen* has sensed.

King. They have told you there is nothing at all to fear.
Indeed there is nothing.

Queen. No more little fears. There is one great fear.

King. A great fear! Why, what is it?

Queen. I must not say. For you have often soothed me when I was frightened, and it were not well for me to trouble you at last . . .

King. What end? To whom is the end coming?

Queen. Do not be troubled. We shall not let Fate trouble us. The World and its daily cares, ah, they are frightful: but Fate—I smile at Fate. Fate cannot hurt us if we smile at it.

Fate cannot hurt us if we smile at it: beneath the so-called fatalism of Dunsany, the essential bravery of his

creative spirit is, perhaps, smiling at us who mark the line.

The purest romance he has done, *The Tents of the Arabs*, is hauntingly beautiful, a pastorate of the deserts, dramatic only as it places in opposition the desire of the *King* and the desire of the *Camel-driver Bel-Narb*, out of the wide spaces, hungers for the city, the city that "is loveliest just when the sun is set and a dusk steals along the narrower streets, a dusk that is not of the night and not of the day, a kind of mystery in which we can see cloaked figures and yet not discern whose figures they be." And the *King*, weary of rule, longs for the tents of the Arabs. "Look, look! It is the shadows of the camels moving towards Mecca. How silently they slip over the ground, beautiful shadows. Soon they are out on the desert flat on the golden sands." And then the sun will set and they will be one with the night. The Nomad in the *King* will not be denied: he slips away with the camels as the sun sets. In one year he will return, so he promises his *Chamberlain*.

The year passes and the *King*, with his desert-love, *Eznarza*, comes to the gates of the city.

King. Yes, we are slaves of Time . . . He destroys all things utterly.

Eznarza. There is a little child of man that is mightier than he, and who saves the world from Time.

King. Who is this little child that is mightier than Time?
Is it Love that is mightier?

Eznarza. No, not Love . . .

King. What is this child of man that conquer Time
and that is braver than Love?

Eznarza. Even Memory.

But more than Memory the *King* and *Eznarza* may have if they choose the open places, for *Bel-Narb*, featured like the *King*, having been born of the same father, comes to the city gate, and proclaims himself the returned *King*. And the *King*, from the mask of his Arab cloak, affirms

Bel-Narb: "In holy Mecca, in green-roofed Mecca of the many gates, we knew him for the King."

Eznarza. You have done wisely, and the reward of wisdom is happiness . . .

King. We will go back again . . . When at evening the sun is set we shall weep for no day that is gone . . .

Eznarza. I will raise up my head of a night-time against the sky, and the old, old, unbought stars shall twinkle through my hair, and we shall not envy any of the damned queens of the world.

For brilliant contrast to the persuasive quietude of this idyl we may turn to the *The Gods of the Mountain*, a terse, sustained, vigorous achievement. Here, with swift, fine strokes, Dunsany evokes a group of *Beggars*. They are outside the walls of Kongros, hungry, full ready to be gathered to a daring enterprise by the wit of the stranger Beggar, *Agmar*. *Agmar* has come from the land of Marma, where seven gods carved from green stone sit against the hills.

Agmar. They are of green jade. They sit cross-legged with their right elbows resting on their left hands, the right forefinger pointing upward. We will come into the city disguised, from the direction of Marma, and will claim to be these gods. We must be seven as they are. And when we sit we must sit cross-legged as they do, with the right hand uplifted.

Ulf, timorous, suggests that it were well not to anger the gods.

Agmar. Is not all life a beggary to the gods? Do they not see all men asking alms with incense and balls, and subtle devices?

Ulf. Yet I have a fear.

But at once the thief comes from the city with the three pieces of green silk he has stolen at *Agmar's* command.

Ulf. We will each wear a piece of it over our rags.

Agmar. That is not the way we shall disguise ourselves.

Ulf. Not cover our rags?

Agmar. No, no. The first who looked closely would say, "These are only beggars. They have disguised themselves."

Ulf. What shall we do?

Agmar. Each of the seven shall wear a piece of the raiment underneath his rags. And peradventure here and there a little shall show through; and men shall say, "These seven have disguised themselves as beggars. But we know not what they be."

Slag. Hear my wise master.

Oogno. (*in admiration*) *He* is a beggar.

Ulf. He is an *old* beggar.

So simply and crisply is the tale begun and the first act ended.

The next movement brings us the credulous people streaming in to the Metropolitan Hall of Kongros to test the validity of an old prophesy that foretold the coming of the seven gods in the guise of men. They are quickly caught by *Agmar's* trick. The irony of the lines is keen, the countering very deft.

Akmos. It may be that they are benevolent gods.

Agmar. There is no benevolence greater than our benevolence.

Illanaun. Then we need do little: they portend no danger to us.

Oorander. Let us make sacrifices to them if they be gods.

The greed of the *Beggars* for the roasting sacrificial lamb, their thirst for the prized Woldery wine, almost betray them; only the adroit intelligence of *Agmar* weaves plausible excuse,—the wine he magnificently pours on the ground. We leave them exultant at the end of the act. *Agmar*, who eats only when after the people go, *Slag* on guard at the door, has made a godlike answer to a citizen, come to beg life for his sick child.

Agmar. It is indeed your child?

Oee. He is surely my child, master.

Agmar. Was it your wont to thwart him in his play, while he was strong and well?

Oee. I never thwarted him, master.

Agmar. Whose child is Death?

Oee. Death is the child of the gods.

Agmar. Do you that never thwarted your child in his play ask this of the gods?

Oee. (with some horror, perceiving *Agmar's* meaning)
Master!

Agmar. Weep not. For all the houses that men have builded are the play-fields for this child of the gods.
(*The man goes away not weeping*).

Oogno. (taking *Thahn* by the wrist) Is this indeed a man?

Agmar. A man, a man, and until just now a hungry one.

As quickly as the *Beggars* mount to fatness, so quickly do they fall to their doom. Only *Ulf* is Greek enough to fear that punishment will follow their presumption. As *Agamemnon* hesitated to pass from his chariot into the palace over purple tapestry—an act more becoming to a god than to a mortal—so does *Ulf* quaver in his deception, believing that the mocking of the gods will bring woe.

Ulf. I think the gods *do* mock their worshippers.

Agmar. The gods have never mocked us. We are above all pinnacles that we have ever gazed at in dreams.

Ulf. I think that when man is high then most of all are the gods wont to mock him.

Security is man's chiefest enemy—did not the *Witch* so prophesy in *Macbeth*? Prompt on the heels of *Ulf's* foreboding, there comes in the *Thief* to say they are lost, for the citizens have sent two dromedary men to Marma to see if the gods sit in their accustomed places. *Agmar* defies the citizens although he has no plan to circumvent the message he fears will come. He is most bold.

Agmar. They left us here and went to find the gods. A fish once took a journey into a far country to find the sea.

And his boldness is sustained, for the two men, returning, report that the gods no longer sit at Marma. Not even the curious petition of a man imploring them not to walk as they had walked last night, rocks striding in the gloaming, can dim the *Beggars'* joy. They blaze with greed of wine and flesh and dancing girls. They hear footsteps.

Thahn. The dancing girls! They are coming!

Thief. There is no sound of flutes, they said, they would come with music.

Oogno. I do not like to hear their heavy tread. Those that dance to *us* must be light of foot.

Ulf. I have a fear, an old fear, and a boding.

The end comes swiftly.

(They listen. No one speaks. The stony boots come on. Enter in single file through door in right of back a procession of seven green men, even hands and faces are green; they wear green stone sandals.)

Oogno. *(cries out as they wheel).* The Gods of the Mountain!

Agmar. *(hoarsely).* Be still. They are dazzled by light. They may not see us. *(The leading Green Thing points his fore-finger at the lantern—the flame turns green. When the six are seated the leader points one by one at each of the seven Beggars, shooting out his forefinger at them. As he does this each Beggar in his turn gathers himself back on his throne and crosses his legs, his right arm goes swiftly stiffly upward with forefinger erect, and a staring look of horror comes into his eyes. In this attitude the Beggars sit motionless while a green light falls on their faces. The gods go out. Presently enter the Citizens, some with victuals and fruit. One touches a Beggar's arm, then another's.)*

Citizens. They are cold; they have turned to stone. *(All abase themselves, foreheads to the floor)*

One. We have doubted them. We have doubted them. They have turned to stone because we have doubted them.

Another. They were the true gods.

All. They were the true gods.

So picturesque and impressive a piece of work needs no gloss, but some of the comment it has received invites analysis. Mr. Bjorkman says of it: The crime of *hybris* which to the Greeks was the 'unforgivable sin' is here made as real to us as it was to them." And Mr. Hale makes verdict thus: "It is probable that there has never been a play more gigantic than this in conception. The fatality which Dunsany shares with the Greek dramas is here in its most perfect form.'

Such annotation is not a little misleading, for just as it is impossible for Lord Dunsany to write like a Greek, so is it impossible for his modern auditor to feel like one. We later people can never reproduce the antique, nor can we reproduce the responses of an antique people. Such annotation forces us back into the philosophical lists we left when we mounted the slopes of El Dorado. It is a pity, I think, to return, for *The Gods of the Mountain* is so colorful, so concentrated in action, so restrained and yet so graphic in dialogue so admirably logical, so chiseled an ironic grotesque, that it is belittling to its art to carry it from the world of fancy where its axiomatic conclusion is convincing to a world of reality where it is not. *Hybris* was repellent to the Greeks because *Fear* of the gods was the bulwark of their religion. On the advancing margin of our life something nobler than fear is working in men's hearts, however bound to the wheel of Fate they may feel themselves to be. It may be argued that these *Beggars* are not on the advancing margin, that the Beggars in life always fear, because they are not self-sustaining. And the point is, of course, well taken, but Dunsany, with large implication, would make us all Beggars, since it is in the very nature of man to essay the godlike, and he would have the gods turn us all, without mercy, into rock-bound mockeries of our aspirations. Such echo of Egyptian fatalism is foreign to our accustomed thought, for we have admitted

mercy, compensatory values, redemptive possibilities, to our decalogue, and we no longer openly demand an eye for an eye. And although it is true that we have become criminally maudlin over men's weaknesses in this—our Age of Sympathy—yet is it equally true that our attempt to understand the psychology of mankind is more excellent than devotion to the hieratic judgments of the Book of the Dead. Dunsany's beautiful simplicity is charming, refreshing to us as clearly ordered dogma is to a child, only—life is not simple, it is not axiomatic, it is complicated, inchoate, mysterious as the vastness that holds it in its flowing. And any play, to-day, to be "gigantic in conception" must deal with life, as we, unknowing, know it. For life, not logic, is the stuff of the veritable play. Pattern there must be somewhere, but how it uses the spirit of man—that we may only dream, not realize.

This excursion is not to deny what is so definitely connoted in Dunsany's plays, that mankind is vain, shallow, covetous, cruel, selfish, stupid and presumptuous, nor to deny the righteousness of bringing the deed back upon the doer. It is merely to raise the inconsistent question: *is not Dunsany himself guilty of Hybris in fashioning for us a Destiny that holds the scales like any Shylock, a pound of flesh for the defaulted bond, and no one by to stanch the wound?*

Perhaps one of the greatest mysteries of the present discussion is that Dunsany, with his deep-founded sense of wonder, is yet inclined to believe his dream to be a verity. He has given support to the theory that life is a Euclidian proposition by writing: "Take my *Gods of the Mountain*. Some Beggars, being hard up, pretend to be gods. Then they get all they want. But Destiny, Nemesis, the Gods, punish them by turning them into the very idols they desire to be. First of all you have a simple story told dramatically, and along that you have hung, without any de-

liberate intention of mine—so far as I know—a truth, not true to London only or to New York or to one municipal party but to the experience of man. That is the kind of way that man does get hit by Destiny.”

Does he? Is it all so simple as this? Do not the beneficent forces walk hand in hand with the malevolent, and can any man tell which is which?

Thinking of these things, I find the Hungarian play *Lilioms* rising in my mind to match itself with *The Gods of the Mountain*. Small shrift does *Liliom* meet in his police-court heaven, and scant change does he discover in his vagabond soul after his fifteen years' confinement in his heavenly gaol: he has just enough blind love to steal a star from the sky for his child. But somewhere, somehow, there is borne to us from this odd tale of another Beggar in life a realization that out of his experience *Liliom* grows in understanding, grows meagerly, but assuredly. And what greater mercy can the gods show, if, with their retribution, they allow understanding to be born! In the murk of *Liliom*, Destiny's convergences are somehow more touched with light than they appear when Dunsany's *Gods* stride plainly to our view.

No “gigantic conception” has Dunsany yet given us, nor any play in mood akin to the splendid seriousness of the Greek. But poetry and irony and design and reach—these are his gifts. Yet if he ever elects to take the near rather than the far view of human kind, he may bring us treasure worth taking to our hearts to hold. Since the creation of his fantastic plays he has lived in the cauldron of malevolence upturned on the French frontier. That he has found beneficence in hell his *Tales of War* bear witness: side by side with his just and honorable hatred of an execrated régime lies his paean to the Splendid Traveler flying home in the chill gold light. And I take it as happily symptomatic of the humanistic drama he may

some day mould that cheek by jowl with the romance of the empyrean adventurer he places this evocation of the heart-piercing beauty and courage of two common men:

"And then we used to have sausages," said the Sergeant

"And mashed?" said the Private.

"Yes," said the Sergeant, "and beer. And then we used to go home. It was grand in the evenings. We used to go along a lane that was full of them wild roses. And then we'd come to a road where the houses were. They all had their bit of a garden, every house."

"Nice, I calls it, a garden," the Private said,

"Yes," said the Sergeant, "they all had their garden.

It come right down to the road. Wooden palings: none of that there wire."

"I hates wire," said the Private.

"They didn't have none of it," the N.C.O. went on. "The gardens came right down to the road, looking lovely. Old Billy Weeks he had them tall pale-blue flowers in his garden nearly as high as a man."

"Hollyhocks?" said the Private.

"No, they wasn't hollyhocks. Lovely they were. We used to stop and look at them, going by every evening. He had a path up the middle of his garden paved with red tiles, Billy Weeks had; and these tall blue flowers growing the whole way along it, both sides like. They was a wonder. Twenty gardens there must have been, counting them all; but none to touch Billy Weeks with his pale-blue flowers. There was an old windmill away to the left. Then there were the swifts sailing by overhead and screeching: just about as high again as the houses. Lord, how them birds did fly. . . .

Those were great days. The bats used to come out, flutter, flutter, flutter, and then there'd be a star or two; and the smoke from the chimney going all gray; and a little cold wind going up and down like the bats; and all the colour going out of things; and the woods looking all strange, and wonderful quiet in them, and a mist coming up from the stream . . .

"You do bring it all back so," said the other . . .

"That's the time to be out," said the Sergeant. "Ten o'clock on a summer's night, and the night full of noises. . . .

Dogs barking, owls hooting, an old cart; and then a sound you couldn't account for at all, not anyhow.

I've heard sounds on nights like that nobody 'ud think you'd heard, nothing like the flute young Booker had, nothing like anything on earth."

"I never told anyone before, because they wouldn't believe you. . . .

"You bring it all back wonderful," said the Private.

"Its a great thing to have lived," said the Sergeant.

"Yes, Sergeant," said the other, "I wouldn't have missed it not for anything."

For five days the barrage had rained down behind them: they were utterly cut off . . . their food was gone and they did not know where they were.

I am not sure that our other Soldier-poet, the beloved Sidney, made, with his storied water-cup, a gesture more memorably chivalric than that accomplished by the Irish Lord Dunsany when he set title to this Tale and called it—*England*.

THE PINE TREE

A PICTURE that unerring hands have etched . .
Black-limned upon a canvas dully grey . . .
A Titan with his brawny arms outstretched,
Invoking heaven . . his feet still bound by clay!

VIRGINIA McCORMICK

DANTE'S CONCEPTION OF PERSONALITY

THE EDITOR

"THE VASTEST attempt which the artist can make" are the words Carlyle chooses to characterize Angelo's Last Judgment and Dante's Divine Comedy. Others as well have called attention to the fact that the Christian conception of hell depends in its final analysis upon a deep comprehension of the meaning of personality. The drama becomes then Dante's story of the unfolding of personality, and unless we take this key we shall be at loss in our interpretation. That it is, above all, personal we may be certain. Underneath the lilting song of it, one hears the sober and ever-recurring fugue of his own heartbreak, his own struggle out of the deep darkness into the light of the stars. It interests us after the lapse of six centuries because it involves the human interest of his own baffled career. It is the paean of a life, bound by external circumstances to shallows and to miseries, which out of bitterest defeat and humiliation wrested a victory that caused it to shine as the stars forever and ever.

Dante did in literature what Michael Angelo and the cathedral builders did in color and stone, he gave expression to a culture, an attitude of mind, a wisdom of life that had been ten centuries in growth. This wisdom of life had been growing in diverse fields. It was not yet sufficiently formulated to express itself. But it did eventually find a voice. It found institutional voice in the papacy, it found artistic voice in the cathedrals, it found literary expression in the Divine Comedy. We read and wonder at the grotesque figures that fill the pages—the fiery male-

THE PERSONALIST

Age is something foreign to our modern thought, its mediaeval philosophy and theology are in a way repellent. The effect is much like that produced by wandering among the weird gargoyles of Notre Dame de Paris. What strange fascination holds us, what voice is it that attracts our attention and speaks to our modern hearts?

Some never get farther than to what seem the crudities and cruelties of theological mediaevalism. It is true that Dante spoke in the vernacular of mediaevalism. His spirit and his outlook were those of the mediaevalist. But they were something more—vastly more—or they had died with the tomes of theological learning of his own age. He who looks upon Dante merely as an exponent of a narrow theology, an embittered man who used the theological formulas of his time to lift his enemies into a terrible and eternal scorn, overlooks the profounder elements in Dante's work. It is true that Dante looks upon the world and life from the standpoint of reality, and as Matthew Arnold says "he sees it whole." It is this characteristic that gives to Dante's song the undying note. He was not misled into exalting the trivial, the transient, the passing, in the world order. With eyes looking through bitter glasses of sorrow he saw the world, life, human nature, love, righteousness, sin, death, as they were. The reason so few of us do lasting work is because we do not get a sufficiently profound understanding of life to see through the make-believe, the transient watch-words of an hour. Dante had an eye and a mind for the eternal verities. We frame our thought in ever changing speech, our dreams in passing fashion of the hour, but the real elements of human experience, birth, love, death, God, the hereafter, are elements that abide past all garments in which they may be clothed. So while Dante was truly the child of his age as being in tune with its spirit, as understanding its speech, as acquainted with its intellectual conceptions, he passed through that which

was transitory and setting forth that which was abiding, became the spokesman of "the ten silent centuries."

It is unfortunate that while the destruction of old theological concepts has been going on with remarkable rapidity through a series of years, very little has been done to point out the undying truths which the old conceptions embedded. We have committed the mistake of throwing out the child with the bath. It is a paradox not difficult to understand that an age of meliorism and pacifism has wrought the most cruel and deadly war of history. Is it not due to a remarkable blindness to the underlying facts of human personality? Our meliorism has gone to the extent of refusing discipline to the wrong doer. Our mercy is reserved not for the victim but for the offender. This maudlin type of thinking we falsely describe as Christian. Thus it is that there has slipped out from the thinking of many men a true conception of the hideous nature of sin. If our so-called science be true, human sin is but the result of natural disease, of heredity or of environment. Individual responsibility is quite overlooked and we send for the surgeon or the doctor rather than for the priest. It is only fair to recall that a particularly wooden and unthinking persistence in earlier theological phraseology has quite unintentionally aided progress in the same direction—disrespect for the moral mandates. All this has come in face of the fact that science tells with most terrible certainty the tale of inexorable punishment for misused powers.

It may then be important to read the deeper meaning of Dante's comedy. For his purposes he chooses the supreme situation of all history, that when man freed from the exactions of time, divested of the trumpery of earthly pomp or fame, is seen in the light of final moral judgment. If one looks past the fantastic and grotesque, it is obvious that the sufferings portrayed all hinge upon the fact that finally the deed comes back upon the doer. One must

eventually stand under the weight of what one is and does and loves. In the Christmas Sermon, Stevenson puts as a foremost condition for success the necessity of keeping friends with one's self. A study of Dante will show a strict accord with Stevenson's conception. With Dante, hell is but the condition of discord which erring personality brings upon itself, and heaven is the state of concord with God's will. The Paradise is personality acting in harmony with that love which is the keynote to which moves the universe.

I.

DANTE'S CONCEPTION OF PERSONALITY GROWS OUT OF HIS BELIEF IN FREEDOM

Much confusion has arisen in the popular mind through the fact that Dante has been claimed by both the parties of progress and of reaction. He is named as the pioneer of religious and political liberty, and as the defender of mediaevalism. There is no doubt reason for both interpretations. Both contain a measure of truth. There is no use denying his devotion to mediaevalism. But his pouring of a profound conception of personality into the old wine-flasks of mediaevalism disclosed its inadequacy. Thus he assumes the mediaevalistic dualism of sacred as against secular, of time as against eternity, of the world present as against the world to come, but through his profound belief in human personality with its basic freedom he showed that the secular was important only as it was infilled with the sacred; that eternity was determined by the events of time, that the world to come had its roots in the world that now is. In like manner he stands for the separation of church and state, the supremacy of the state over affairs temporal, and the supremacy of the church over affairs spiritual. Then by a deep recognition of the reality of the

direct human relation to God and the fact of moral responsibility he shows that neither Church nor state bears authority except as it possesses the character of righteousness and justice. Putting his drama in the theological forms of the church he shows how men are damned by their own wicked acts and not at all by legal or ecclesiastical decree. All is taken out of the artificial forms of institutionalism and placed upon the personalistic basis of character. Thus it is true that Dante was a great apostle of freedom. The determining power of human choice is the key-note of his work. His conception of personality roots in the assumption that men are free to choose courses of action; that those courses which they choose make them essentially what they are; and that having once made their own choice for evil nothing can make them good again but their preference of goodness over evil. It seems strange that facts so fundamental should have been lost sight of in modern thinking.

II.

DANTE'S PUNISHMENTS THE DETERMINING CHOICES OF FREE PERSONS

A study of the punishments for sin in the *Inferno* and of the corresponding means of restoration from the same sins in the *Purgatorio* throw a flood of light upon Dante's conception of personality. The punishment consists merely in the persistence of those characteristics which have been in the first life voluntarily chosen as the expression of one's personality.

Cowardice, with its vacillation between strength and weakness, its failure to act strongly in any one direction has settled into habit. The cowards in hell are represented as chasing a standard this way and that eternally and resultlessly.

Carnality, recognized as a resignation of the personality to the sweeping winds of passion, becomes an habitual unrest in which the soul is tormented by sex memories that do not fade. Every honest person who has lived long will immediately recognize the justice and truth of the characterization.

The glutton's punishment lies in the result of gluttony—the carrying about of corpulence, a corpulence of mind as well as of body. The avaricious have spent their lives in a meaningless scramble for self and, having no higher interest in life, continue the same childish and greedy quarrel. So long as they consider *getting* the end of life what else can they do or appreciate? The hell of the life to come is simply the continuation of that hell which they chose to begin on earth. Those whose earthly careers have been spent in sullenness and anger simply live in the slime of that anger to which they have yielded and which they love. "Sullen we were in the sweet air that is gladdened by the sun, bearing within ourselves the sluggish fume; now we are sullen in the black mire."¹

Heresy likewise is punished by the continuance of mental blindness. Upon the violent toward God, dewes of divine mercy fall as if they were flakes of fire. The violent to nature continue simply to burn with violence, as thoughts of violence feed on their own flames until they come to deed. Hell discloses the fraudulent in the true light of what he has ever been, a snake with a man's face and a man's opportunity. The political grafter is simply stuck in the pitch in which it was his pleasure to live. The hypocrites continue to wear coats of gilded lead, bright in appearance but heavy to carry. Traitors, at the farthest remove from friendship and companionship, are submerged in the ice of that isolation from God and man which their own voluntary deed has created.

¹Here as elsewhere Charles Eliot Norton's translation is used.

Is the punishment of having to live with one's self harsh and cruel? There is every means of escape though it will not be taken. When one grows weary of the useless and tedious round of sin it is possible to rise by willing the good. This change of will admits to the Purgatorio where men are willingly fighting evil habit laid down by evil choice. The task is a hard one from which whoso looks back returns outside. It is no easy road this, but a long, long trail, which grows constantly more easy to follow until man attains at last complete self-mastery and self-control. At the end of the Purgatorio, Virgil dismisses Dante with the words: "Free, upright, and sound is thine own will, and it would be wrong not to act according to its choice; wherefore thee over thyself I crown and mitre."

Complete moral self-control, spiritual self-mastery, aided by the incitement of heavenly grace, this then is the open sesame to salvation.

CONCLUSION

Dante has this advantage over the theological opinions of the pagans. Hades was to them something unconnected with character. To Dante personality was something so fundamental, so imperishable, so necessary to the understanding of life, that hell was nothing more nor less than its misuse and perversion. Of freedom he was the foremost exponent of his time and more, he was "the voice of ten silent centuries," the expression of that thirst for freedom which had been so toilsomely sought for a thousand years as man struggled toward the new democracy. But Dante possessed the insight that freedom comes only through obedience to the highest nature, that all other freedom leads to slavery. They are mutilations of that perfect self-possession which alone can look out on life

with full understanding and can by the same token look into the face of the ultimate mystery, God.

Does he seem to our times lacking in sympathy? That is because we forget that there is a false pity which is a weakness, and we have lost the distinction from our modern thought. The pain of the innocent infant that thrusts his hand into the fire would be dilated upon by some of our pandemonium thinkers as evidence of maliciousness in God, or as the evidence of God's non-existence. But the pain is an evidence of a pity which seeks to place a barrier against self-destruction. A society which in a maudlin meliorism forgets to deal justly, though in mercy, with the wrongdoer undermines its own foundation and leads the way to complete anarchy.

Which way then lie the plains of peace? In putting one's self in absolute accord with God and the universe. Dante discovers life to be a harmony of love. Love is the joy of heaven and on the steep circles of purgatory it is the voice of hope. But it extends everywhere. The love which is the harmony and joy of heaven, and the hope of those who struggle toward it, is the anguish, the punishment, of the wicked and the evil who cannot escape it. If the universe is harmony, moving to love, where can he escape who lives in and cherishes hate? Though he take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the earth, or in the depths of the sea, or in the darkness, or in hell itself, he cannot escape the presence of God. His punishment springs from the constant presence of that harmony which he hates. He writhes in the sense of futility and helplessness which arises out of his disharmony with that love which moves the heaven and all the stars.

Especially Contributed to attend the Dante Article.

THE PARAPET

Riverside Drive

*Kneeling in prayer and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away.*

IN A CATHEDRAL.

The river barges pass like measures in some song
 With sweep slow-paced and long. . .
And like the mists from censer-flung perfumes
Float upward to the vaulted night . . . a night that looms
 Above the city's savagery of light
With patined dome more worshipful than aught that Art
 Has yet devised for pride of mortal tombs.

We lean upon the parapet, arm touching arm . . .
 Steeped in the holy charm
That breathes here at the sacrifice of day.
 In this vast privacy
Our kneeling hearts are voluble with prayer . . we pray
 Like Poets, unashamed, and praying . . . dream . . .
We dream . . . and tumults of a time creed-mad and grim
 To inarticulate murmur die away.

JOSEPHINE HAMMOND

THE UNIVERSITY: ITALY TO CALIFORNIA

PROFESSOR ROBERT W. ROGERS

Drew Theological Seminary

BIDDEN HITHER by your high and gracious courtesy¹ I have left mine own Atlantic, to me most dear from my earliest youth, and am come to speak to you, in whose ears is the heavy and solemn roar of the Pacific. The past, irreparable, safe beyond cavil and impervious to fate, lies in Eastern climes; the future, as I am glad to admit, seems to lie not in the East, but in your great, brave, uplooking, ever-expanding and expansive West. The occasion bids me speak modestly, and impulse within, as strong as any impact without, is of the same color. I have no mood of dogmatism, nor patience with its exercise, and venture to speak at all only because I have spent my life teaching, and love it more than ever; and having wandered far, seeing many universities, and, better still, hearing many men of distinction or of commanding authority, might at long last cease to hold my peace and the rather speak out the faith that is in me, and let enthusiasm for learning, admiration for scholarship, and glowing hope for yet better days find eager and passionate utterance.

Let us find places on the magic carpet and be wafted far from the Pacific, aye and from the Atlantic's western shores, until we make footfall by the shores of the Mediterranean, most interesting by far of all the seas of earth; and when we have beheld just one fair spot upon its borders, make thence to the northern Adriatic that in swift glances we may discern the very beginnings of that great system of instruction, inspiration and research, one

¹Commencement Address at the University of Southern California.

of whose later manifestations is before us to-day in this goodly place.

Our first landfall is at Salerno, at the head of its beautiful bay, the Gulf of Salerno. The town rises on its fair hillside, shimmering white in the morning sunlight, and the most conspicuous of its buildings is the Cathedral of St. Matthew, dedicated in honor of the Evangelist St. Matthew, whose bones are supposed to rest in its crypt. The sacred edifice was erected in 1070 by Robert Guiscard, and many a stirring historic event has its solemn bulk witnessed. In the south aisle is the tomb of Hildebrand, afterward Pope Gregory VII, who died in the little city on the 25th of May, 1085, after his banishment from Rome by Henry IV. His dust would make renown for any place, but Salerno has greater fame than he could give, and to that our thoughts may justly turn to-day. Behind the city of Salerno there is a medicinal spring of kindly healing waters known, as were so many other springs about the Mediterranean basin, to the Romans. Perhaps because of its virtues, real or supposed, the art of healing comes very early to note in Salerno. We know the name of a physician there in the year 848, and before 946 a French bishop *in arte medicinae pertissimus*, met at the court of Louis IV a practitioner from Salerno less learned than he, but possessed of such skill as great experience could give. Was this unnamed man representative of a school? We do not know, but soon after his day we learn that Adalbert, bishop of Verdun, came to be cured by its doctors, and thenceforward allusions become so frequent that we come naturally to the conclusion that a school to train men for that noble profession whose praise is world-wide was already in existence, and its European celebrity certainly goes back to the middle of the eleventh century. The city was then called upon its coins *Civitas Hippocratica*, and that gives us an inter-

esting clue to the basis of its teaching. Its students were learning the rudiments of their art of medicine and surgery from Hippocrates, the famous Greek physician, whose Aphorisms and Prognostics and other works were turned into Latin. He was born on the island of Cos about 460 B. C., and here we find him the chief teacher in Salerno sixteen centuries later.

From humble beginnings there gradually arose an organized school or college of doctors in Salerno, and thither resorted in 1099 Robert, Duke of Normandy, to be cured of his wound received in the Crusades, and to him was later dedicated Salerno's chief medical book, written in metre and containing medical aphorisms, some of which still live as proverbs of more or less wisdom. Here then in Salerno, in the teaching and practice of medicine, are the beginnings of university life and thought. In some sense every medical school that now adorns the globe may hark back to call Salerno *mater gloriosa*, and to take pride in her fame. Much has been learned of the human body and the healing of its ills since that remote day, and not seldom have men gone backward and were then compelled to turn and take place once more in the ranks which Salerno first formed. No greater illustration of this truth is needed than that Salerno had among its medical practitioners, teachers, and writers, several women, and it is not so long ago that women were newly admitted to that profession after a long exclusion in Europe and America. But let us away upon our magic carpet from Southern Italy and its fair Mediterranean shores, and having passed above the waters of its sister sea, the deep blue Adriatic, make landing fifty miles inland at the big city of Bologna, more than four times the size of Salerno. The city has for its motto only one word, but that a word of glory and of hope, *Libertas*, and on its old coins were the words of a splendid boast, *Bononia docet*.

Few cities in the world might boast more nobly, for to practice liberty and teach mankind these were noble functions indeed; and Bologna has much cause to feel a not ignoble pride.

The range of teaching at Salerno was disposed on the whole to be what we should now call professional, though there is no good reason to doubt that the Liberal Arts had masters and learners. In Bologna, on the other hand, at least as early as 1000 A. D., there was a fully recognized School of the Liberal Arts which attracted students from the far away city of Genoa, and more wonderful still we even hear that a famous teacher travelled all the way from Paris to study dialectic, and another perhaps scarcely less famous went to the same shrine to unlearn what he had previously known, and then returned to Paris and "untaught" the same to his pupils.

It is enough. Bologna was indeed a famous school in the liberal sense. It was, however destined to a greater distinction because it became a supreme School of Law. There had been schools of law before it in Rome, Pavia and in Ravenna, only fifty miles away by the Adriatic. None of these, however, may now claim such honors as rightly belong to Bologna in this noble science of the law. The rise to distinction is due to one man, Irenius, whose name is immortal. He was a master of the Liberal Arts and set himself to the study of law. His books were derived from Ravenna in part at least, and down he sat to study them alone and without a master. Let me remind you of the significance of the statement. We are living in an age of ever-expanding courses of lectures in our universities, and we are rearing generations of youth in the belief, and still worse in the active practice of the idea, that he who would learn anything must hie away to some university and take a course in it. It is a silly heresy, and I despise it most heartily. There's far

too much lecturing going on, and much too little insistence upon personal effort, private study. Let the teacher teach the beginnings, the A B C of the arts and sciences, and show the learner how to work, where to seek the knowledge, how to obtain it, and then, noblest and highest of all, how to advance and extend it. He who thus points the way, shows the landmarks, indicates the pitfalls, sets imagination on fire, and kindles enthusiasm, is a great teacher, and has no need to lecture on every phase of his subject. On the other hand, he who does not make course after course until college and university catalogues show almost unending lists in which knowledge of every detail has covered learning like a forest dark and forbidding, he who so fulfills the teacher's office makes his pupils parrots and not men, stifles imagination, smothers initiative and destroys originality. Irenius was not thus stifled. What he had learned was his very own, and with that possession he began to lecture on law as no man before him had done in Bologna. In due time, we know not how soon, all Europe knew that a great teacher had come, that a genius of commanding powers had risen, and students came. He seems not to have been a great writer. We possess indeed glosses of his which are still preserved which he wrote as he expounded the laws of Justinian. Nay, his greatness was as a teacher, and his books were the lives of his pupils, and they came from all Europe and went home again to sound their master's praises and to carry on their work. It was he who gave Bologna its renown as a School of Law, and it was he who, though he knew it not, became one of the founders of the whole university system, and we who now stand by the great Pacific sound his praise once more and remember the shores of the Adriatic.

First a School of Liberal Arts, then a far more renowned School of Law, so did Bologna move onwards

toward university character as students flocked to it from the West far beyond the beautiful Alpine borders of Italy. Then came swarms of youth from Germany, and Bologna became a cosmopolitan centre of learning; and then older men, ecclesiastics, sons of noble families, men of mature age who had already won position in the world by their own well-used experience of it; and as their numbers increased to three thousand, and then to five thousand, and then in 1262 to nearly ten thousand students, Bologna was now a student university, and all Europe made up its body of learners. It was now an open doorway to that profession which has always had political and commercial power and has it still as none other of the learned professions.

A place so great could not be left to students of the Liberal Arts, and to Doctors of Law. Another profession almost as lucrative in the middle ages as law, the practice of medicine, would deserve and demand a place and Salerno could point the way. There are names of physicians in Bologna documents from the beginning of the eleventh century, and by the second half of it there were doctors and professors of medicine and surgery, and graduations in these began, such as before had been in Arts and Law. The scientific school of medicine in Bologna begins with the great name of Thaddeus, who came from Florence and began to teach in the year 1260. With him began the study of anatomy, and under him the human body was dissected in the presence of students. Mundinus stood by him and became the father of modern anatomy, writing a text-book which continued in use for more than two centuries. There surely is glory enough for any city in all this, yet—did not time fail or patience forbid—there were far more to tell. I might show that its university was far in advance of its own age, and perhaps in some ways even of our age also. It early had women among its pro-

fessors, and among them Novella d'Andrea in the fourteenth century, whose personal attractions were so great that she had to lecture concealed from the eyes of her pupils by a curtain, perhaps lest beauty should fire imagination, and learning cease to entice when delivered by a teacher of such witching mien.

Ah, Bologna, how splendid was her contribution to art, to law, to medicine, how glorious the annals of her teaching work! I have walked her streets with reverence, peeped into lovely gardens through dim renaissance gateways, and felt a glow of happiness to behold the city which had made a contribution so noble to the modern history of learning, and a gentle and modest pride that I belonged in manner however humble to the ranks of teachers whose greater glories were Irenius and Thaddeus.

I have some fear lest I may have overtaxed your patience by speaking so long of Salerno and of Bologna, but I have taken the risk, and there was method in my madness. I have merely made these two universities object lessons from which I would now deduce some general principles and seek a lesson for this place and its beautiful environment. Let me mention the general principles first.

What is a university? There is a widespread notion—it is only a notion and a very erroneous one—that a university means a school where all the faculties or branches of knowledge are represented, or, to put it more crudely, a place where a student may learn any subject. There has seldom found place in the human mind a greater vagary, a more stupid misunderstanding. How shall we escape from it? There is but one sure way, and as safe as it is sure, and that is to go back down the long avenue of history and see what the word university really did mean in the beginning, and then see how the word was applied

to typical institutions later. Let us then understand distinctly and clearly that *universitas* means merely a number of persons. At the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth centuries the word is applied to a body of masters and students, or to either one or the other. It is in the beginnings not applied to a place, or to a school or to an institution, but, as I have been saying, is applied to the men who teach or the men who study. The correct phrase is always, "The University of Masters," or the "University of Scholars," or the "University of Masters and Scholars." What was the word for the institution in which the "University of Masters and Scholars" had their abiding place? The academic institution was called *Studium*, not a *University*. And what was a *studium*? It was what we might call a school, it was the place or institution in which the University of Masters and Scholars, the teachers and the taught, were at work. Now a *Studium* might be a local institution in which were gathered as learners only the youth of some town or city. Whenever it rose above the rudiments, the beggarly elements of instruction, and acquired a reputation sufficient to attract students from a distance, it was then called a *Studium Generale*, and that expression signifies not a place where everything was taught but a place where one of the higher faculties was taught, namely, theology, law, or medicine, and taught in such fashion as to be able to invite students from beyond local borders, and to attract them. At the beginning of the thirteenth century there were only three institutions which dared claim the great title of *Studium Generale*, and they were Paris, with faculties of theology and liberal arts, Bologna, with a faculty of law, and Salerno with a faculty of medicine. When the fifteenth century came, the word *Studium Generale* dropped slowly out of use and the word university supplanted it, and acquired the general mean-

ing of the institution as well as the doctors, masters, and scholars who formed it.

In its original historical sense, and its only correct sense, a university is *not* a place where every subject may be taught or where every faculty is represented, but an institution where students may find instruction in one or more of the higher branches, or in one or more of the professional studies. Salerno was a university when it taught nothing but law, and it was neither more nor less a university when it added the liberal arts, nor when it began the cultivation of medicine. Paris was a university, *ave*, and a great university, when it taught only theology and the arts. I repeat that the test is that the instruction shall be higher and not in elementary subjects and that it shall be so well ordered, so skillfully given, as to attract not a *Studium Locale*, but a *Studium Generale*. As in those days, so also in these days wherever the word university is correctly used, it has that significance and no other.

In 1876 there was opened in Baltimore a school of the higher learning, and it taught only by one faculty called the Faculty of Philosophy, which is the modern term for what was in the Middle Ages the Faculty of Liberal Arts, but it was a university, it was the Johns Hopkins University, and it had every claim, every just and righteous claim to that style. It was a university though it had few, very few professors, but they were supreme, each in his own field, and they attracted students at once not from Baltimore or from Maryland only, but from Massachusetts, and Ohio as well, and soon the fame of that university was world-wide, and Germans, English and French came gladly to its hospitable halls. It was small wonder that they came, for Silvester was professor of mathematics, Gildersleeve was professor of Greek, (where else was there a Hellenist his superior?), and Morris,

teacher incomparable, was there to represent collegiate Greek and Latin, and Remsen was professor of Chemistry and Martin of Biology and Rowland, professor of Physics, a genius indeed. And they who stood by them to help or to direct in other studies were Adams in history, Elliott in Romanic languages, but little less distinguished in promise, if not in performance. O, aye, the Johns Hopkins University was a real university when it had only its Faculty of Philosophy and it had no other when I came within its inspiring influence in 1883. It has a Faculty of Medicine now, and a Faculty of Engineering, but is not one whit more a university now than it was then.

The ideal is not many faculties, vast ranges of subjects, multitudinous courses; it is men of distinction as teachers learned each in his own subject, scholars in that lofty and ennobling sense, men of light and of burning, blazing enthusiasm, men whom Chaucer described in the musical phrase:

“Gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.”

Anything more? Yes,—students, students who study, students who feel within their glowing veins the warming fires of ambition, not crazed with an absorbing athleticism, not dull, witless, stupid, *blasé*, not careless, shiftless, time-wasters, not dull driven cattle, beaten into a semblance of industry by a vast machinery of coercion administered by a resistless Dean. Professors make or unmake a university, but so also do students. They must work together. They must be fellow soldiers, *commilitones* as they were often called in my university days in Germany long ago. Let us not forget the old phrase in the Middle Ages, “University of Masters and Scholars.” If the professors have responsibility in making a university so also have the students. The students of to-day will be alumni or alumnae to-morrow,

and into their several walks of life must carry the habits formed in student days either as they now are, or begin a fierce battle to supplant them by newer and better. During all the rest of their lives they will be representing the university, and in some or many particulars influencing its decisions, and raising or lowering its prestige. The influence of students far outlasts that of the professors. The professors die or retire while the students who have filled their lecture rooms survive them by years or decades. Surely this is no light responsibility. Would there were found some way of impressing every freshman with its grave reality.

Come now, let me turn and apply some of these lessons from a glorious past to a living present, and so far as may be to a future of hope and actuality. You have honored me with a commission to speak to this University, to the Faculty whom I may salute as colleagues, though my own seat of learning be far from them, to men and women now in the next moments to be admitted by the conferring of degrees to this brotherhood begun in Salerno and Bologna ten centuries ago, and still growing and developing, and to such others of the student body as voice may reach today in this charming environment. I have somewhat to say to you collectively if not individually, as a whole if not in classes, differentiated by age or opportunity.

The first word is this, that this is a university; it has earned and deserves that splendid appellation. It is a *Studium*, a place of higher studies, a place admirably qualified to admit the youth to the ancient degree of Bachelor of Arts, and it is in that ancient and venerable sense also a *Studium Generale*, a place fit to attract and able to attract students from a distance, and not only from this rich and beautiful city. That being true and beyond all dispute on solid historical grounds, it is doubly and trebly true when one remembers that besides the College of

Liberal Arts this University rises to the mediaeval standard in the possession of faculties of theology, law and medicine. There is no need to labor the point. Let all who share its life, whether as teachers or taught, lift heart and soul in a great and noble pride in that already achieved, in the place which the University of Southern California justly holds as an heir of Salerno and Bologna, aye of Paris and of Oxford and Cambridge, and of the early foundations of learning in our own land. This University is sister to the best of them, and may claim the right to emulate their glories and so far as may be to escape their mistakes. It is a high calling and very deeply responsible, and in modest hesitation I must speak about it and ask you to consider how it should be met.

The first question is, what shall there be taught to those who seek the baccalaureate degree? I am scarcely old enough to face the embattled hosts which threaten any man who in this day dares to suggest *any* subject as *necessary*. Every subject has its defenders, and so it should; but alas! every subject has its opponents. I shall not speak dogmatically, nor *ex cathedra*. What is now to be spoken is a declaration of faith, not a challenge to controversy. I shall decline the tournament, refuse to enter the lists. I shall flee and let those who remain and whose business it is to decide, to declare their faith, announce their principles and put their conclusions into effect as they have authority and right to do, and then to forget all that I have said. What subjects should here be taught? O, I have no hesitation in declaring my faith that they should be classics, mathematics, history, philosophy, modern languages and one science.

I have mentioned science last, not as a climax, for my climax is at the other end of the line, but because I would say a word about that first; and I am so old a hand at teaching as to know that the thing mention-

ed last needs an early word of re-enforcement or it will follow its predecessors out of memory into vacuity. I feel quite sure that a man who has to live in the world of the present ought to know something about scientific methods of thought, processes and research, and the quickest and surest way to give such an insight is to teach one science, teach it well, teach it fundamentally and as much of it as the reasonable partition of time would allow. One science and one only, not chips and bits and smatterings of two or three sciences, as is too often the custom in America, with the result that the befuddled mind carries away no real knowledge, no sure grasp of the scientific method.

What beside this then? Surely, enough of two of the modern languages to be able to use them as tools, as reading tools, and no more, because no more is likely really to be possible. Philosophy, aye, enough of an insight into the methods of philosophical thinking that the educated man may at least have heard of the problems of thought, of the universe and of man upon which the wisest men of all ages have most seriously have considered. History; yea, that the youth who are to be to-morrow's men and women may catch at least a fleeting glimpse of the long procession of civilized men coming up through barbarism out of savagery. Mathematics, that the mind may see the foundations of all physics and all astronomy in that glorious science of numbers, the one sure and surely known science which deserves the high epithet pure,—pure science. The classics,—it is my climax and so it deserves to be. Our civilization, the whole of it stands supported on two great columns, one of them is Hebrew, for our religion is Hebrew in origin whether we be Christians, Jews or Muhammadans, for all three are rooted in that same soil so amazingly rich in religious ideas and aspirations, so charged with a passion for God. The second column is

Greek, and the major part of all beside religion that our civilization boasts is derived either directly from the Greeks or indirectly from the Romans. O, how in inexpressibly sad will be the state of the coming generations if educated men and women are denied the classical training, whether the denial come through their own stupid refusal, or because of the mistaken policy of the educational leaders who are gradually elbowing the classics out of college and school. I make bold here and now to utter this protest in the ears of all who hear, and to beg all of a different opinion once more to weigh and consider the claim, the just and reasonable claim; of the classics, to a high and secure, though not an exclusive place in education.

In some such way as this so briefly sketched I should wish every man or woman to be educated in college, for I am fully convinced that with this foundation any structure might be reared. Whatever the future career, whether in one of the learned professions or in science, literature or fine arts, music, sculpture or painting, the Bachelor of Arts would be ready to rear a substantial structure of high ideals and modest or lofty achievement.

Yet when all is said it matters far less what is studied, what subjects are pursued, than that what is done be done thoroughly. It is far more important to know a few things well than many things superficially. Let me speak boldly. The curse of American education is twofold multiplicity and superficiality. Our boys and girls from their youth to manhood are taught too many things, and few or none deeply and broadly. We graduate from schools and colleges hosts who are clever in speech, sometimes brilliant, who can keep up a conversation on almost anything from astronomy to zoology, but who know nothing well, nothing thoroughly. I have spent much time in Europe, and everywhere in my experience and every-

where the testimony of others is the same. Nobody knows anything as do the English, German and French students of the same age. A graduate student who has spent four years in college and is promoted Bachelor of Arts comes forward as a candidate for the higher degrees in philosophy or theology and brings to the new task so little, so pathetically little that is definite, sure, positive, reliable. He has studied German but he cannot read some scientific papers in that language. Is he a student of History? He has read Latin in college, but he cannot read a document in Mediaeval Latin. He goes to Oxford for higher studies and is hopelessly outclassed by a boy five years his junior who has just come up from Eton or Winchester, and can really read Latin. O, I have often been sick with shame to have heard Oxford professors declare that some American is clever, but that he knows nothing, and worst of all to hear them prove it. If there were some way by which every student should be compelled to study half as many subjects he would know four times as much about any one of them. The cry and call of the age is for men and women who know something and can do something with it. Fewer subjects, a greater intensity, and the beginning is made. Yet even that is only a beginning. Our next generation must do much better than we have done, or it will not do so well. It must learn a few things and learn them well, it must learn the supreme gifts of patience and perseverance. It dare not face a future greater than the past which now stretches behind us until it is willing to pay for a higher excellence in terms of toil, patient, persistent until the goal be won.

The whole learned world on the Atlantic seaboard was ringing, as I set my face westbound toward you, with plaudits of a woman and her splendid achievement. A quiet, modest little lady had come from Paris, Madame

Curie, to receive the gift of a gram of radium, and colleges and universities clamored for the honor of doing honor to her, and naught that could be said of her was fulsome or overwrought. It sounds like a romance, but it is the romance of labor, prolonged, patient persevering. Here is a woman of unusual gifts and of sound preliminary training. She is born Marie Sklodowska in Warsaw and is a student of chemistry and metallurgy in Paris under Pierre Curie, whose wife she afterward became. They worked together in his laboratory and there, while examining specimens of pitchblende from which the element Uranium is extracted, she had the splendid good fortune to discover a new element which she named Polonium, in honor of Poland, her native country. There might be some other mysterious element concealed in that same pitchblend, large residues of which were found in Austria. In that search she handled twenty to thirty tons of these residues, dissolving, fractionating by re-crystallization with ever increasing strength until at last her unflagging perseverance was rewarded by the discovery of yet another element with the strongest radioactive properties yet known. She had discovered Radium, an element, her own element. Her early training, you may be sure, was sound and thorough, not scattered, aimless, discursive like an American elective course. Yet good as it was it would have been in vain but for that magnificent display of hard and continuous labor. There is no other way, and if education fails to make that lesson plain it has failed to educate; the next generation will not rise to its opportunities nor achieve its possibilities. Am I sounding what may seem to be a minor note? Nay, far from it, this is a clarion call to this sovereign commonwealth, to this astoundingly beautiful, this lordly and puissant city here, to build gloriously a great university worthy of the past and its present achievement, but worthy also of the unmeasured and immeasur-

able opportunity of to-morrow. Nothing is too great, no ideal too lofty, no hope too rich and deep for what may here be achieved. Upon these foundations already well and truly laid let great and numerous buildings stand. Let their halls resound with the hurrying feet of tens of thousands of high-spirited youth, making haste to laboratories, libraries, lecture rooms and seminaries of the highest research. Challenge the greatest universities from here all the way to Harvard, to Oxford and Cambridge, to Dublin and Edinburgh, to Paris and to Berlin. Emulate their achievements, learn to avoid their mistakes, and be content with naught less than equality with their best and noblest. Gather here the most gifted, the most ambitious, the most industrious youth, and bid them sit humbly at the feet not of cheap pedagogues, but before the faces of the most learned, the most skilful, the most inspiring men and women as their teachers. Let those who teach remember the glorious succession in which they stand from Irenius in Bologna to our day, and as they think how narrow was the Adriatic, and how vast the Pacific, how insignificant Bologna, how great and prosperous Los Angeles, let them do and dare mighty things undreamt before, nor yield to the enticement of any lesser ambition.

The past is secure, the future is here in the making, and the responsibility is ours. I have spoken with passionate earnestness, mindful of the past, eager to see a greater present, and full of hope for a larger future. The present only is ours in this mighty and inspiring task of education. I am not tremulous with fear, but buoyant with hope, and grimly determined to give my best to my profession, the profession of teaching, and to honor all who serve in a calling so ennobled by the past, so deeply needed in the present, and the present is only a moment, a fragment of time.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF AMERICAN LIFE

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A GREAT philosophy is a point of view rather than a system of concepts. More than one great historic philosophy, in fact, has received its systematic formulation long after the death of its originator. Many an imposing system, too, wrought out in ponderous volumes of topics and subtopics, has proved lifeless. Philosophic vitality lies in the central idea, the living soul of thought.

We have had in American philosophy one vital spark of originality, and, so far as I am aware, only one. This is not to say that our country has lacked philosophic learning, or has failed to make notable contributions to systematic reflection. The work of Ladd, Bowne, Royce, and their disciples will always command respect and afford philosophic sustenance for the thoughtful. Some of this work seems to me distinctly the best literary expression which has been given to certain historical points of view. But it does not possess the peculiar characteristic of expressing the essential spirit of a time or people, of depicting in conceptual terms the mental life of a nation. It is this characteristic which distinguishes the philosophic utterances of William James and John Dewey. Their philosophy, commonly called pragmatism, is a revelation of certain moods of the human spirit, and, I believe, uniquely expressive of the soul of America.

In the few minutes during which I may claim your attention I should like to indicate briefly the systematic outlines of this philosophy, i.e., its principal concepts in the fields of metaphysics, epistemology, ethics, and the philos-

ophy of religion. This is not a discipular advocacy of pragmatism, or a critical attempt to evaluate its merits. I wish simply to exhibit the logical skeleton of a philosophy the living power of which seems to me very great, and which possibly is destined to play an increasingly large part in the affairs of mankind.

First, then, with regard to its metaphysical basis, let us note its fundamental assertion that *reality is active experience*. This doctrine is sharply distinct from other types of metaphysical theory. (a) It is not to be confused with the metaphysical dualism which finds reality to be ultimately of two kinds, matter, or physical energy, and mind. It is true that some of James' utterances, especially in his earlier writings, have a dualistic sound. But this, I think, is merely the inevitable use of language which was not constructed for philosophic purposes. James' real thought in the matter seems to me to be found rather in his later essays, particularly "Does Consciousness Exist?" and "A World of Pure Experience." Dewey's position is harder to discern, but such notes as I have made on the point seem to me to indicate the same metaphysical assumption. (b) This assumption is opposed to the idealisms which declare that reality is a transcendent or absolute experience, or system of ideas, or act of will. It has a certain puzzling kinship with voluntaristic idealism, but it emphasizes the reality of the finite being and repudiates the Infinite or Absolute Self and all its works. In this sense it is *pluralistic*. You will perhaps recall James' destructive analysis of the concept of relation, a concept which is the corner stone of absolutist philosophical structure. Dewey's thought here again is less explicit, but it is clearly enough implied in his teaching of the possibility of real accomplishment in this world of particulars. (c) It is also to be distinguished from such an empiricist metaphysics as that of John Stuart Mill. Reality, for our

American pragmatists, is *active* experience. Never in the previous history of thought, so far as I am aware, has empiricism been stated in precisely this form. Experience has been regarded as passive. According to this philosophy we *make* our own real universe, in reaction to our environment.

Experience in its highest form is both *social* and *scientific*, or rather is scientifically guided. How these features are blended we shall see presently. Here we may note simply that pragmatist philosophy reflects the contemporary preeminence of scientific study, and the new scientific and humanitarian interest in the phenomena of society.

So much for the metaphysical theory of pragmatism. Its epistemology has been a battle-ground which it is hardly necessary to review in this meeting. I may remark briefly that the functional conception of knowledge, i.e. the conception of it as the *active operation of ideas*, the truth of which is identical with the success of operation, stands in contrast to the dualistic view that truth is the agreement of ideas with their objects, the said objects being generally independent of our ideas about them. According to pragmatism, objects are aspects of our purposes; in other words, we come back to the metaphysical assumption that reality is active experience. Further, the pragmatic doctrine stands in contrast to the teaching of idealism that truth is the agreement of finite ideas with the thought or feeling of the Absolute Mind. It seems to me virtually to abolish the historic distinction between the phenomenal and the noumenal, between appearance and reality, though of course the ordinary unphilosophical meaning of the terms remains. Facts are real as we directly experience them or study them scientifically, and there is no satisfactory evidence of a more "ultimate" reality. James' antipathy to Kant is especially significant in this respect. Scientific investigation is not the mere

deciphering of symbolic characters on a veil which ever conceals the real stage, but is a really illuminating advance into the unknown. Experimentation is therefore a vital necessity of the mind in its search for truth. We *create* our truth, in fact, by the process of experiment.

Passing to the field of ethics, I have the impression that pragmatism is concerned less with the traditional conceptual problems of the subject, e.g., the ultimate nature of goodness and the moral possibility of indeterminism, than with what may be called ethical methodology, and the practical business of making improvements in this very sad world. James seems to take it for granted that we know well enough what to aim at, at least ordinarily, and that our difficulty is that of earnestly realizing our aims. This difficulty is due to the imperfection of human nature, and accordingly he addresses occasional hortatory remarks to the will, remarks which grip us as moral exhortation seldom does. Dewey is less inclined to emphasize individual responsibility and the unique force of active personal conscience. His contribution to the subject is mainly methodology, which seems to me his greatest philosophical accomplishment. According to it socialized effort, frankly experimental but scientifically guided, is the supreme duty of mankind. The distinction between this point of view and the traditional one of assuming absolute principles of right and wrong which we obey or disobey can hardly be exaggerated. One who finds, as an increasing number of thoughtful persons are finding, that mankind, and especially the rulers of mankind, actuated by other principles, have made a sorry mess of human affairs, naturally looks with favor upon ethical pragmatism.

This matter is so important as to deserve one or two concrete illustrations. James, like the rest us, looked upon war as an evil. But he saw psychologically its tenacious roots which do not yield to moralistic exhortation,

and he saw also its genuinely virtuous side. So he proposed in his essay, "The Moral Equivalent of War," a substitute which would exhaust the pugnacious energy of war makers in constructive rather than destructive ways. The enrollment of the fighting forces of society in the more hazardous occupations on the ocean, in the mine, in reclamation works, and the like, is an idea which every fair-minded person will regard as at least worth trying.

Peculiarly instructive for our present purpose are Dewey's articles on political topics, particularly his current ones on Far Eastern questions. They are characterized by keen observation of fact, a democratic social idealism, and reiterated recommendation of experimental method. As opposed to the sort of talk and surreptitious performance which are prodding and dragging the world into another war they exhibit pragmatism in its most dignified aspect, and suggest that it, quite as much as the absolute idealism of German thought, may have tremendously important political implications.

It is in the field of religion that I find pragmatism least developed. Dewey appears to lack interest in the subject. Some of his pupils have discussed it genetically, historically, and psychologically with acumen; but their discussion can hardly be said to crystallize in the doctrines of a philosophy of religion. We are perhaps justified in saying that religion itself, pragmatically speaking, is an energetic social idealism or "meliorism." James has not only given us a psychological justification of religion in its usual meaning of belief in a transcendent power, but has offered also some metaphysical suggestions concerning the relation between God and man. His characteristically empirical attitude toward the problem of the survival of personality is likewise noteworthy. That problem seemed to him best dealt with by experiment along lines of so-called "psychical research." So far as I am aware, however,

these suggestions have had no great influence in the ranks of students of philosophy.

But the significance of pragmatism, as I said at the beginning of this paper, lies less in its formal conceptual statements than in its central point of view, the peculiar attitude with which it faces the universe and human life. This attitude is youthful, adventurous. The pragmatist finds present experience real and animating. He discovers truth in practical ways. He works experimentally to better human life. And he is rather unobtrusive in religious matters apart from their ethical implications. On the whole I am inclined to think that this attitude is increasingly prevalent, and that there are many American citizens who have no technical or literary acquaintance with pragmatism, but are nevertheless in this state of mind. More than any other point of view and scheme of thought it seems to me to constitute the philosophy of American life.

Current Thought

The Dilemma of Darwinism.

Under this title, *The Philosophical Review* (September) prints an article by Dr. B. I. Gilman of Boston which calls attention anew to the ambiguity implied in the doctrine of natural selection. It seems good to feel the breath of new air on one's face and to know surely that passing of the worship of the ancient fetic of mechanism predicted by Bowne forty years ago.

Dr. Gilman concludes: "At the outset the doctrine of selection was greeted by at least a tacit recognition of the dilemma—truism or fallacy. Huxley is reported to have said that his first idea on hearing of Darwinism was, 'How stupid not to have thought of that before!' It seems indeed stupid never before to have suspected that the fact of premature death must have a meaning indefinitely greater than is expressed in the saying 'Whom the gods love die young,' or than was accorded it even by Malthus. John Stuart Mill records in his Essay on Theism that all he cared to say about Darwinism was 'It is not so absurd as it looks.' This was true since it is absurd only when stretched to bursting by the evolutionary admixtures. The faint praise of these two preeminent minds was prophetic of the estimate which the future will place at once upon the immense generalization simply presented in the Darwinian principle and upon the imposing nullities of evolutionary ratiocination that have since sheltered themselves under the reputation of a great naturalist."

In line with this same article one should read the essay in the July *Monist* 'Does "Evolution" Explain' by Edmund Noble.

Is "The Conservation of Energy" applicable to the Human body?

W. H. Sheldon discusses this question in *The Journal of Philosophy* of October 27th, concluding that, though reasonable, it requires for so-called demonstration the primary assumption that it is demon-

strable. Dr. Sheldon discloses the barrenness of the attempted proofs as they touch living organism. The real problem seems to us untouched by either the conservationists or the non-conservationists. It might be possible to equate the physical output with the physical intake and not hit at all upon the mysterious relation of the physical energy to the willing mind. To deny this latter relation unseats the norms of human responsibility and all institutions of society.

The Concept of Personality in Early Philosophy.

Every personalist will be interested in the article by Miss Tarrant in the *Hibbert Journal* for October, entitled, "The Soul in Early Greek Philosophy." She begins first with the concept of the human soul in the Homeric poems, indicates the influence of Orphism and the advance of speculation regarding the self, through Heraclitus, Empedocles, Anaxagoras, Plato, Aristotle, the Stoics and the Epicureans. In concluding she writes:

"Epicureanism and Stoicism alike carry us beyond the limits of the Greek world; and through these schools the two characteristic Greek conceptions of soul pass on to influence later thought—the idea of a material substance, part of the material body, its functions based on mechanical processes, and its life limited by the body's life; and, on the other hand and more typically Greek, the idea of a divinely-born spiritual entity, working through the body yet fundamentally at variance with it, and capable of aspiration and upward progress which ends ideally in union with the divine life itself. The progress of thought is marked, especially in Plato and in the Stoics, by a growing sense of the fact of personality as a thing inexplicable but fundamental. This development in philosophy corresponds to and reflects that general movement in Greek politics, morals, religion, and literature which brought the individual into continually greater prominence; he ceased to be the mere member of a clan, city, class, or sex, and with the break-up of old communities and the failure of old allegiances the human being as such began to emerge as the new hope, and the new mystery, of the world."

What is the Essence of Religion?

We can scarcely remember having anywhere noted among modern essayists so powerful and cogent a putting of the answer to this question as that of Emile Boutroux in the July *Monist*. Monsieur Boutroux shows the shallowness of much modern criticism of religion and, how like democracy or other social movements, it cannot be judged alone by what it has done but by its ideals and their relation to the higher demands of life.

"Whether in the history of his species, or in his individual life man is a being that aspires to transcend itself. What is the meaning, the value of this strange aspiration? Mainly by emphasizing certain aspects of modern science, in answering this question, it is possible to say that man is the victim of illusion, that nowhere in history could any phenomenon take place which is not simply an equivalent of preceding phenomena that gave it birth. *Eadem sunt omnia semper*. Wholly and from all eternity, the universe has been preformed, as regards its elements and laws. If man is conscious of something lacking, some possibility of growth, if he imagines that supernatural powers come to his assistance, these impressions are solely owing to his ignorance and vanity. His power is a given quantity, the mechanical resultant of the natural forces of which he is the accidental and temporary synthesis. His destiny is confirmed within the limits of this power.

This appreciation of things is very conceivable, and, in certain ways, it is a plausible one; but it is not necessary. Indeed, human reflection has always set forth quite a different interpretation, according to which, man has, in a very real sense, the power to conceive of ends superior to his natural forces; towards these ends it is possible for him to rise, because to his activity may be added that of some being greater than himself and more powerful than nature. In collaboration with this superior being, man may, in very truth, transcend both nature and himself. It appears as though it would be advisable to seek for the essence of religion along these lines.

Man is on the path of religion as soon as he makes a serious endeavor to transcend himself not only quantitatively but also qualitatively. A purely quantitative increase of force might be explained by simply borrowing from the reservoir, infinite, it may be, of the physical energies of the universe. An increase of worth and per-

fection, however, if anything more than words, is greater than the forces of nature as such. Science and art actually aim at such an increase, but, depending upon nature and the given, they anticipate and seek after the true and the ideal, not knowing if they can attain unto it.

The originality of religion dwells in the fact that it proceeds not from power to duty, but from duty to power; that it advances resolutely, taking for granted that the problem is solved, and that it starts from God. *Ab actu ad posse*, such is its motto. 'Be of good cheer,' said Jesus to Pascal, 'thou wouldst not seek me hadst thou not found me.' God is being and principle, the overflowing spring of perfection and might. He who shares in the life of God can really transcend nature; he can create. Religion is creation, true, beautiful and beneficent, in God and by God."

Dante from the Roman Catholic Standpoint.

Most interesting to Dante students is the special volume of essays put forth by the *Rivista di Filosofia Neoscolastica* and the *Rivista Scuola Cattolica*. The object of the various essays seems to be to prove Dante's complete orthodoxy. The main difficulty with such an effort is that if true it is unnecessary and if necessary it proves too much.

Notes and Discussions

Pilgrim Song

On my library shelf it stands in its black leather binding as prim and slim as Grandmother herself, the hymnal that she loved. You can read the varying phases of her earthly pilgrimage by the penciled frames that are drawn about her favorite hymns.

Orphaned at an early age and sent into a pioneer state upon the borders of civilization, there must have seemed to her no abiding place. It is not strange that the pent-up loneliness and sense of wandering found expression in the lovely words "I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger, I can tarry, I can tarry but a night." In that wilderness home there was little of luxury and much of heart-breaking toil. There were days of weariness and nights of weeping. What wonder that her heart found comfort in the strains, "Joy cometh in the morning, there is rest in heaven"? Here are the songs that comforted her early widowhood and here the source of strength as she saw her youngest enter the Valley of Shadows. There where the yellowing pages fall apart as if obedient still to her will is the hymn that comprised her last mortal words, "Jesus, lover of my soul."

The turning pages open doors of memory through which pour in gusts of pilgrim song until I dream of faces living and dead, of scenes near and far. Each one seems to fit into its own time, place and experience, as if sacredly devoted to bear but a single message.

"Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven," is only a simple thing, little better than doggerel. I have known but one group of people to whom it appealed so that into its cup of faulty words they poured the flood of a glorifying experience. To read it none could suspect the hidden power: that lay in the sincerity of the singers.

"If on a quiet sea toward heaven we calmly sail," brings vividly to mind the faces of dear fisher-folk of Cape Cod, as out of the shadows and the storm, of which they have experienced many, I see creep across their faces the calm of life's deeper resignation. I seem to join them again in the final prayer:

"Help me in every state to make Thy will my own,
And when the joys of sense depart
To live by faith alone."

There is another which is like the comfort song of birds at even or the voice of the hermit thrush blessing the mountain solitude with the melody of unbroken peace, or like that sweetest song of all, a mother's lullaby amidst the gathering shadows of the night. It is only "Jesus calls us o'er the tumult," but it bears ever the content and image of a life that has meant more to me than all the others, moving quietly and faithfully forward amidst a world of distractions.

These snatches of song have come to mark successive phases in my discovery of God. They are mile-stones in the march of life. "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."

Miss Hammond as a Literary Critic.

We have received the following letter, a part of which we quote:

"Allow me to congratulate you on listing among your contributors that rarest of all writers, a real critic. One whose literary ability, whose evident culture give her the right and power to produce what we have so long been in need of: interpretation of convincing soundness, of content and manner, that is a joy to the discriminating reader. Something almost unheard of in these days of windy-wordiness, when it is discouragingly apparent that the race is to the strident and the slangful."

Faithfully yours,

Along the Bookshelf

BODY AND MIND, a History and a Defense of Animism, by
WILLIAM McDUGALL, F.R.S. The Macmillan Company, New
York. 1920. Pp. xix + 384.

A noteworthy book, and one among many, are really inadequate terms in which to describe McDougall's *Body and Mind*, a fifth edition of which has now been published. The author describes it as a defense of animism and assigns thus the reason for that defense:

"Modern science and philosophy have turned their backs upon Animism of every kind with constantly increasing decision; and the efforts of modern philosophy have been largely directed towards the excogitation of a view of man and of the world which shall hold fast to the primacy and efficiency of mind or spirit, while rejecting the animistic conception of human personality. My prolonged puzzling over the psycho-physical problem has inclined me to believe that these attempts cannot be successfully carried through, and that we must accept without reserve Professor Tylor's dictum that Animism 'embodies the very essence of spiritualistic, as opposed to materialistic, philosophy,' and that the deepest of all schisms is that which divides Animism from Materialism."

"The main body of this volume is therefore occupied with the presentation and examination of the reasoning which have led the great majority of philosophers and men of science to reject Animism, and of the modern attempts to render an intelligible account of the nature of man which, in spite of the rejection of Animism, shall escape Materialism. This survey leads to the conclusion that these reasonings are inconclusive and these attempts unsuccessful, and that we are therefore compelled to choose between Animism and Materialism; and, since the logical necessity of preferring the animistic horn of this dilemma cannot be in doubt, my survey constitutes a defense and justification of Animism."

McDougall shows that the modern rejection of Animism is principally due to the materialistic scientific claim that the mechanistic principles of explanation hold exclusive sway throughout the universe. This claim he characterizes as "the mechanistic dogma."

The book contains a valuable outline of the history of animistic theory in the field of philosophy, the adverse developments of modern science and passes to a most thorough consideration of competing systems, showing their deficiency and inadequateness.

He shows to those who assume to puzzle over the mystery of how the psychical can act upon the physical, that this is at least no more mysterious than the materialistic assumption that the psychical is the product of the physical.

He treats the "psychology without a soul" with eminent consideration and fairness and yet exposes its insufficiency. It is a brilliant disclosure of the predominating fallacies of our modern thinking and a clear call to an order of thought which shall be more satisfying and in the truest sense more scientific.

We admire the courage of Professor McDougall not only in meeting the issue directly by assuming the much despised term animism but more also that he has dared to raise the standard of opposition in the face of scientific anathema and to carry his questions into the camp of the enemy. This he does with the utmost calmness and good taste and with such evident scholarship as to demand attention. Every personalist will rejoice in this eminent contribution to philosophy and will feel it necessary to own and read the book.

BERGSON AND FUTURE PHILOSOPHY, an Essay on the scope of Intelligence, by GEORGE ROSTREVOR. Macmillan Company, New York. Pp. 152.

Though many books are written on Bergson's philosophy few have the freshness, sympathy and interest of this small volume. The author strikes immediately at the high point in Bergson's work and that element most likely to be remembered namely, the doctrine of duration.

While strongly sympathetic he does not believe in Bergson's emphasis of contrast if not of contradiction between the roles of intuition and intelligence.

Rostrevor thus states the aim of his discussion:

"How far is it possible to go, without doing violence to the intellect at all? Is it possible by hard but quiet reflective thought to obtain an insight into the duration of our selves, and so into the nature of time? Duration being the

very stuff of our deepest experience, will not the careful analysis of our memories enable us to apprehend it? I mean to suggest that it will."

He finds himself in entire agreement with Bergson's doctrine of time as independent reality, and though he sees that somehow duration is inextricably involved with self-consciousness or personality he fails to see that time is nothing except for intelligence in the thinking subject and in the *élan vitale*. Thus is raised the question which neither himself nor Bergson are able adequately to solve, the fact of duration in animals and in the physical universe. It will be said of course that they meet it by asserting the substantial or independent nature of time. Such victory is gained at such logical cost as to practically amount to defeat, for, in spite of all appeals to the reality of the spiritual, and Rostrevor is of all men a philosophical mystic, they are thereby logically committed to the ways of materialism.

The relation of intelligence, intuition, selfhood and duration are thus described:

"Intelligence is the sole active element of knowledge, but memory is fresh and vivid, and intelligence, however quick its operation, cannot accomplish its habitual task all at once. First, it gives an awareness of duration, not of the self which endures; the work of abstraction has at this stage hardly begun, for the duration is still partially invested with the particular quality of the particular experience. Next comes awareness of the enduring self, and then a much more definite awareness of interesting points in the process of the duration."

Is it not, however, a fact that the awareness of duration is compounded of the consciousness of an enduring self, as over against a fleeting or changing experience? The arbitrary division in self-consciousness which Rostrevor here attempts is open to criticism exactly like that which he indulges against Bergson's separation of intuition and intelligence.

Most commentators on Bergson fall either into a harsh and ill-judged criticism which picks at minor flaws or into equally ill-judged but critical commendation. This book preserves a fine balance between the two, possesses fine literary style, is beautifully printed and will be welcomed by all students of contemporary thought.

BODY AND SOUL. BY ELIZABETH H. MARSH. The Cornhill Company, Boston, Mass.

This a play in the manner of *Everyman*; carefully reproducing the manners and thoughts of mediaeval times, when the living were so much concerned in the welfare of the departed souls of their friends, and the church promised a safe journey to Paradise—for a consideration. The time is announced as "The beginning of modern incredulity;" the first scene is placed in an abbey chapel, where acolytes, bearing the body of Lord Barcardon, lay it on the bier prepared for it. He had not been a good churchman:

". . . Living, he believed no more in God
Than you believe in Baal . . . or Mahomet."

And yet he had been a kindly man, good to his tenants, working for the benefit of the community, and beloved by his wife. There is no animus or preaching in the whole study, which is intensely realistic. The star of Hope shines at the close. The cry to God of the baron's Soul was finally answered: as it declares before the bier, "He answered me, when I did cry."

JAMES MAIN DIXON

A CRITIC IN PALL MALL. Reviews and Miscellanies by OSCAR WILDE. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Pp. 290.

It is well that the various reviews by Oscar Wilde have now been collected and put in more accessible form. Whether Wilde discusses *Aristotle at Afternoon Tea*, the Russian novelists, or Irish Fairy Tales, he is ever the minutely observing, the justly fair, the frank but sympathetic critic, though at times superficial and trivial. These informal reviews, appearing chiefly in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, give intimate glimpses of Wilde's views and opinions on various literary and current topics of the day. Thus in an indirect way is given some direct insight into a most interesting personality. After reading Wilde the critic, one can realize that back of Wilde the brilliant conversationalist was a man of much more breadth than would at times seem. The reviews are beautifully written and contain much of interest.

NELLIE E. VAWTER

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To the Gentle Personalist

TO PRESIDENT JOHN A. W. HAAS of Muhlenberg College, Pennsylvania, is awarded the prize subscription in the Personalistic Creed Contest.

It seems worth reprinting from a former number.

A PERSONALISTIC CREED

I believe that the energy of the universe demands will as its solution.

I believe that the order of the universe calls for intellect and purpose.

I believe that the beauty of the universe implies supreme feeling.

I believe that the moral implications of life indicate ultimate goodness.

I believe that the progress of history points to final righteousness.

I believe that a sound theory of education must posit universal human freedom.

I believe that the best philosophy of religion ends in the axiom of God as Spirit and Love.

I believe that all these claims are best united in a doctrine of personality, divine and human, individual and social.

The Personalist

Volume III

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APRIL, 1922

THE SUPERSTITIONS OF THE INCREDULOUS

THE EDITOR

IS IT too much to say that superstition gets its initial impulse from the absence of a sense of humor? Humor enables a man to criticize the pretensions and claims of himself and his fellow-men and out of this criticism spring normal action and normal knowledge. When any man, party, or institution takes itself too seriously to be amenable to criticism it immediately bolsters its unjustified claims by the appeal to standing, authority, *ipsi dixit-ism*, and intolerance of various kinds. It appeals from the facts to superstition, which is defined as belief not supported by the facts. We have seen within the past four centuries the proud and contemptuous *ipsi dixit* religious man brought low. During the past fifty years our work upon him has been cumulative and intensive. He has been living in a world thoroughly determined to leave him no superstition to which he may cling. Science has been the principal agent in this good work and it is assumed by our most "progressive" thinkers that superstition has been all but banished from culture. It is just this assurance that gives life, fate, or whatever you may call it another laugh. For some scientists have come to take themselves with the same *ipsi dixit* certainty and self-assurance that once characterized the theologian. Of course, some one will at this point arise to remark that this is the proper attitude for science. Such a remark proves our point that some scientists take themselves too

seriously. In their chosen field they see no place for humor and hence have lost the gentle art of self-criticism.

This assurance which has grown out of the great practical triumphs of science has created a mood which dominates present-day life. The result is that with a great multitude any theory, however illogical, is accepted in full of its own claims if it be set forth as scientific. But it is not our aim in this essay to deal with the grosser and more popular superstitions which provide the ground for nostrums of various kinds, for quack medicine, quack psychology, quack social theory or quack "scientific" religion. We wish to discuss the superstitions of the even more incredulous who are staking their whole world of knowledge upon the factuality of scientific hypotheses of which the best that may be said is that they do not disagree with facts so far as we at present know them, and of which the worst that may be said is that they are not scientifically proved. For long years superstition has been presumed solely the possession of religion. It was supposed to have been completely eradicated from progressive and up-to-date thinking by the cold, calm, impartial criticism of science and modernity. A strange paradox works, however, in the midst of life and frequently the most incredulous are the ones most likely to be caught and thrown off their guard by the skill of the magician. Incredulity scarcely ever extends to a complete skepticism. Frequently its denials of one class of belief are in exact intensity with its affirmation of another class. Its lack of gullibility in one line often favors a more gullible attitude in another. It is only human that while this process goes on the individual prides himself that he accepts nothing but facts. The growth of modern naturalism has led to a profound feeling of sophistication with the world of nature and of life. We look on men of other minds and beliefs with a sophomoric contempt for the period when we too labored in the freshman state of unenlightenment. Sophomoric contempt, however, springs from slight and partial acquaintance with reality. We seem at present, as always, in danger from the sophomores. In our modern life and thought their

smiling incredulity shames our belief until with deeper acquaintance we discover the hollowness of their claims to enlightenment.

The practical effect of this mood has been the thinning of culture, the rise of a scientific dogmatism often intolerant toward the higher values of life and a narrowing of interests to the exclusion of all historical perspective.

That New Knowledge Abrogates the Old

The first of these present-day superstitions might well be taken as the superstition that all discovery in the realm of knowledge contradicts and denies all previous belief or understanding. It is only fair to say that theologians of the dogmatic sort by their indifference to the honest work of science and their hostility to its innovations helped to create this mood. Herein science only accepted what was given it in the beginning. What was reluctantly accepted has now grown to be traditional. The superstition finds practical result in the assumption that whatever is old is ignorant and inferior. The typical text-book drills the rising generation in contempt for the past. The Greeks produced the highest type of art and philosophy. The Egyptians possessed a mechanical skill which would be the despair of the modern artisan if he were not ignorant of it; for instance, the masonry of the pyramids. The Arabic culture preserved earlier ideas and made modern science possible. The Middle Ages originated the Gothic, and yet all these attainments which out-top in single aspects those of our own age are treated with contempt as "out-of-date," "behind the times," and to be lightly dismissed. Thus it is that the age runs to light-headedness and we become impatient with all which does not immediately lend itself to our vanity and our love for self-indulgence. What we need to understand is how that which is enduring in our culture roots into the past. Any truth, however old, has its right to hearing. Whatever truths were known or discovered in the past have their fulfilment and find their completion in the truths of today. They are not abrogated but ful-

filled. It would be obviously ridiculous to abrogate the Venus de Milo as out of date. The truth of line and conception, the real inspiration of the artist, stand because they are true. Centuries of cubism could never make the Venus de Milo fantastic. Even a certain pinch-toed Bacchante, whose foot has known the modern pointed shoe, seems deformed beside her. When that which is sometimes called art in the present day recovers itself to truth and spirituality it will be seen in its proper relations to all true art.

Much the same is true even of scientific discovery. The ancients did not know nature as we do, but there is no doubt that they knew many things truly. Copernicus did not undo the truth of celestial and terrestrial relations known to the Ptolemaic astronomy. What he offered was a new and truer point of view, which threw new light on long known facts. His discovery was not an abrogation in the sense of making of no moment the real truths involved in Ptolemaism.

We shall never recover a culture which will have power to enhance civilization until we remove from before our eyes the cheap and narrowing superstition that new knowledge abrogates the old.

That Laws Are Self-Executing

This is a very popular modern superstition. We have a law mania. If some great social need arises, our reaction is to enact a law and to depend upon the law to execute itself. Our care seems to be over when the law is on the statute books. How much this popular political superstition may be due to other causes we shall not inquire. It is at least the evidence of a very common misconception. An analogous superstition holds in the realm of scientific thinking. It is commonly supposed that to refer phenomena to a law is to complete all explanation. We do not know what gravity is except that it is gravity, but the average mind rests in disgraceful contentment when told it is a law. We have no idea of what electricity is, though we know many things about the uniformity of

its action, and this uniformity is what we name the law of electricity. Why it acts as it does no one can say. The neighbor who looks from his window each morning at fifteen minutes of eight may be so sure of the uniformity of my habits that he sets his clock by my appearance. The fact that I do pass at a certain hour each working day, establishing the law of my activity, does not explain *why* I pass at a given time each day. So the uniformity of nature may proceed from some central will but it is the will and not the uniformity which is the ground of their explanation. The great task of science is to learn the uniformities and how to apply them to practical problems, without erecting the fact into the explanation of the fact. If the true import of this superstition were more widely recognized it would be less often assumed that cosmic accident could provide the ground of cosmic order and uniformity. This superstition might be named the pet fallacy, if not the idol, of the materialist.

That Scientific Hypothesis Is Identical With Fact

The peculiar function of human minds is their demand for causal explanation. We desire always to know that which lies behind the phenomena we observe. Our earliest mental effort is probably in the direction of grasping the relation of our own wills to some causal series. We might almost affirm that the second effort, or the conclusion from this experience is to assign phenomena not within our own causal series to some cause not ourselves. In this act we can reason only by analogy, putting up a reasonable hypothesis by which we go, until it is untenable in the light of other facts. Thus there is a constant tendency to confuse actual knowledge of phenomena with our hypothesis regarding their causal connection.

It is a weakness of the common mind to generalize, which is easy, and to oppose critical analysis, which is difficult. The profounder scientist has no illusions. He holds his hypotheses tentatively and upon the condition of their reasonableness in the light of ascertained fact. He

believes that to have this attitude is to maintain the scientific mind. He realizes that open-mindedness is the magna charta of scientific discovery. But it is not so with the magazine scientist, nor with the general public. With such, scientific hypothesis is mingled with fact and taken with an equal credence. Men who reject all claims of religious faith make haste to accept the newest scientific hypothesis, never dreaming that it is a guess, tenable only as it agrees with facts so far as known, but which may at any moment be exploded by the discovery of further facts. For instance, skepticism regarding the origin of the earth in cosmic flame would have been greeted twenty-five years ago as a display of ignorance. Now the astronomers themselves show less assurance. Yet when men now of middle life were in college it was never dreamed that we could safely doubt the cooling of the earth from a molten state, to an external crust and all the other "fixin's," including the mountain chains as wrinkles. We were pointed to volcanoes and earth heat as the final "proofs" that the inside of the earth is not yet cooled but is still a molten mass. Our sensibilities were still further drawn upon by other scientists who portrayed the horrible results still to follow from further cooling. All this aircastledom was seriously set forth and we were bidden to believe under pain of intellectual atrophy and death.

In a similar way the hypothesis of evolution has been made to serve in lieu of any discoverable facts. Evolution as a description of the order of appearance of life upon the earth is the most reasonable theory that we possess at present. Evolution as causation has never been proved. And yet this latter hypothesis is commonly so taken. No real scientist would consider this "proof" in any realm outside his own predilection. Yet we find the evolutionary hypothesis assumed as proved and much of our histories of culture, civilization, religion, and philosophy, are imaginings based upon this unproved assumption. Whenever we lack a fact either in human history or geology we fill in with evolutionary imagination what "must have taken place," though we know nothing of the actual con-

ditions. As illustration take the common view of "primitive" religion. We look about for the crudest and lowest form of religion we can find. We note the myth and magic of African or Patagonian tribes. Then we slap on our evolutionary theory and say, "there you are," "that is primitive religion," "your Christianity evolved from that," "it *was* that originally." The oversight is double. First, religion springs fundamentally, not from previous religion but from the moral and religious nature of man. Second, savage religions now existing can in no true sense be called primitive because they are, so far as we know as old as any other.

The same false assumption runs through much of our psychology, sociology, and economics; it fills our literature so that we may very likely be the laughing-stock of future generations through our blind devotion to this superstition, that reasonable hypothesis is as entitled to acceptance as known fact.

*That All Problems Can Be Solved by Resort to the
Fallacy of the Abstract*

We speak of this superstition largely because it is the final resort of common scientific, social, or religious superstitions. It is the handy intellectual closet into which all inconvenient questions are hurled against some future mental wash-day. Of course, we are told we cannot witness any such drastic changes as the law of evolution demands, but then we could "if there were time enough." Given millions of years and it could be done. An initial movement in cosmic dust if given time enough would accidentally produce orderly, intelligible nature, with intelligent man to understand its marvellous coordinations. We are told all this in cold blood and then scientifically ordered not to believe in miracles. Of course, in time, all possible permutations and combinations would appear and life is one of them and, *voila*, "there you are," explained. It would be interesting to know just how many years a tub of printer's pi would have to revolve to hit upon the exact combination that constitutes the *Los*

Angeles Times of February fourth, Nineteen Hundred Twenty-two. Does anyone believe that particular combination would have to be produced some time? Let not such a one use his new-found wisdom in a game of chance. Figuring from the law of permutations and combinations many a gambler has cast all upon that last and necessary combination which did not appear. When will a certain type of scientist see the fallacy of the attempt to explain order by accident and the unreasonableness of declaring a presumption against intelligence in the world ground!

But ever there is that convenient closet, the appeal to the fallacy of the abstract, under the terminology of force, energy, persistence, or what not. There is little hope for clear thinking or rapid scientific progress until this superstition has taken its way.

It may seem to the reader, assuming the precarious hypothesis that he has stayed with us to this point, that this discussion of superstition has been vain because in any case "nobody's mind has been changed." That is the nature of superstitions. One's own superstitions are to one's self the most reasonable of sciences whether we feel they must be believed in the interests of science or of religion. One cannot state a real reason for spitting on the bait in fishing. But all the fish that one ever caught were caught under those conditions and "there must be something in it." Our superstitions cannot be proved by the facts. We are therefore all the more bitter in their defense. We raise our voices to cover our feeling of insecurity. Where fact is wanting there must be more vociferation and more bitterness. Strange and inhuman will it be, if to the art of vociferation we add not the further art of calumny. To proclaim our opponent ignorant or bigoted, behind the times, unscientific, prejudiced or even "superstitious," is easier far than to educe facts for which we whistle in vain on the becalmed seas of our intellectual limitations. It may be that a harmless superstition like that of the fisherman just mentioned has its uses, but alas for him who attempts to erect it into the dignity of knowledge. If he depends upon this alone his basket shall be empty.

LET US TALK OF FLECKER

VIRGINIA TAYLOR McCORMICK

"Let us talk of Flecker!" That was the opening wedge of many friendly arguments, much intimate exchange of opinion in those years from 1914 to the signing of the armistice, when two poets, or lovers of poetry, worn and jaded with the ceaseless whirring of bullets, met in that oasis known as rest billets, where a comparative quiet enabled the mind to resume its normal functioning in at least a degree and to shut out by sheer force and perseverance the vision of a world gone mad and sacrificing to an unappeasable Moloch the youth and beauty of the human race! They were homesick, even as Flecker had been on Lebanon and echoed his cry:

Oh, shall I never be home again?
Meadows of England shining in the rain,
Spread wide your daisied lawns: your ramparts green
With brier fortify, with blossom screen
Till my far morning. . . .

More than any other of his day is Flecker the poets' poet, even as we say of Merrick that he is the authors' author!

In that singularly self-revealing letter which Ledwidge wrote Dr. Chase a short time before his own particular bullet found its mark, he says, "But the best of all contemporary poems is Flecker's *Gates of Damascus*. Had he read *The Dying Patriot*? I wonder, for I am still curious as to the place it held with those darlings of the gods while they were yet waiting on the edge of the world to be at any moment flung beyond life. It is so essentially the spirit rather than the embodiment of patriotism that they would seem to have been especially attuned to its understanding. *The Gates of Damascus* will always have a high place in poetic literature where people love beauty of thought and design, for its garb is as rich as its spirit, but *The Dying Patriot* has a fine frenzy of

poetic passion, wanting in any other poem that is the product of a complete modernity. . . . It is, if you will, a little Keatsian. . . . No one more clearly than Flecker realized that poetry is an essence passed from one generation of poets to another. . . .

"I ponder how from Attic seed
There grew an English tree,
How Swinburne took from Shelley's lips
The kiss of Poetry."

It is the right of divine succession, is it not? Again I am brought to wonder! Did Mr. Kipling have something more than a fancy born of many years residence among an Eastern people when he suggested the possibility of the tubercular germ producing similar thought curves in people of utterly different cosmos? Flecker had all the educational environs and advantages that Keats lacked. He was the child of Rugby and Oxford, the finished product of Cambridge's great school of languages, which in itself set him apart, for through his constant reading of the Greek and Latin he acquired not only that excellent rhythmic style which is peculiarly his own today, in a world gone mad over pursuit of heavy and rhymeless forms, but he gathered into his treasure house a wealth of lore and legend, together with quaint truths of the East, that shed a redolent flavor upon his pages and give often a piquant sauce to the simplest poems. I did not come to know Flecker by the slow gradations usual in our study of a poet. One day I opened suddenly upon *The Dying Patriot*, and it was rarely out of my hand until its text was safe-stored in my memory. A little drunk with the beauty of it, a little dazed by the magnitude of the star that had arisen without my knowledge, I shared it every little while with a congenial spirit; but there is danger in such sharing. Either we resent a lack of appreciation or we are jealous of a too quickly professed *sympatica*!

There is more than beauty in this poem: it is a quite lawless example of the "poetic pattern" which has come to mean so much more than merely "form;" that is to say,

its conformation to a group-style, sonnet, rondeau, what you will.

In the past few years I have several times heard lecturers upon that absorbing subject, Contemporary Verse, read Miss Lowell's poem, *Patterns*, pointing out its intricate perfection of design, its independence of prescribed rhyme, the very title adding to its efficiency as a poetic pattern. I have watched the faces of the audience . . . dull, uninterested . . . a little more actively bored as the verses lengthened out. . . Impelled by the cocksureness of egotism, I have tried it out myself, carefully accenting the necessary rises and falls, putting into it all the expression possible . . . my audience trimmed hats or coupons according to the sex . . . they were far from me! A far more perfect pattern for a poem is *The Dying Patriot*: the rhythm is there, an exquisitely musical rhyming, strong yet flexible; the sequence is unbroken, the timing perfect—

"Day breaks on England down the Kentish hills,
Singing in the silence of the meadow-footing rills,
Day of my dreams, O day!"

And the poet, having got our attention by sheer beauty of line, brings us to the subject by a careful reference to the Crusaders, and almost before we realize what has happened we see Oxford at noon, "Noon of my dreams, O noon!" and the men walking among "towers and tombs and statues all arow" bring to us a swift vision of England's intellectual life, the *esprit de la patrie*! Then follows quite naturally the

"Evening on the olden, golden sea of Wales
When the first star shivers and the last wave pales."

and perhaps nowhere is the image more pregnant with meaning than in that subtle recalling of the inroads each year of the sea upon the coast: this suggestion of Nature as an enemy, to bring into more poignant relief the human enemies lying in wait . . .

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and perhaps nowhere is the image more pregnant with meaning than in that subtle recalling of the inroads each year of the sea upon the coast: this suggestion of Nature as an enemy, to bring into more poignant relief the human enemies lying in wait . . .

"There's a house that Britons walked in long ago,
 Where now the springs of ocean fall and flow,
 And the dead robed in red with sea-lilies overhead
 Sway when the long winds blow."

Morning, noon, evening, each with its own images, have passed before us and now comes night, heavily, with the promise of storm and the apostrophe, for it is more than a peroration . . .

"Sleep not my country: though night is here, afar
 Your children of the morning are clamorous for war:
 Fire in the night, O dreams!"

It is still a dream, but now the sudden awakening . . . the realization that it is himself, the dying patriot, set apart from those who fight and die for their country by a loathsome disease, denied the privilege of being shot for an ideal, or whatever name one calls that feeling which sends us forth to die with gladness for our country, he alone, on Darien, who must apostrophize that loved country, even with the understanding that England will send them as she sent them long ago "South to desert, East to ocean, West to snow," and now the supreme knowledge of his passing into the beyond . . . the passion of these last lines is almost past bearing, and their beauty no less sears our hearts . . . it is so personal, so human . . .

"West of these out to seas, colder than the Hebrides I must go
 Where the fleet of stars is anchored and the young star-captains glow!"
 Surely he is one of these young Star-captains, even as the poets killed in battle! There is a peculiar art in the construction of this poem. Flecker, sensitive to all nuances, sees the danger of monotony and lengthens or shortens a line with consummate skill and daring, possible to only a past master of that art which always came before himself, even in the early days of faulty flights of impassioned verse or the more finely wrought translations.

Not very long ago in a not far distant city, before an assembly of intellectuals all personally strangers to me, I substituted *The Dying Patriot* for Miss Lowell's *Patterns* in a lecture on Contemporary Verse, to illustrate the

requirements of a poetic pattern. My audience hung upon the words, throbbed to the rhythm and the image, and joyed in the beauty of the rhyme—that seems to tell its own story! Flecker was always daringly experimental in rhythm, venturing into new styles of intricate prosodic form, touching unused sound tones with lean and habile fingers, but his true British balance was never really disturbed by the wave of free verse jumping the Atlantic from France to America and there taking the bit between the teeth, a Pegasus run wild! Its fields did not call him; he was never ashamed of his tools, but used them with the acumen and craft of a jeweler polishing diamonds, and showing only the brilliant, sparkling stone, not the tools of his craft! One of his more glaring and to me disconcerting, weaknesses is the truly British custom of spilling capitals freely over his pages. It not infrequently destroys the beauty but more often gives an unintentional significance to concrete subjects. That veering to the concrete when the abstract would have strengthened his lines was an old failing, but had he been more perfect he had been perhaps less dear. Always from the earliest times of his *Juvenilia* he is reaching for and capturing the image. It is more surely the hall mark of his poetry than it is of the poetry of many of that inflated and self-conscious group known as the Imagist School (the capitals are not mine), and in the schoolboy effusions we find such phrases as “this pretty pamphlet polished new with pumice-stone”; one of his darling names is “little gem.” The jewels rather glittered for him in those salad days! He was at all ages a bit intoxicated with the beauty of earth and a little apt to overstep the bounds of sanity when description lured him. Sometimes we are deceived by such terms as “metal grace” but for him it was entirely illuminating: the gold of life was one of his dear conceits. It is interesting to watch the keenness with which he seizes upon his own errors and wipes them out, if only time is there for all of it, alas! *Tenebris Interlucens* was re-written entirely:

"Once a poor song-bird that had lost her way
Sang down in hell upon a blackened bough."

has no great power to charm; there is a distinct deadening of the lyric quality, but read the last writing:

"A linnet who had lost her way
Sang on a blackened bough in hell."

the very music of it is different and at the last when he describes the awakening of the ghosts . . .

"To draw a phantom brother to his side"

is heavy. The phantom gives it an air of unreality; we are not moved either by the beauty or the pathos, but—

"And some one there stole forth a hand
To draw a brother to his side"

is especially characteristic of Flecker. He was by nature a sociable being, a delighter in comradeship, a seeker after good converse. . . . Even the shadows of hell lifted before a mental vision conjuring a friendliness among his own kind, the thin, pale wraiths . . . ghosts of a forgotten life! The vision is for us, too, and like Peter Pan we at once believe in ghosts, or is it fairies?

Careful craftsmanship is an unfailing attribute of Flecker's later verse; gone is the old impetuous way of dashing into a poem lured only by the image of a name. *The Bridge of Fire* was hung upon the resounding glory of its title—a title which would sound well for a book, its context of no importance. Even at this here is a remarkable poem for a boy, despite its hastily conceived idea, lack of polish and occasional roughness of line. He wrote and re-wrote *The Burial in England* many times and was at the end unsatisfied; he wanted to make it longer, more impressive, and discussed this intent with his wife and Mr. Savery shortly before his death. It seems to me better as it is—a lengthening would tend to make it didactic, perhaps heavy. There is a sonorous beauty

to it as he left it—blank verse with more than a memory of Shakespeare for those of us who love it, and poignant with the sadness of that “mattress grave” from which it was written, though the tone is triumphant throughout!

The first question in a discussion of Flecker's work is always “What outside influence swayed him?” It is not always easy to see. There is perhaps no personal influence so strong as that of his wife, Greek, with all the inheritance of her race. In the later poems there is unquestionably a reflected radiance from an understood and adequately grasped idea of beauty that is Greek itself, not just the love of loveliness that had so intoxicated Flecker in the days of his youth when under the influence of Swinburne's rhythmic swing or Wilde's passionate apostrophe to beauty, he produced much decadent verse, teeming with a passion totally inexperienced and rather remarkable for a looker-on in Vienna. Mr. Frank Savery was the one personal friend throughout his life whose influence was at first hand and whose devotion survived separation and other interruptions to the end. There are flashes in his writings of Sir Richard Burton, but very faint they seem to me. Less faint are illuminating gleams of Herédia, but perhaps I know Herédia better and recognize them more readily. In his decidedly luscious use of the words expressing fruition, the vine, wines, there comes to me a short and fleeting vision of de Rénier, but were not these two his companions upon Parnassus? For Flecker unquestionably attained the heights and there he found the goodly company of the French Parnassians, with whom he at once recognized kinship, camaraderie—never discipleship, but we are apt to reflect the ideas of our friends, is it not true?

At times Flecker repeats an idea as if it had laid hold of him. The ugliness of physical death was one of these visions which held him in bonds, as it does all of us occasionally. For example, take the closing lines of *The Town Without a Market*, itself an admirable commentary upon the *Spoon River Anthology*, but with a beauty of line and thought not found in the American poetic symposium:

Then said my heart, Death takes and cannot give.
Dark with no dream is hateful: let me live!!

and compare

I'd rather be
A living mouse than dead as a man dies.

Again *The True Paradise*—every line would bear quoting—no fault remained after his last pruning. Each word was weighed down to a perfect balance, and in this poem is especially evidenced the Greek influence; a worship of beauty, an overmastering desire to take into the beyond those images that had lured in life:

We poets crave no heaven but what is ours—
These trees beside these rivers; these same flowers
Shaped and enfragranced to the English field
Where Thy best florist-craft is full revealed.
Trees by the river, birds upon the bough.
* * * * *

Nor listen to that island-bound St. John,
Who'd have no sea in Heaven to sail upon!

Is this the man who said

Do I remember tales of Galilee,
I who have slain my faith and freed my will?

and yet there is the well-defined individualism, the same
freedom of thought—

But if prepared for me new Mansions are
Chill and unknown in some bright, windy Star,
Mid strange-shaped souls from all the planets seven,
Lord, I fear deep and would not go to Heaven.
Rather in feather-mist I'd fade away
Like the Dawn-writing of an April day!

It is the man I think who after many years among the
Mohammedans said he found more good in Christianity
than he had hitherto suspected!

This "lean and swarthy poet of despair" was less

despairing, more courageous than he would put into his lines for us to read. We must find the real crux of his thrilling battle with death between those lines, for Flecker is not of that class of poets who, like the birds, build their nests from bits of string and grass collected here and there, but rather is he like the spider who weaves her web out of her innermost self. It is through the warp and woof of his poetry that we come to a knowledge of man! His early poems are of the bird class. No philosophy, no experience is there, but the last songs, the ones which came from the soul of experience, of a life lived, are the spider's web; we may unravel it if we will. His *Juvenilia* should never have been included in the collected poems; it was his right to let his youthful inexperience play its part in his development and be forgotten!

Perhaps nothing is so personal, so reminiscent, as *Stillness*, next only, in my opinion, to *The Dying Patriot* in beauty of form and that fine distillation of mental experience which sets a poem apart, and brings to us a feeling almost that we have ourselves lived through it. . . It is of profoundly experimental rhythm, expressing the poet's complex cosmos in its form as well as its context; we see him drifting out into the unknown, far beyond his hold on things corporeal, and then returning abruptly to the realities with a confidence that is as moving as it is child-like. There is a freshness of image, old words in new relations. The idea of words rustling is subtly suggestive. The symbol of his own trade applied to space and time has a quality which is original, startling in its aptness. The "drum of silence" is an image unexcelled in the literature of any day, and at the last the return from those bankless streams of ether to the one on whom he rested for the life force has a ringing sound of realism, coupled with a pathetic yearning that brings to us the memory of a small boy, afraid in the dark, reaching for the maternal hand . . .

When the words rustle no more
And the last work's done,
When the bolt lies deep in the door,

And Fire, or Sun,
Falls on the dark-laned meadows of the floor;

When from the clock's last chime to the next chime
Silence beats his drum,
And Space with gaunt grey eyes and her brother, Time,
Wheeling and whispering come,
She with the mould of form and he with the loom of rhyme:

Then twittering out in the night my thought-birds flee,
I am emptied of all my dreams:
I only hear Earth turning, only see
Ether's long bankless streams,
And only know I should drown if you laid not your hand on me.

Food for eternal argument is in the words of him who loved conversational combat. It is an un-Anglo-Saxon touch, this combativeness, for does not the true Britisher stand upon his statement, unwilling to be moved by your argument and un-anxious to waste time combating it? There is about Flecker a subtle wit, a wit that his slightly sardonic smile might tempt you to believe is humor, but it is wit that produces argument and so let us talk of Flecker!

ON LOGIC AS SCIENCE AND ART

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When the will of the late Dr. Charles Arthur Mercier came before the Probate Division of the London courts it was found that he had provided for the setting up of a professional chair of logic and scientific method.

"The purpose of this foundation is that students may be taught not what Aristotle or some one else thought about reasoning, but how to think clearly and reason correctly, and to form opinions on rational grounds.

"The better to provide that the teaching shall be of this character, and shall not degenerate into the teaching of rigid formulae and worn-out superstitions, I make the following conditions:

"The professor is to be chosen for his ability to think and reason and to teach, and not for his acquaintance with books on logic, or with the opinions of logicians or philosophers.

"Acquaintance with the Greek and German tongues is not to be an actual disqualification for the professorship, but, in case the merits of the candidates appear in other respects approximately equal, preference is to be given first:

"To him who knows neither Greek nor German.

"Next, to him who knows Greek, but not German.

"Next, to him who knows German, but not Greek.

"Last of all, to a candidate who knows both Greek and German.

"The professor is not to devote more than one-twelfth of his course of instruction to the logic of Aristotle and the schools, nor more than one-twenty-fourth to the logic of Hegel and other Germans.

"He is to proceed upon the principle that the only way to acquire an art is by practicing it under a competent instructor. Didactic inculcation is useless by itself. He is, therefore, to exercise his pupils in thinking, reasoning and scientific method as applied to other studies that the students are pursuing concurrently, and to other topics of living interest.

"Epistemology and the rational ground of opinion are to be taught. The students are to be practiced in the art of defining, classifying, and the detection of fallacies and inconsistencies."

Logic is an old study. It was begun by Socrates, developed by Plato and formulated by Aristotle. Before their time men had thought; in Babylonia and Egypt there had been a good deal of thinking about those race-old fundamentals—food, clothing, and shelter—and about such secondary things as gods, priests, kings, soldiers, tax-gatherers, etc; but the Greeks were the first to think about thoughts, to ask what they meant, how men came to have them, what reliance they could place upon them, and how they could perfect them. At that point began a struggle to understand what knowledge is and how men get it, which goes on to this day and which will most likely go on as long as folks endure. Knowledge—the knowledge of the farmer, the carpenter, the shoemaker, the pilot, the general—seems to be a simple thing. But knowledge is not a simple thing, but almost ineradicable confusion.

There are three great names in the history of logic and two lesser names, and all of them are the names of men who failed in their undertaking. Socrates is the first. Socrates spent his life in urging men to develop the same sort of knowledge of thinking, of goodness, of ruling that their fellowmen already had of carpentry, weaving, temple building, pottery and shoemaking. If we want to know anything, he said, we must find out what it is for. We must work out a notion of what it means and, having that notion, we can then use it. What does it mean to be just or to govern? What is justice? What is statesmanship? What is truth? What is beauty? These questions he thought could be answered in just the same way as the question: What does it mean to make a pair of shoes, to build a house, to carve a statue, to pilot a ship? If one is trying to cure a disease, he must have a notion of what health is and a notion of what this disease is, and he must so work upon the disease that it will be transformed to health. Knowledge for Socrates is practical. One gets it by means of getting notions of what he wants to produce and of what he has and of how to produce what he wants from what he has. He works on things by means of notions. These notions are not things but thoughts; and

these thoughts are very mysterious. Where do they come from? One never sees equality or justice or health or a point or a straight line or a circle. He only thinks them. The things which we see are more or less like them, but there is no circle in nature, no exact justice, no perfect truth or beauty in things. Are they then imitations of our previous beatific existence, recollections of experiences in the Elysian fields, memories of what we knew in heaven before our birth? The things of this world are many and not one of them is perfect. They are born and pass away, but that which is perfect cannot pass away. Equality, justice, truth, wisdom must endure.

All knowledge was practical at first—for Socrates it was just finding out what we must do and know and how to do it. I think it was the same for Plato, too; but Plato was a poet as well as a Socratic and hypostatized justice and beauty and truth and wisdom and talked of them sometimes as though they were not thoughts which we make and use but heavenly existences, more real and more worthy than the things of this world. You have all seen the figure of Justice on the courthouse. Plato sometimes talks as though that figure were not there to remind men of the justice which should be in their hearts and in their deeds, but to remind them of that awful Justice which stands as an archangel before the throne of God. Our thoughts, you see, can be instruments if we take them as Socrates took them; they can be images of existences if we take them as Plato is said to have taken them.

Right here the woes of logic begin. Is it a human instrument helping us in human ways to a larger knowledge of human things or is it an oracular science giving absolute truth?

Aristotle's logic is for certainty. Science is demonstration. Mathematics is its type, and whatever truths are scientifically arrived at must come in the same manner. If we measure the angles of a triangle and find that they equal two right angles, we cannot be said to have scientific knowledge that their sum is two right angles. We must prove that by considerations which follow the definition of a triangle and the axioms of geometry. Reasoned

truth—nothing merely empirical—but conclusions flowing inexorably from their premises, truth founded, buttressed, impregnable, absolute, is what logic must provide.

Did you ever stop to think of the falsehoods which mathematics is responsible for? It was the pattern science for Plato and Aristotle. The objects with which it deals are not points or lines or circles from the sense world; the rain does not wash them out or the grass efface them. They are eternal and unchanging and the truths which thinking can demonstrate concerning them are eternal and unchanging. Logic must follow its model. It must give us eternal and unchanging truths, too.

You have heard of the pride of the Pope due to his possessing the power to bind and to loose here and hereafter. Just so the Aristotelian had an imperious nature. He possessed the certainty of absolute knowledge. He reasoned by syllogisms. "Syllogism is a discourse," said Aristotle, "wherein certain things [premises] being admitted, something else different from what has been admitted, follows of necessity because the admissions are what they are." Its typical form is:

All men are mortal.

Socrates is a man.

∴ Socrates is mortal.

Now let us ask Aristotle what degree of certainty we have here and just how much more the conclusion tells us than we knew in the major premise.

How can we ever know that all men are mortal? Some may have gone to heaven in a chariot of fire. "All" applies to all who are to come through all the ages. It may be that death is a penalty of our ignorance. In days to come it may be conquered. At any rate, how do we know of a certainty that all men must die or that any assertion which we can make will include all the subjects of which the assertion is made? Aristotle says no science proves its beginning axioms. Its first principles cannot be demonstrated. They are indemonstrable. Experience calls attention to them. They are apprehended as self-evident

intuitions of mind. If your reasoning from your premises is faultless you can arrive at conclusions which are just as certain as your premises. But now you are a long way from absolute certainty, for something has happened to mathematics in recent days which shows that its axioms are by no means so reliable as they were once thought to be. They have been found to be postulates, merely positions taken, so that all mathematical reasoning now takes the hypothetical form if space is three dimensional, parallel lines will not meet; and in the new logic all abstract universals are hypothetical, "All men are mortal" being no more universal than: If I had a toothache, I should be wretched; or, If this man has taken that drug, he will be dead before tomorrow. Certainty disappears, postulation or supposing takes its place. But, is it true that the conclusion of the syllogism gives a new truth? Does it lead to something different from what is admitted when the premises are taken? The truth is that there must be no more in the conclusion than in the premises. The conclusion is not discovered by means of the premises but only uncovered in them.

Another doctrine for which Aristotle is responsible is the doctrine of natural kinds or fixed species or real definitions. To define anything, we must say what its kind is and then specify its difference from other varieties. To define Socrates, we must say he is a man. We cannot say he is a philosopher, a patriot, the inventor of knowledge, the wisest of the Greeks; but only that he is a man. I had an experience some years ago which brought out the futility of that view of definition. There is a series of classics published in what is called "Everyman's Library." They are printed in England and imported by Dutton and Company, who pay an import duty upon them. Now it happens that many of these volumes are used as textbooks and that textbooks come in free of duty while other English books must pay duty. The firm of Dutton and Co., brought a suit in the Appraiser's Court in Boston to establish the fact that certain of these volumes should come in duty free, and called several Harvard professors who were using them in their classes to establish that fact. I

was asked by the U. S. Attorney, "What is a textbook?" I replied, "It is a book used as a text for classroom discussion." "But must it not have an introduction, notes, explanations, a glossary?" he asked; and for a half-hour we battled over the question of whether a textbook is a textbook in its nature or in its use. Aristotle taught that there are natural kinds, that they are fixed and definite.

Darwin found out that kinds are not the fixed furniture of the world but that kinds flow into each other. Our classifications now-a-days are recognized as being groupings which we ourselves make on whatever principles may be pertinent to our inquiry. As a consequence we make as many definitions of a class as there are principles or ways of grouping or regarding its members. We are no longer limited to *the definition according to nature* of Aristotle.

It is, I take it, quite impossible for any one who is now alive to imagine the intellectual despotism by which through the ages Aristotle earned the designation of "the master of them that know."

About 1527, a young lad, the son of a charcoal burner, his name Peter Ramus, came to Paris and hired himself to a rich student as his servant. He studied at night and made himself the foremost teacher of his time. He tried to reform the study of logic. "When I came to Paris," he says, "I fell into the subtleties of the sophists and they taught me the liberal arts through questions and disputes without ever showing me a single thing of profit or service. Never amidst the clamor of the college where I passed so many days, months, years, did I ever hear a single word about the application of logic. I had faith then [the scholar ought to have faith, according to Aristotle] that it was not necessary to trouble myself about what logic is and what its purpose is, but that it concerned itself solely with creating a motive for our clamors and our disputes. I therefore disputed and clamored with all my might. If I were defending in class a thesis according to the categories I believed it my duty never to yield to my opponent, were he one hundred times right, but to seek some subtle distinction in order to obscure the whole issue.

On the other hand, were I disputant, all my care and efforts tended not to enlighten my opponent but to beat him by some argument good or bad even so had I been taught or directed. The categories of Aristotle were like a ball that we give children to play with and that it was necessary to get back by our clamors when we had lost it."¹ He took his master's degree with the thesis that all that Aristotle said is false. But Peter Ramus did little to create a new logic.

Then came a new time, a veritable age of discoveries, when a few men quit threshing the straw which Aristotle had left and began by independent study to make discoveries, huge discoveries. Such men were Columbus, Magellan, da Vinci, Kepler and Galileo. With them modern science was born. Francis Bacon (1561) is sometimes named as its founder. He was rather its literary promoter. In 1620 he published a new logic built upon the thesis that knowledge is power. He did not approve of what had been accomplished thus far. "Men have entered into the desire of learning and knowledge, seldom sincerely, to give a true account of their gift of reason to the benefit and use of men, but as if they sought in knowledge a couch whereon to rest a searching and wandering spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or a commanding ground for a strife and contention; or a shop for profit and sale; and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate." Knowledge, the new knowledge, is not to be for consolation or delight, or vaunting or strife or money, but for use. Men must lay aside all prejudices. They must employ a new method—that of observation and induction. But when he comes to the details of the method of discovery to be followed he describes the process as the accumulation of facts and subsequently abstracting their identities and differences and so deriving laws or principles from them. "The value of this method," says Professor Jevons, "might be estimated historically by the fact that it has not been followed

¹ *Studies in Dialectics*, Book IV, p. 151. Quoted in Graves' *Ramus*.

by any of the great masters of science." So Bacon, great as was his guiding of those who came after him, failed in his undertaking.

We come next to that mighty *tour de force* of philosophy, the logic of Hegel, the natural history of the eternally self-thinking truth. Hegel's logic is a dialectical deduction from consciousness of the nature of ultimate reality, a huge and glorious anthropomorphism making God and all things in the image of mind. To its author it was a demonstration of what mind must think, and what mind must think *is*. Subject and object are one. The mind of the thinker and the mind of the universe are identical. When we think existence, existence thinks in us. Hegel's system claims to be *the* philosophy itself, final and conclusive. Is it a mystic dance of bloodless categories or a true calculus of being? Is it the highest and most dazzling expression of Germany's empire of the air or is it the very texture and body of truth? Only the ages can tell. At any rate it has German lineaments. It is the most supremely confident and daring announcement of the human spirit in all history, and Dr. Mercier does well to insist that his professor of logic shall give himself to more commonplace and assured matters.

Last of all comes the so-called empirical logic of John Stuart Mill. He abjures metaphysical speculation. He will plant his feet on the firm ground of experience alone.

Just as Hegel tried to invent a logic which was wholly deductive and failed, so Mill tried to formulate a logic which was wholly inductive, and failed. Mill, says Höffding, "tried to spin the forms of thought from their content, Hegel the content of thought from its forms." How do we know that the sun will rise tomorrow morning? Because it has always risen every morning thus far. But what does what has been tell us about what will be? "The major premise of every conclusion in science is," says Mill, "that nature is uniform." How do we know that? We have experienced it so. We arrive at it by induction. But can experience go beyond experience and tell us for certain about what has not yet come to pass? Mill's answer is "Yes." Ours today is no. Science does not give us cer-

ainties. It gives us probabilities and probability is, as Bishop Butler said, the guide of life. We do not know that the sun will rise tomorrow morning—nobody does—it may have generated nitrogen gas in such quantity as to explode before morning. Science does not give us absolute knowledge. Its declarations are hypothetical declarations. Its laws are hypothetical laws. It calls for faith no less certainly than religion does. Whatever else it is for, logic is not for certainty and it is worth while to know that. Dogmatism and fixed opinions die with that insight.

Thus far we have been talking of logic as a science. It is also an art. Its one object, whether a science or an art, is to help us to learn to distinguish between good and bad reasoning. There is no such thing as logical proof that leads to absolutely conclusive truths, but in reasoning about matters of fact we can learn to be on our guard against certain ancient errors of procedure and certain habits of thinking which are dangerous and menacing. Can one learn to be logical? Can one learn to reason? "Of course," says Carveth Read, "logic does not in the first place teach us to reason. We learn to reason, as we learn to walk and talk, by natural growth of our powers, with some assistance from friends and neighbors. But to be frank, few of us walk, talk, or reason remarkably well; and, as to reasoning, logic certainly quickens our sense of bad reasoning, both in others and in ourselves. It helps us to avoid being misled by others and to correct one's own mistakes. A man who reasons deliberately manages it better after studying logic than he could before—if he tries to, if he has not a perverse liking for sophistry, and if he has the sense to know when formalities are out of place. There are some mental qualities that a man can only get from his father or mother." "As a science," says President Hibben, "thinking has its fundamental laws, its logic; as an art it has no body of set rules which we may learn once for all, and ever after slavishly and blindly follow. There is no formula for wisdom. The art of thinking requires a command of all the resources of skill and inventive device of which our natures are capable."

The first point to remember is that one cannot think without a problem—that all thinking is due to perplexity or trouble and that the first step in thinking is to define the question, locate the difficulty or formulate the problem. The second step is to collect the facts which bear upon it—thinking is facing the facts.

Observation is not preliminary to it, but is an essential part of it. Thinking which tries to go on without observation is intellectual somnambulism. The greatest charge against formal logic is that it is formal, that it neglects the context, that the middle term in the syllogism is frequently not the same in both premises—that it has the appearance of stating the facts and drawing its conclusion, but really leaves them out of consideration. I saw an advertisement of a truck company in last Sunday's *Times* which ran something like this: The flow of commodities is what is required above everything else at the present time. Motor trucks are the chief agencies for the flow of commodities. But just at the time that everything which furthers the unhampered distribution of products is of the utmost importance, your legislature considered a proposal to interfere with the business of trucking. At first glance that looks like a plain and convincing statement of facts. But I happen to know that Professor Derleth and some other engineers have been studying the roads in California to find out, if possible, how to build them so that they will not wear out so rapidly; they have been checking the loads which motor trucks carry and find them far in excess of the indicated load. In one case they found a seven-ton truck carrying twenty-two tons.

Some time ago the ex-Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. McAdoo, said in a public speech here, that some of the coal companies had reported a profit as high as 2000 per cent per year. Mr. Robinson told me that when he became a member of the Coal Commission it determined to smoke out the facts in the Treasury Department about that matter. It found that three coal companies had reported a profit of more than 500 per cent, one of them being of 2000 per cent, but the total capitalization of those three companies was \$11,000.00. Along with ob-

servation goes inference, a constant search for meaning. At first our conclusion is tentative, hypothetical, an hypothesis—we must test it. My automobile develops a squeak; that is my problem. I do my best to locate it, collecting as many facts concerning it as I can. I guess it is in the engine; that is my hypothesis. I test it by running the engine with the clutch thrown out. There is no squeak. It must be in the transmission. I go through the same process of locating it once more and finally determine that it is the body of the car. This may be taken as a typical illustration of reasoning, real reasoning—not disputing as a game. In it deduction and induction work together as warp and woof of the investigation. We start with facts—with a problem which requires us to interpret them—we collect such of them as seem to have a bearing on our problem. We make a guess or construct a theory as to the answer to our problem. We deduce from that guess that if it is true certain things will follow from it if we try it out under test conditions. We do so and arrive at our result. The function of logic is to help common sense out of the difficulties which it comes to. The old view of the syllogism will not aid very much in convincing an unwilling opponent. The greatest use it can serve perhaps is to indicate the exact nature of the reasoning which is being employed. It is well, therefore, to throw the argument which is being used into syllogistic form. That will not settle the question of itself, but reducing what is being said to syllogistic terms will usually help to disclose its weakness or its strength.

IS SPIRIT A CHEMICAL REACTION?

FREDERICK MARSH BENNETT

I read in a daily paper that a scientist, whose name and importance I do not remember, has said, as a result of his researches, that "Love is in its ultimate analysis nothing but a chemical reaction." It is curious that there are so many people who are unable to see through the falsity and puerility of a statement of that sort. It is but natural that a daily paper should think it worth while to print it for the sensation it might create, or for the fun that might be gained from it.

In such a declaration it is assumed that the human soul is either a chemical compound or a material composition, and what is recognized as the feeling of love is but a movement, or the result of a movement, among the particles which compose the substance of the soul. That chemical elements should thus be made capable of self-conscious feeling in a compound which is called "soul" is not thought worthy of explanation by such "science." Until scientists of this sort become smart enough to recognize the presumption they make, that the chemical compounds which constitute their souls have become alert enough to have feelings and self-conscious reactions which put all known chemistry to confusion, we shall doubtless have such foolish declarations and newspaper sensations for the gullible who are not clear minded enough to see the imbecility of the whole assertion.

This is the same sort of fatuity which we find in the astronomer who declared that he had viewed the whole heavens with his telescope and had not anywhere found God. We have only to ask what kind of a deity he was searching for, to realize that he had been looking through the wrong end of the telescope. He was looking for a physical God, a bigger and bulkier man than his own body, so he found nothing. He had perhaps found order and beauty and wonderful coordination among the stars and suns and planets, and had forgotten that order and

beauty and the truth of coordination, are all immaterial, are purely spiritual realities, of an abstract nature. These could mean little to him because they were not a reality in his own soul. It was the power to invent the telescope, to use it and to read its revelations which was the most significant aspect of divinity the man could have found. This power of his own soul was a purely spiritual reality. He should have recognized the divine within and then he would probably have found more of the divine without, in his use of the telescope.

We recognize the fact that of late years there have been many who have sought to build up the reality of life, with all its powers, on a purely mechanistic, or chemical basis. There has been a large following of those who have made such attempts at explaining the mysteries of the world and of its life. The work in these lines has gone a long way to reveal the coordination that undoubtedly exists among the various manifestations of force in the universe. In these schemes which usually would explain the higher by the lower, by processes of analysis and origination, such explanations do go far to make the ways of life in the world known to us. They do something to awake our wonder and to increase our use of the world in which we find ourselves. Some very daring souls have thought that they have thus completely accounted for all the phenomena of life without and the life within.

But however beautiful and rational such schemes may appear, they always fail really to explain the self-conscious processes of the particles of matter which in combination and growth come to the point of recognizing themselves and of elaborating such schemes. No man has as yet been able to bridge the gulf which lies between what we know as spiritual and as material. It always requires the spiritual capacity to recognize the orderly working of any mechanism, of any coordination of elements and cells, which are assumed to make up the whole man.

If all is matter then matter must have all the capacities

of thinking and feeling and acting, of loving, creating and worshiping that we find in the world; and once we grant that, we have destroyed the old conceptions of matter and have made them spiritual realities. If we grant that, have we not made matter all mind or spirit? If we are going to attempt a complete explanation of life we must not only explain the higher by the lower, but we must also explain the lower by the higher. We must not only analyze, we must also synthesize.

Of course in each human life the facts of experience over-reach all analysis and synthesis. These facts of experience comprise both the little and the great, the lower and the higher, the material and the spiritual; and when we reach the realm of appreciation, the realm of values, and ask what is of worth, then we find ourselves in the realm of the spiritual, and we know that for us the valuable part of life is Spirit.

It does not so much matter how we erect our scheme of life so long as we make it large enough to include the facts. If it hold together and furnish us the incentive to what we ought, to fulfil our intellectual and moral and spiritual capacities, to live in the world as children of the highest, to make of ourselves the best possible persons, and be for our neighbors the best possible neighbors, to show true gratitude and reverence for life, it will probably be a large enough scheme for all theoretical and practical purposes.

But if our material, mechanistic, chemical or biological explanation of life is not large enough to include the world of appreciation, the world of feeling and of spiritual values; if it is not large enough to admit of love and worship, of the recognition of the spiritual relations of man and of God; if it leave us hard and unneighborly, cynical, selfish, grasping, at war with the world and with most of our kind, then it would be well for us at least to question the correctness and the worth of the scheme we have erected.

We have seen nations founded on inadequate philosophies of life in process of destroying each other and themselves. There is something about life which destroys life

unless it has this moral and spiritual quality. The universe does not continue to increase the immoral. The universe is more good than bad. The practical soul knows this without being told. It finds so much good in simply living, and in all the processes of life, that it shrinks from every intimation of destruction. If man fears death he fears it because he finds his life, and the world here and now, so good that he fain would continue it on the same plane. This is confession of the moral quality of the world, and this confession shows the worth of spiritual reality which man finds himself in essence to be.

So in any discussion of these matters we quickly come to the spiritual reality of goodness and truth and beauty. Inevitably these must be included in any attempt at complete definition of life on whatever plane. We can not leave these out of our definition and have reality left. When we attempt to say what spirit is we can not choose but say that it must include the reality of truth and goodness and beauty which we find in the world and in these lives of ours.

It is difficult to say how these realities have been so largely spoiled for us. They have been largely spoiled by having them considered as abstractions and as unreal. This probably comes from overemphasis of the intellectual aspects of the world. The fact is that the true, the good and the beautiful are most solid realities of life. Long ago Socrates and Plato decided this and we have never been able to put aside their decisions. We should not live without these realities. We should know no values without them. Without them we should have no measure of worth. Without them we should know nothing, feel nothing, do nothing, be nothing. These are spirit and these we are. Moreover, these are not separate realities but differing aspects of the One Reality, in our lives, and outside our lives.

I am convinced that it is a serious mistake for us to try to divide our lives, or our world. I mean by this that we ought not to try to be parts of a person, but that we ought to try to be a whole person. We should not be satisfied with one single aspect of the life of the world, we

should claim the whole world, the whole universe, as our home. We should not be satisfied with the idolatry of worshiping one phase of universal life, but should adore the Universal Life.

To say, or to think, that we will live only on the plane which we recognize as material, and for ourselves alone, is to limit our life and to accept only a small part of our possibilities. To become so enamored of beauty as to neglect truth, to so become a devotee of truth, or of beauty, as to neglect the good, this is to be a one-sided, deformed spirit. This is to reject a part of that which we should seek. Spirit is the whole truth and beauty and goodness. Spirit is one. It can not be divided or composed. We can not divide spirit and claim only a part of it without crippling the soul. We can not divide our universe and refuse to recognize, or to use, only a part of it, without dwarfing the soul. Let us be whole souls—so far as possible, complete persons, expecting to live the whole of life here and now and hereafter.

It is not hard to see what this may mean for each person. It means that one must pitch life high and not be afraid of its issues. It means that no one should be afraid to follow the lead of increasing truth. It means that one should keep his soul attuned to all the beauty that the universe may hold, that each one must strive to make good more and more prevail. If in realizing that the worth of life is in its spiritual power we begin to lay a great emphasis on the worth of the soul, we must not therefore become extreme individualists. One can not be a worthy individual and separate himself from the community and its interests. The common right binds him to fulfil his obligations. He is of worth because he is a part of the Eternal Goodness which is showing itself through the lives of all. No man can really live to himself. No man can keep his worth who withholds his strength from the common welfare.

If we realize that the worth of life is in recognition of spirit and its powers it will not do to set too high a value upon the physical, nor to estimate good wholly in terms of material. We can never understand spiritual values if

we do. **We can never really enter into life if we do.** We **must** be willing to give up the material, to give up the physical life, for the sake of spiritual realities if we really would have worth. No prosperity for the individual, for the community, for the nation, is worth having if gained by loss of social justice and human right. We can not love our goods, we can not even love our physical life, enough to have them at the expense of the eternal right. No, we can not love others to the point of being unjust for their sakes and keep worth in our souls, and value in the process of our giving ourselves to them. There is a fact of sacrifice for the sake of spiritual values which is important enough to demand all that we have and are. We can only save our souls by being willing to lose them for the eternal right and truth and beauty.

If we would recognize spirit in ourselves, and in the universe, and keep spiritual value in life, we continually must make this choice of the highest. We must really enter into the whole of spiritual life and work with God, the Spirit, for the bringing in of the reign of spiritual reality. In this we are privileged to be free creators with the divine. We are spirits and we have the power and the right to choose to make spiritual worth prevail. As children of the Infinite Spirit we find ourselves in this world as workers together, and as workers with Him, to bring more and more a completion of the spiritual life, to make prevail the one reality which is shown to us through all the forms of Truth and Goodness and Beauty. This is our high task, our high privilege. "It is not yet revealed" what shall be our greater task in a continued life.

THE PHILOSOPHER

CHARLES COKE WOODS

With seeing eyes he searches near and far,
For Truth, in dust or weed, or burning star;
And often where the sullen shadow lowers
He finds amid the dark the brightest flowers;
The flowers of the fields are all alive
With Bees of Truth that swarm about his hive;
He senses voices in the wind and rain,
And hears a music on his window pane;
He finds Truth hiding in the flinty stone,
And hears a song where troubled tempests moan;
Some message that no man has heard before,
The wireless word speaks at his open door;
This Wisdom-lover climbs with steady feet
To summits where the stars and mountains meet;
Or dives for Pearls of Truth in deepest seas,
And catches health where others catch disease;
He is the Lochinvar in love with Truth,
And keeps the spirit of eternal youth;
He knows where music sings, some Master strong
Must stand near by to build the sounds to song;
He knows the waiting harp must silent be,
Until some Harpist sets the music free;
He knows some builder makes the ocean bars,
And some sure-moving hand must light the stars;
He has no fear of silences and night,
For bravest hopes flood all his path with light;
This Wisdom-man, or on the sea or sod,
Leans ever upward to the Voice of God.

JOHN BURROUGHS, A REVERSION TO THE GREEK SPIRIT

GEORGE LAW

For the past decade some of us have been pondering Burroughs' hard gospel of nature. But probably few realized that what he called his "excursions into the world of semi-philosophical speculation" were integrating into a system until his recent book, "Accepting the Universe," appeared. Burroughs, the naturalist, herein becomes the nature-prophet. In the life of the trees, the animals, man, he reads the hard, cold facts of nature after that method of unbiased observation and careful inference in which he has had a lifetime of practice.

That the name Naturalism should assemble his ideas seems quite as fortuitous as that the eye should assemble the etheric vibrations. The word is not new. It is defined in philosophy as the doctrine that all phenomena may be referred to natural as opposed to supernatural causes. Burroughs discards myth, metaphysics, supernaturalism, while he holds rigidly to knowledge as revealed by science. Yet he seems to keep all the essentials of religion. This is the first time, I believe, that any one has succeeded in foreshadowing a religion without a background of metaphysics. Burroughs discards precedents, smashes traditions in an ardent simplicity: Knowledge of Nature—Science—and Nature is God. What a marvelous theology!

I

Naturalism—if we look upon it as a possible philosophy or religion—may be examined in the usual manner. We may question it as to cosmogony, creed (or better in this instance, attitude), and finally, ethics.

For the description, if we are not already well acquainted with nature, Naturalism refers us to our own observations and to science. But we are required to dis-

card preconceptions, discredit flights of the imagination and approach nature with the open, teachable, slightly skeptical mind of the seeker after truth. A certain surveillance of our mental tendencies and a disciplining of the reason are needed. Only such knowledge as we may gain through the five senses, aided and supplemented by science, can be credited without reservation. We may think beyond science as Burroughs does; but to be true to Naturalism we can accept no theories or hypotheses that are incompatible with the verified conclusions of science.

Thus nature is simply what we find it to be—sweet air, sunshine, singing birds; but it is also poisonous gases, inclement weather, savage beasts. Nature is the entire arena of our experience inclusive of all the good, bad and indifferent that may be found therein. As to matters of morality, virtue, beneficence,—dear to the aspiring heart of man,—nature is silent. These things are fruits of the human intelligence, pertaining solely to the social life of man; elsewhere not justice and order, as we conceive of them, rule, but chance and necessity.

Man's place in nature is natural; man, like everything else, is a product of evolution. His full-blooded kin, differing from himself only in development, are the animate creatures below him and before him. It is quite possible that man is simply an accident in the cosmic drama. Nature as a whole is indifferent to his life and to his presence. Man is no more necessary to the Universe than is a caravan to the desert or an exploring party to the polar regions. Man is important only to himself. Why he appeared at all is beside the question. He is here, a product of the organizing tendency in nature. This tendency may go farther and higher; but that is of no concern to us. Immediate practical means of welfare and betterment, clear vision and sane understanding, are our issues.

When we perceive the greatness of the Universe and our own insignificance, and behold the cosmic law and order active in nature as a whole but with no particular reference to us—except as we may utilize natural forces and laws to our own advantage; then we perceive beyond

the shadow of a doubt that there is no such thing as special providence. There is no intervening medium between man and the things that menace his life and welfare—no medium except his own intelligence and directive skill.

Such a view may give us what Burroughs calls "a cosmic chill." "Naturalism is true," he declares, "but the truths of naturalism do not satisfy the moral and religious nature."

As to God, Burroughs states that his god is nature. But the word "God" is inadequate to the presentation of the idea intended. God is straddled with inevitable anthropomorphic associations. There is no hope of arriving at a conception of the God of Naturalism. It is bound to be different and greater than anything conceivable by finite minds. The wonder of the Universe, the virility of life, God is called by Burroughs, after the manner of the Indians, *The Great Mystery*.

It may be asked, of what use is such a God to man? Naturalism patiently answers that no use was intended. God, or Nature, was and will be before and after man was thought of. In fact man was not thought of, and it is highly doubtful whether God (speaking in the old way) knows man is here.

But the situation is not as bad as it sounds. Man can associate with God as much as he pleases. For God is everywhere and everything. There can be gain, however, only when we cast off our common familiar and disrespectful attitude toward nature and recognize the mystery and miracle incarnate in all things. Contrasting natural with theological miracles, Burroughs says: "If I knew how the meat and bread which the poet eats is turned into poetry, or how the pond-lily weaves its satin and gold out of the muck and slime of the creek-bottom, I should possess a secret that would make me cease to wonder at the so-called miracles." The closest contact with God, Burroughs believes, is to be attained through action. "We are here to act, to do, not to reason abstractedly." In an earlier book he compares action to the motion of a brook. "In motion it soon leaves all mud

and sediment behind. Do not proper work and the exercise of will power have the same effect upon our lives?" Truly this is contact with God.

Naturalism leaves no stone unturned in its determined search for the knowable in nature. But unlike any of the old religions and philosophies it makes no attempt to explain the unknowable. There is no temptation, even, in this direction; for everything needful and appropriate to man may be found in the realm of the knowable.

II

John Burroughs has written the last chapter in his own intellectual and spiritual autobiography in his book, "Accepting the Universe," rather than advanced a scheme of life for his fellow men. But in reading it we are prone to feel that he invites us to accept the Universe with him. He is serene in his conclusions, exalted in the joy of frankly admitting and unreservedly accepting what he sees. He takes nature at her face value and believes in her. Schopenhauer, in pondering the problem of being, arrived at the conclusion that the non-existence of the world is not only conceivable but preferable to its existence. But Burroughs outstays Schopenhauer. He notices every detail of the life drama, he shrinks from no scene, setting or character; and at the end his verdict is: All is well; there is more good than evil.

The evil is real and there is plenty of it; but Naturalism is not disturbed by the evil. Without the evil there could be no good. Moreover, evil is in most cases of a transient character challenging man to achievement. As regards the great crises in life,—sorrow, affliction, old-age and death,—we must meet them as best we can. It is childish to be resentful and fretful about things beyond our control. Marcus Aurelius anticipated Naturalism when he said that these things are simply the conditions upon which we receive life and are not to be placed in the categories of good and evil. We must accept them, and in our willingness to accept them may be found the surest means to mitigating their harshness.

In inviting us to accept a universe compounded of good and evil, but entirely relieved of theological palladia, Burroughs shows us how we must break away from the relative human point of view and see things as a whole from nature's side. Things partake of good or evil only as they help or hinder, benefit or injure, us. Nature's stakes are on both sides or all sides—she never loses. In nature everything is good, or at any rate not evil; everything pure, or at any rate not impure; everything beneficent, or at least not malevolent. If we can get this point of view it will enable us to see that whatever happens is for the best—regardless of the effect upon you or me, or upon this nation, or this civilization—because nature always wins. Thus we may laugh with nature at our misadventure; we may rise with nature above our own adversities.

No doubt a sort of bewilderment attends our arriving at this view. Where are our human bearings? What is to direct our aims and acts? But this is not a philosophy of procedure; it is an *Attitude*, a way of accepting and using life composedly. We glimpse the universal regulations; we perceive the rules of nature's game; we take a hold which is out beyond the little human drama; we walk (in our reflections) with the Big Fellow, Nature, whose gains are both our gains and losses.

This cosmic attitude enabled Burroughs to take a broad and tolerant view of the old religions. They are all from nature, therefore all from God, and were useful in their day—still are to some people for whom that day has not ended. They are good in the same way that the geocentric theory was good—working hypothesis, temporary in its nature, to be discarded as soon as we have found better and truer. Burroughs accomplished this for himself. He does not deliberately tell you and me to do it, but still he says that the only way he sees out is "by purging our minds of the old dogmas and boldly facing the reality as science shows it to us." He is tolerant, and Naturalism is tolerant, of the old religions (and the new) for such as need them. Few are as yet prepared to accept the seemingly barren truths of Naturalism.

Burroughs does not go into the ethical problem. Scattered throughout his writings are striking statements indicative of the means by which nature teaches us how to live. "All men see how literally we are its children, and all men learn how swift and sure is the penalty of disobedience to its commands."

The commands of nature are discoverable in the consequences, good or bad, which attach to our acts. Those of us who are most skilled in directing our lives with a view to desirable consequences, know best what to do and what not to do. "We know the conditions of our well-being. We know the price we have to pay for each blessing." Burroughs does not go on to tell us how to derive prudence from Naturalism: he no doubt feels that whoever has sympathy for his ideas will be wise enough to look after this matter for himself.

III

No system of thought escapes all difficulties or succeeds in covering all vulnerable spots. Professorial empiricists cannot on the whole take offense at Naturalism; but they are likely to take pleasure in enveloping the simple ideas advanced by Burroughs with clouds of learned casuistry. For Burroughs has neglected a vast amount of abstruse matter. The Idealists, on the other hand, will feel constrained to combat his ideas, or to ignore them. Accustomed as they are to elaborating thought in fields once suggested by, but now remote from, perceptive experience, they will deny the limits that he sets to knowledge. Consciousness, for them, is as real a field for investigation as that of the five senses.

But to the advocate of Naturalism this super-mundane field is too likely to prove unfruitful—yielding up "great argument about it and about"—full of divergences and contradictions, and for the most part utterly incompatible with the already established truths of the sense world. More important still, it is not needed by him. He has found everything he needs in nature. Why then look beyond nature?

Leaving such controversies to such as have relish for them, I will here call attention to one uncertainty that long beset the mind of John Burroughs. This pertains to the question of life. What is life and whence came it? The mysterious difference between living and non-living matter tempted Burroughs to believe that there is something *ab extra* in the former. But he did not go so far as Sir Oliver Lodge and declare that life is independent of matter. He leaned heavily toward Bergson's conception of life as a new principle, established at a definite time in the past, working creatively with matter. At any rate such was his leaning five years ago when he wrote "The Breath of Life." In his last book he seemed to incline to the conception of matter as containing in itself originally and always the potency of life. This last is the refined materialism of Tyndall, Huxley, Lester F. Ward, Benjamin Moore and others.

Between Bergson's conception and Tyndall's "vitality" no striking difference appears at first glance. But there is a tremendous and important difference. By imagining life to have entered into matter as a new principle, Bergson as much as says that life existed before or separate from matter. He is able therefore to hold open the door for the continued existence of life after it has left matter. And in fact he declares that the fate of consciousness is not involved in the fate of the brain. Whereas the other conception excludes this possibility utterly in its espousal of the hylozoistic doctrine poetically expressed by Goethe in these words: "Matter can never exist without spirit, nor spirit without matter."

It is highly significant that John Burroughs approached the last experience with no other expectation as to what might lie beyond than of being reclaimed atom for atom, element for element, into the bosom of nature. But we must remember that nature was both his God and his religion. He attained the heart's desire of the ardent devotee of all times. Yet, stripped of poetry, we know what it means. Nothing is lost, everything is saved, believed Burroughs. To him this was undoubtedly a great and

sublime idea of immortality, though to us it may seem utterly barren.

Why bother about death and what may or may not come after it? Our concern is not with death but with life. Says Burroughs: "Our wise attitude toward death is, I think, to forget or ignore it entirely."

The quintessence of Burroughs' Naturalism is this: Know yourself and your environment; acquire a sane and healthy attitude; direct your acts with regard to their consequences. By some such means may a person "make the most of his life and strive for the highest happiness, which is knowledge and appreciation of the universal."

BIRCH TREES

JOHN R. MORELAND

The night is white,
The moon is high,
The birch trees lean
Against the sky.

The cruel winds
Have blown away
Each little leaf
Of silver gray.

O lonely trees
As white as wool
That moonlight makes
So beautiful.

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

Mr. Bibliophile's Defense

Mr. Bibliophile had been accused in the Court of Public Opinion of frittering away valuable time, of robbing the State of much service, and of following a useless pursuit. The prosecutors were Messrs. Efficiency, Materialism, and Never-Tried-It. The prosecution had presented a strong case, showing beyond a doubt that Mr. Bibliophile had consumed a great deal of time in reading, in which, Mr. Never-Tried-It affirmed, there was neither pleasure nor profit. Mr. Efficiency was inclined to be lenient, contending that if for some unaccountable reason Mr. Bibliophile felt it necessary to read, he could at least have kept a treadmill running with his unoccupied feet, but Mr. Materialism was obdurate; Mr. Bibliophile had wasted valuable time, thereby decreasing production and diminishing the wealth of the State, and he would have to suffer the utmost penalty of the law.

It was now Mr. Bibliophile's time to plead in his own behalf. Being unaccustomed to addressing public gatherings and, we must admit, having mixed in society less than the average mortal, he began with some diffidence, and indeed scarcely did justice to his cause. But this is the plea he made:

"Worthy People who sit in this Court of Public Opinion: I am accused of frittering away valuable time over my books. Mr. Efficiency says I should have used this time in performing some sort of labor, at which, even if it were unskilled, I could get forty cents an hour; and further, that by so using an hour and ten minutes a day I would have made by the end of the year one hundred forty-five dollars and sixty cents, and investing this at compound interest and keeping on working, by the end of ten years I would have saved two thousand and I don't know how many odd dollars, cents, and mills.

"True, gentlemen; but suppose I do not care for your money? Suppose that after I have enough to satisfy my needs, my modest comforts, and all reasonable demands upon me from without, I would regard a greater sum more a hindrance than a help in promoting my happiness? I came into this world possessed of one thing, Time; of one duty, the utilization of that time as profitably as possible. Some of it I perforce exchange for the necessities of life, but why should I waste more of this most valuable possession in the amassing of money? Expensive luxuries, Mr. Efficiency, do not delight me, and you yourself denounce them most. Your gold is not especially pretty to look at, and it will not purchase the happiness I desire. 'Happiness,' one of my books tells me, is 'to live throughout the whole range of faculties and sensibilities.' I can conceive of no better way of entering into this

broader life than by spending some of my time in the varied realm of books where the greatest minds have pictured their experiences and allow me to partake of their pleasures and all but their severest pains. Then I return to my work, refreshed as nothing else can refresh me, and conscious of having expended my time as profitably as I know how, which is all even you, Mr. Efficiency, may demand.

"But Mr. Materialism says that even so I have employed my time selfishly; that I might have used it to produce something which would benefit society-at-large. I might protest that time is my one salable possession and that I have a right to sell it in what market I please, but I have learned—and largely from my books, Mr. Materialism,—to have a great regard for the welfare of society-at-large. But inasmuch as the time I have so spent has made me a better member of society, has it not benefited society to that extent? And my dear Mr. Materialism, does the welfare of your society-at-large depend entirely or even largely upon the rate of production? It is true, the world's larder must be kept filled, but you speak of a supposed necessity for making the world rich. I once heard of a man by the name of King Midas—no, don't laugh, for you, Mr. Materialism, are doing your best to bring the world to a like fate, and seem to have had some success. Ideals, which are the food of the world, you are making cold and hard; religion, its cherished daughter—for she is the world's chief consolation if it only knew—is not even she in some danger, if we are not careful, of the blasting touch? The world seems to have shaken off the shackles of despotism and class, only to fall under the power of the golden touch. I wonder if it will ever move under the guidance of the touch of love? I believe that is the direction in which we are tending in spite of your seeming success, Mr. Materialism. I believe the books which I and more others than you imagine are reading help to get us there. But you do not comprehend these finer things, do not realize that the welfare of society-at-large depends mostly upon its ideals and other factors which you can not see, so I shall try to reach you on your own ground.

"Did you ever realize, Mr. Materialism, how dependent industry, your chief deity, is upon books? All your inventions and industrial processes have been preserved by the power of the pen, all your more complicated manipulations are learned from the printed page. Yet had it not been for the incentive of history and literature the art of writing would scarcely have been discovered. You do not deny that industrial reform as a whole has benefited not only the working class but society-at-large by actually increasing production? This reform was made possible by those whose finer sensibilities were aroused through books, and who carried on their campaigns through books and pamphlets. You admit that industry could not very well continue without a sense of justice, an obedience to authority, and a high general intelligence among the workers? Yet these are the qualities which books instill. True, Mr. Materialism, books will tend to destroy the itch for gold, and

with it your power, but they will give to society-at-large the happiness which you promise, and promise falsely.

"Mr. Never-Tried-It affirms that there is neither pleasure nor profit in the reading of books. He admits that books in themselves are no more wrong than saddle-horses, but he can see no pleasure in poring over a musty volume with nothing in it but combinations of twenty-six different symbols. 'Go out, take up some sport, mix with the crowd,' says he. Yes, Mr. Never-Tried-It, I have done as you suggest and shall continue to do so, but I shall not wholly leave my books. No pleasure in them? No pleasure in re-creating the splendors of all the past, no pleasure in living through the bravest and noblest deeds man has ever performed, no pleasure or value in an audience with sages and prophets, poets and jesters, no pleasure in visiting the realms of fancy with a Spenser or a Maeterlinck, no pleasure in laboring by the side of a David Copperfield, living a life of adventure on a Treasure Island, or in having a more brief acquaintance with a Markheim, a Rappaccini's Daughter, or a Rip van Winkle? If life is worth living at all, surely it is eminently worth while thus to live an hundred lives in the space of one.

"So, Mr. Efficiency, to make you more efficient, Mr. Materialism, to remove your objectionable traits, and Mr. Never-Tried-It, to open to you the richest storehouse in my knowledge of both pleasure and profit, let me advise you to become book lovers yourselves!"

And here Mr. Bibliophile ended.

—FRANK EMERSON ANDREWS.

The Southwestern Philosophical Association

The Southwestern Philosophical Association were the guests of Occidental College on the occasion of their second annual meeting, held December 28, 1921.

Dr. Bernard C. Ewer, of Pomona College, presented a paper on "A Dilemma in Ethics." Dr. James Main Dixon, of the University of Southern California, read a paper on "The Philosophy of Sympathy" as an expression of French and Scottish thinking. Dr. John W. Scott, of University College of Cardiff, Wales, this year Mills professor at the University of California, read a paper based on Rivers' treatment of Instinct and the Unconscious.

Extended discussion of the papers was had, and the following officers were elected for the coming year:

President, Ralph Tyler Flewelling, University of Southern California.

Secretary-Treasurer, Henry Nelson Wieman, Occidental College.

Member of the Executive Committee, Bernard Capen Ewer, Pomona College.

The next meeting will be held the week after the Easter recess.

WATERS OF FORGETFULNESS

Who loves not a little stream? Dante, that strange and suffering pilgrim of the centuries, was he not of the tribe of idlers for whom neither time has power nor space terror if only one can follow the joyful meanderings of a little brook. When he would essay the dark and cavernous passages from Hell to Paradise, is it not of significance that he was guided on his journey upward by the song of a roaring brook. Who could follow a brook and not have some of the moods of Hell vanish into wholesomeness, and the stains of Hell clear from the countenance. For one I am glad that Heaven shall be a place of rivers, though there be no more sea. The virtue of Dante's stream was that on one side it removed the memory of sin and on the other it restored the memory of good deeds, and it must needs be tasted on both sides to produce results. Perhaps this is the ungathered secret of that lure which draws the fisherman to his lonely wanderings. Are the times out of joint, do men and cares oppress you? Are you irritated to unloveliness by the cries of the newsboys detailing the latest sordid scandal, by the stutterings of useless motor cars, or the screeching of the *miserere* from the fretted depths of the street piano. Pick up your rod and come with me, for I can guide the way to the breath, health, and sanity of a little stream.

To youth or age it is ever the same, for the one it shall set dreaming the mastery of all time and to the other the years shall be as if they were not. Or is it not rather that the stream is only of and for youth, and none can hear its message without recovering the boon of childhood. De Leon could never have lived by a little stream, else had he never so far away sought the secret of immortal youth.

What song is like that of the brook? Heard through the overheated distances of a mountain ascent, or with quiet murmur under the luxuriant foliage of the tangled brakes, or tumbling in cataract by the spray-tossed spruce, one feels the wrinkles of vexation smoothed as by a mother's hand. The quarrel of yesterday: how petty it looks from the vantage point of this cooling stream. The shadow of ugly care becomes less dark. Will not He who provides for the water-ousel who tips himself in giddy warblings upon every rock ahead of me, like a gay outrider for my progress, will not He provide for me! Hopelessness, which grows so deep in the scurrying tides of men, has no place or standing here. Hope springs anew at every turn of the stream and lurks in the limpid depths of every pool. Am I not lured by the thought that here at last shall leviathan be brought forth? Dante was correct in declaring that such a stream "*does not rise from a vein, which vapor condensed by the frost restores, like a stream that gains and loses breath; but it issues from a constant and sure fountain . . . by the will of God.*"

And so I loiter till all dark moods are past. Magically revived are the distant memories of childhood and I see again what was once a mighty river, but is now only a clear and tiny stream with a name for

which I have ever been grateful, the Lookingglass. In that picture comes one of lovely mien and feature to give the tiny boy, her boy, his first lesson in the art of fishing. She wanders now by fairer streams where the waters run very softly. Since then the boy has wandered far, and forgotten much that should have been remembered but is recovered now only when the Lethe or Eunoë of some mountain stream restores for him the pictures of the past. A rocky fall recalls again the shouts of glad companions in far-off Nova Scotia, where a boisterous rapid emptied into a mighty pool and the trout were leaping high. Here, where the canyon walls rise in air and the maidenhair festoons the rocky gorge, one is touched with remorse at having left Lady Brown-bonnet at home, for here she should be waiting with her book as in other days to turn the wanderer back toward camp through the weary sweetness of the dew and the gloaming.

In the midst of thoughts like these the world of cares and worries, of restless and irreverent assembly freshmen, of haunting philosophy papers, and embryonic explanation of all mysteries slips away. I lean to drink from my little stream and a stone sliding beneath my hand submerges my head. I come up spluttering and strangling. On the opposite side and at the very next pool, a rolling rock completes the submersion from the feet up as the other had from the head down. As the swift, cold waters embrace me my psychic complex works, while with grinning and startled appreciation I recall the words of Dante: "*On this side it is called Lethe, so on the other Eunoë; and it works not if first it be not tasted on this side and then on that.*" Taken literally my salvation if not completed should at least have been completely begun. I should have made a start toward better things, of which this episode is symbol if not fulfillment. Has not the little stream beside which I have wandered justified the prophecy of one Dante. Here have I found the restoration that I needed.

I wander back to camp where Partner has with commendable zeal started the fire and again do the words of Dante recur: "*Those who in old time sang of the Golden Age, and of its happy state, perchance, upon Parnassus, dreamed of this place . . . this is the nectar of which each of them tells.*" 'Tis thus I take the waters of forgetfulness and drink the nectar of the gods. Shall not he who learns now and here the lessons of Lethe and Eunoë and how, guided by the song of a little stream, to escape from Hell toward Paradise, be better prepared to profit by their wholesome privilege beside the streams which make glad the City of God.

CURRENT THOUGHT

The Essential Sin Against Art

This is defined by Grant Showerman in the *Yale Review* of January as "the presentation of unbecoming fact." So much indecency is foisted upon the public in the name of art, in literature and drama that the clear analysis by Mr. Showerman will be welcomed by many. He declares that the revolt against this indecency is not the revolt of Puritanism as some would have it, but is merely the revolt of good taste against bad. He writes:

"There is a physical indecency, and there is a spiritual indecency. We are compounded of two opposing natures; this is the essence of being human rather than brute. We exist as brutes by virtue of mere physical functions; we exist as effective members of civilized society by reason of our domination of the body. Civilized man is the only creature whose necessary state is war upon himself. It is a daily warfare whose high purpose is the welfare of his fellows, and the demand upon him for gallantry and generosity is unceasing. The man who cannot endure the test of fire, whose courage fails before the assaults of the grosser self that is his fiercest enemy, who crumbles and submits to his captor's bonds, is a craven and a traitor of the spirit. He will not dominate himself for the common good; he will not submit to discipline in the face of the foe. He is not a real soldier. He is not a free man, and slavery is degradation and ugliness in any free man's sight. The conduct of such a man is spiritually indecent. Logically, the art that bodies it forth is likewise an offender against the decency of the spirit."

* * *

Confusing the Quick and the Dead

The same review offers the current doctrine of evolution so unthinkingly adored by the magazine *intelligentsia* and which provides ground for hilarity with all analytical thinkers, in "The Road of Evolution," by Albert P. Mathews. After light-heartedly telling us that "given time, energy, and matter everything is possible," he goes on to describe the appearance of life in the primeval "slime." Slime, like Thales' water or Anaximenes' "atmosphere," seems the most likely medium. Not that Dr. Mathews has personal or scientific knowledge of this, but granting

that anything could happen, given time, energy, and matter, everything is clear from slime to the latest model of printing press.

"Given time, energy, and matter, and all is possible. At first these compounds are simple, but simple joins to simple and makes complex. Carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen unite to make amino acids, which condense in the seas. They accumulate there, for there is nothing to remove or destroy them, no bacteria, no moulds. They interact also. Slowly they condense to form every kind of complex compound: proteins appear, phosphoric acid compounds, fats, sugars; and at last, as a result of these complex molecules, emulsions are formed. A slime appears in the pools. It passes, reappears, dissolves, reappears, living always a longer time. A countless number of times this happens until a moving equilibrium is finally established. The slime persists and increases. It attracts to itself pieces like it in composition. What has happened? It is the process of individuation which has taken a long step forward. The universe is dividing into two parts, an individual, a slime, and all else. This is a living slime.

"At what moment did life appear? At no moment. One cannot say, because it was there from the beginning. From the elemental carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, the progress upward of heterogeneity has been so gradual that one cannot say that at this moment life appeared; it has been a becoming for so long. But this slime is alive by all our criteria. It moves, feebly, but it moves; it grows, slowly to be sure, but still it grows. It holds its life by a thread; it can equilibrate itself only with a very small change and to a very slowly changing environment. The slightest rise in temperature dissolves it. Look at it carefully. What is there in that colloidal foam, colorless and microscopic in size, and almost homogeneous, without visible differentiation of structure? Everything is in it: every plant, every animal, you and I."

When a noted bio-chemist can leave scientific fact to romance in this fashion why should one waste money on the writings of Harold Bell Wright?

"Jesus' Teachings on the Last Things"

One would expect the rationalizing French mind to treat such a subject in the clear light of all the many facts. Such is done in the article on the relation of the Problems of Eschatology to the Christian Faith by Professor Lobstein in the November-December number of the

Revue d'Histoire et de Philosophie religieuses, published by the Protestant theological faculty of the University of Strasbourg.

Professor Lobstein shows the unfairness of literal interpretation of the words of Jesus, apart from the prevalent Jewish eschatology of his time and his wish to use the popular notion to drive home his profounder spiritual truth. Had there been more historic perspective and more biblical knowledge in the minds of the pre-millennial theologians we should not now witness the strange assumptions of a knowledge on their part, which Jesus explicitly denied either to himself or the angels. This Review is growing increasingly alert and up-to-date.

Can Neo-Realism Perceive Without a Norm of Reference?

It cannot, in the opinion of Dr. Sellars, who writes discriminatingly in the January *Mind* to set forth the supplanting claims of Critical Realism. We never could quite understand how the Neo-realist could admonish us that to perceive a post was to identify ourselves with it, for in spite of the usual verbal disclaimers that was what it bluntly amounted to. Yet while claiming reality for the relation and disclaiming it for both the thinker and the thing the Neo-realist did not hesitate to speak as if the thinker were himself a reality. The strain which the problem of error places on neo-realism seems to some of us an intolerable burden. As we understand it, it is the aim of Critical Realism to remove this burden. He writes:

"When I assert that critical realism involves epistemological dualism, I do so with my own critical notion of epistemological dualism in mind. In the act of knowledge, the existence of the idea is disregarded, only its content is held before the attention. Yet reflexion must admit that the idea which grasps the determinations of the object through identity is yet existentially distinct from the object. This existential distinctness forces us to speak of correspondence, for in correspondence we have the two elements of numerical difference and logical identity. But let us remember that in knowledge the idea means the object and does not linger on itself. We say that a thing is composed of cells, is of a certain size, behaves in a certain way, etc. In knowledge, there is no bifurcation and yet the data are in the situation of the percipient event."

We cannot quite admit the claim to uniqueness which Dr. Sellars makes for Critical Realism in its doctrine of transcendence nor accept as previously unthought the statement that "A physical thing is an object only in the sense that it is made an object by the percipient organism." Perhaps he meant it as previously unthought by critical realism.

What Do We Mean by Faith?

We do not recall anywhere so reverent and rational a modern treatment of the subject as appears at the hand of Lucinda Pearl Boggs in the *Journal of Philosophy* for January 5, 1922, under the title "A Partial Analysis of Faith." In this essay she brings religious faith into line with the best that we know in modern psychology. She writes:

"That faith in the cure of physical ills and in the cure of sin is in its essential features the same thing from a psychological standpoint, the writer has tried to show in a former article. This view receives strong confirmation in an essay by a Catholic Father of Oxford, who finds that the directions given by St. Ignatius several centuries ago for practicing spiritual exercises are the same, *mutatis mutandis*, as those given by the modern mental healer for physical cure. Taking psychoanalysis as an example of mental psychotherapeutics which has the highest claim to being scientific he says: 'Psychoanalysis is based on the principle that there is a subconscious self which can do things which we can not do voluntarily and seeks by means of suggestion to utilize the subconscious machinery. Substitute for the subconscious self, God, and you have the fundamental principle of the Spiritual Exercises.'"

Of the profound relation of faith to life, she writes:

"What is the function and value of faith in human life can be pretty well made out from the foregoing. Religious writings of all times and places abound in stories of men whose lives have been changed and reinvigorated by repentance and consequent acts of faith. It means either a tapping of our own reserves of energy or the drawing upon the sources of divine energy. 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.' Everyone has the option of believing that which harmonizes best with his own experience. History will show, I believe, that the men who have most influenced the race through the force of their personality have been men who were great practicers of prayer, or else had a strong belief in destiny. One who believes in destiny is one who takes some sort of an appeal to the dispenser of fate in such a way that he is confident of his own powers of accomplishment and hence undertakes and carries through tremendous tasks. Likewise we have found it to be a restorer of physical power and

health. Just as we found repentance necessary for spiritual rebirth, so we find relaxation necessary for bodily renewal."

Speaking of the danger which besets faith and often brings it into disrepute, she points out that it must be reasonable and must be attended by the strongest desire and effort on the part of the believer. We believe she states a true principle in this sentence: "Faith should only be called into play where strong desire exists and reason fails," a summing up of the older phrase, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." The article is sure to provoke thought and to strengthen faith.

The Journal of Applied Sociology

The February number of the *Journal of Applied Sociology* shows marked development in the introduction of new and interesting features. Its editor is Doctor Emory S. Bogardus of the University of Southern California. Its leading articles include *The Socialized Class Room* by F. Stuart Chapin, *Delinquency Among School Girls* by Rosalie B. Fowler, and an *Experiment in Cooperative Research* by George Elliott Howard.

The magazine is vital and stimulating for all interested in Social Philosophy.

Along the Bookshelf

MIND AND WORK. The Psychological Factors in Industry and Commerce. By CHARLES S. MYERS, Director of the Psychological Laboratory, Cambridge University. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1921. Pp. xi + 175.

The writer of this interesting book is well-known to American psychologists through his text-book in experimental psychology in general use here, and through his contributions to the psychological literature. He is fundamentally an experimentalist and is almost American in his appreciation of, and contact with, the psychology of everyday life. During the world war he was consulting psychologist for the British Expeditionary Forces.

The present book consists of five major studies, of movement, fatigue, personnel selection, incentives and modern industrial unrest, respectively. The study of movement includes an account of the various investigations in scientific management of factories and a concrete report of Gilbreth's famous motion studies by means of the cinematograph and chronocyclegraph. Plates of these studies are a contribution to the text. Under fatigue the effects of mental and physical work are discussed, together with the increase of efficiency arising from provisions for counteracting the enervating influence of routine and monotony. This section of the book offers no contribution beyond the recital of typical facts.

In his discussion of the selection of personnel the author defines *genius* as that irresistible impulse that makes it impossible for a man to miss his calling, and *talent* as a particular sort of aptitude that may not be immediately overt either to its possessor or to those who contemplate the use of his services. For each individual there is one occupation more suitable than any other. "Selection studies" must be made in order to ascertain "occupation traits." Professor Myers' contribution to the question of incentives is merely historical and his conclusion as to proper incentives is largely tentative.

The final chapter on modern industrial unrest is provocative of much reflection. The author ascribes little of the unrest to the recent strain of warfare, but to the placing of men in positions for which they are not suited. The fear of unmerited unemployment and the lack of participation in industrial control he suggests as additional sources of unrest. He recommends vocational selection as a partial corrective of the first cause of unrest and an educational campaign for the purpose of bringing capital and labor together and permanently repairing the cleavage that now exists between them.

On the whole the book is historical but will no doubt prove useful in teaching the author's main audience—the British people—the standard data of modern industrial psychology.

JOHN W. TODD.

PSYCHOLOGY. A Study of Mental Life. By ROBERT S. WOODWORTH, Professor of Psychology, Columbia University, Henry Holt and Company, New York, 1921. Pp. 580.

During the past decade elementary psychology texts have given signs of sloughing off a considerable amount of archaic material. Lengthy descriptions of "sensory circles" and "limens" of many varieties have made way for discussions of curves of work, the measurement of intelligence, individual differences in traits and abilities, and the like. From time to time text-books have appeared that gave evidence of more or less courage in breaking with the past. Some chapters showed signs of real animation—human contact—while others were the same old, cold material put forth in colorless phrases as if the writers were perfunctorily passing on something that somehow had gotten into the subject.

The book here under review, as a text-book for beginners, will live for three reasons among others, viz.: First, for having swept out old material of value to the specialist only; second, because it presents, in the reviewer's opinion, an optimum amount of real psychology for the beginner; and, third, because by means of a peculiar force and contact of statement it takes the beginner personally into the subject as few texts have done since James' "Briefer Course" appeared. The diction is clear and perfect. Expressive captions and subheads evidence the careful organization of the text matter. The exercises at the conclusion of each chapter are noteworthy in their power to prompt the student to individuate the subject.

Professor Woodworth's text is new but not novel. There are no radical attempts to be different. Some of the more practical phases of psychology are presented in a fresher manner than is usual and with a somewhat different method of treatment. For example, only the indispensable neural facts are discussed and these merely incidental in the explanation of some facts. All figures of the nervous system are schematic; no histological plates are carried in the text. Complete chapters on intelligence, learning and habit-forming are to be found, reflecting the dominant drift in modern psychology. The much-exploited "subconsciousness" of a decade ago and "mystery" psychology, its by-product, are discussed merely as foot-notes in the history of psychology. The writer's aim is to direct the beginner's mind to the essential facts and away from the things in disrepute. Using the author's own words found in the preface, "the book aims to represent the present state of a very active science."

J. W. T.

SOME BOOKS OF NOTE IN SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ACQUISITIVE SOCIETY. By R. H. TAWNEY, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford; late member of the British Coal Industry Commission. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York, 1920. Pp. 188.

SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY. By EMORY S. BOGARDUS, Ph.D. University of Southern California Press, Los Angeles, 1920. Pp. 304.

OUR SOCIAL HERITAGE. By GRAHAM WALLAS. Yale University Press, New Haven, 1921. Pp. 307.

L'ETAT DE GUERRE AND PROJET DE PAIX PERPETUELLE. By ROUSSEAU, with introduction and notes by SHIRLEY G. PATTERSON, Assistant Professor of Romance Languages in Dartmouth College. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1920. Pp. 90.

THE TRUE PRINCIPLE OF SOCIETY—RIGHTS OR DUTIES?

Tawney's most clear and thought-provoking book is one of the best statements of recent times regarding the industrial sickness of our age. Though one feels the necessity of dissent from his conclusions, one cannot gainsay the clarity, directness, and power of it.

Of the watchword "productivity" he writes: "When they desire to place their economic life on a better foundation, they repeat, like parrots, the word 'Productivity,' because that is the word that rises first in their minds; regardless of the fact that productivity is the foundation on which it is based already, that increased productivity is the one characteristic achievement of the age before the war, as religion was of the Middle Ages or art of classical Athens, and that it is precisely in the century which has seen the greatest increase in productivity since the fall of the Roman Empire that economic discontent has been most acute. When they are touched by social compunction, they can think of nothing more original than the diminution of poverty, because poverty, being the opposite of the riches which they value most, seems to them the most terrible of human afflictions. They do not understand that poverty is a symptom and a consequence of social disorder, while the disorder itself is something at once more fundamental and more incorrigible, and that the quality in their social life causes it to demoralize a few by excessive riches, is also the quality which causes it to demoralize many by excessive poverty.

"'But increased production is important.' Of course it is! That plenty is good and scarcity evil—it needs no ghost from the graves of

the past five years to tell us that. But plenty depends upon co-operative effort, and co-operation upon moral principles. And moral principles are what the prophets of this dispensation despise. So the world 'continues in scarcity,' because it is too grasping and too short-sighted to seek that 'which maketh men to be of one mind in a house.' The well-intentioned schemes for social reorganization put forward by its commercial teachers are abortive, because they endeavor to combine incompatibles, and, if they disturb everything, settle nothing. They are like a man who, when he finds that his shoddy boots wear badly, orders a pair two sizes larger instead of a pair of good leather, or makes up for putting a bad sixpence in the plate on Sunday by putting in a bad shilling the next. And when their fit of feverish energy has spent itself, and there is nothing to show for it except disillusionment, they cry that reform is impracticable, and blame human nature, when what they ought to blame is themselves."

He draws faithfully the contrast between that theory of society in which the emphasis is placed on "rights" and that which places the emphasis on function or service. Modern or acquisitive society suffers from an over-emphasis upon rights.

The form of acquisitive society fixes men's minds, "not upon the discharge of social obligations, which restricts their energy, because it defines the goal to which it should be directed, but upon the exercise of the right to pursue their own self-interest, it offers unlimited scope for the acquisition of riches, and therefore gives free play to one of the most powerful of human instincts. To the strong it promises unfettered freedom for the exercise of their strength; to the weak the hope that they, too, one day may be strong. Before the eyes of both it suspends a golden prize, which not all attain, but for which each may strive, the enchanting vision of infinite expansion. It assures men that there are no ends other than their ends, no law other than their desires, no limit other than that which they think advisable. Thus it makes the individual the center of his own universe, and dissolves moral principles into a choice of expediences. And it immensely simplifies the problem of social life in complex communities. For it relieves them of the necessity of discriminating between different types of economic activity and different sources of wealth, between enterprise and avarice, energy and unscrupulous greed, property which is legitimate and property which is theft, the just enjoyment of the fruits of labor and the idle parasitism of birth or fortune, because it treats all economic activities as standing upon the same level, and suggests that excess or defect, waste or superfluity, require no conscious effort of the social will to avert them, but are corrected almost automatically by the mechanical play of economic forces."

While the author diagnoses the case of society like a skillful physician we hardly feel that he is equally skillful in providing a solution. But to have the difficulty so strongly defined is for great good to society: to have the problem solved is too much to expect from any single source.

A SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY FOR COLLEGE CLASSES

Dr. Bogardus' *Social Psychology*, already much used as a College text-book, will be greatly welcomed in its revised and enlarged form. The original eight chapters have been increased to fifteen, with corresponding additions of topics and bibliography. The aim of the author is thus stated:

"This book is written specifically for the purpose of developing the problem-solving method of education in the field of social psychology. To this end the main attention has been given to the formulation of the 'problems' which appear in connection with the themes of each chapter. Each of the problems has been tried out in the class room and found to produce constructive thought on the part of students. These exercises are intended to set the student at work and to stimulate him to do his own thinking."

"The second aim of the author has been to write a treatise which would meet the needs of the undergraduate student in colleges, junior colleges, and normal schools. The subject of social psychology is of such vital, far-reaching, and practical importance that every college student should be introduced to a scientific consideration of the field. Every such student is compelled to study the psychology of the individual; but few are required or even encouraged to study the psychology of the interactions of individuals in their multifarious group relationships. Surely the latter phenomena are as vitally important as the former."

"A third need which this book aims to meet is to give a new organization of the subject matter of social psychology. The writer believes that social psychology begins with the psychological bases of human interactions and ends with the group methods of developing socialized personalities; he aims to traverse the field between these two points."

The great value of the book lies in its clear and elemental putting of the problems of social action and responsibility. It is so written with such copious bibliography that it makes a convenient and valuable handbook from which the student may review the whole field, and from which his reading may be guided.

The book might be criticised for possessing a tendency throughout to assume as settled, findings in traditional psychology, which are at present increasingly in question.

Dr. Bogardus has done a valuable service in putting the matter for college classes in such compact and logical form, and the book is well printed.

CHRISTIANITY DEAD AGAIN!

"Our Social Heritage," by Graham Wallas, is a strong and profoundly thoughtful presentation of the forces which mold society. Great stress is properly laid upon the nurture side of society which

really carries the social heritage from generation to generation. Americans will be interested in his criticism of our public schools and their insufficiency for the perpetuation of the social heritage.

He says: "When visiting the United States as teacher and observer, I have sometimes thought that the rapidly increasing American interest in applied psychology may, in the near future, exercise a marked influence on this side of American education. An Englishman in the United States envies the universal recognition of education as desirable, and the open-handed generosity both of public grants and of private gifts to every kind of educational institution. The United States, with rather more than twice the population of the United Kingdom, has more than four times as many students in secondary schools, and more than eight times as many in universities. Some of the great professional post-graduate university schools (such as the Harvard Law School, and the Johns Hopkins Medical School) are, in equipment, number of students, and intellectual influence incomparably above any corresponding institution in the United Kingdom. The United States combines with these advantages the fact that her white population starts with a higher average biological inheritance of brain and body than has any other population except perhaps the few thousand free inhabitants of Athens in the fifth century B.C., or of Iceland in the tenth century A.D. And yet in her actual production of constructive, critical and imaginative literature, many Americans believe, with regret, that America does not now 'pull her weight in the boat' of world-civilization. To a foreigner it appears as if one cause of this lies in an insufficient recognition of the need of civilized man for conscious and systematized intellectual effort. In the education of young children, successive movements for the reform of American common schools have been greatly influenced by the conception of the 'natural' growth of the human mind, as expounded by Froebel and other early nineteenth century educationists, by the coincidence of that conception with the eighteenth century political ideas of 'nature' received from Rousseau by the Fathers of the American Revolution, and by the fact that the physical environment of the pioneer life of fifty years ago was sufficiently like that of primitive man to make it much safer than it is in modern New York or Chicago for him to trust to the more natural forms of thought. But Froebel seems to me to have helped to produce a dangerous neglect by current American theory of the socially inherited elements in civilization. . . . In the expensive private and endowed schools of the Eastern states, the tendency to avoid unnatural intellectual effort is increased by the widespread desire of the well-to-do American that his children shall have a 'good time.' In these schools, again, I am told that any boy who shows signs of natural athletic excellence is likely to be prevented from acquiring that consciousness of play as relief which is the necessary balance to the consciousness of thought as effort. For such a boy play means a severe specialized training of the muscles and the lower nerve-centers, carried out, often

against inclination, under the pressure of school or college patriotism, or the public opinion of his fellows, and of a carefully educated instinct of combat. Such 'play' may leave the whole system as tired as does the speeded machine-tending of a modern factory, and almost compels those who have gone through it to find rest, if not recreation, during the hours of formal study."

After dealing with the social heritage in work and thought, he writes of group co-operation, the nation as idea and fact, the control of national co-operation, the conservatism which characterizes professionalism, the various interpretations of liberty, rights, honor, and independence. Like Tawney he points out the fallacy in the doctrines of "natural rights," but he does not suggest the more positive substitute of service. He shows the disastrous application of scientific thought to social problems which leads to certain fixed expectations which are untrue to life, and result in certain dehumanizing outlooks.

In the chapter "The Church," he sets forth his view of the church as a social factor by reference to the activities and attitudes of the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches during the late war, and concludes that the church must represent a diminishing social force eventually adhered to by a vanishing minority of born mystics and their followers. Notwithstanding his confidence of the downfall of the church he attributes the present lack of intellectual grip to a failure in religious spontaneity. "At this moment I am sure that the 'good form' and 'good sense' which in England, and still more in America, prevents so large a proportion of educated men and women for deciding whether they accept or reject the supernatural claims of Christian orthodoxy have a real tendency to sterilize the intellectual life of our nations."

"The second course open to 'those beyond the frontiers of the Christian Society' is the personal effort of clear thought and frank speech on religious questions. Towards the end of the nineteenth century someone said that 'the events of the twentieth century will be events in the region of the intellect.' So far that prophecy has been grimly falsified; but the twentieth century is still young, and the prophecy may still be fulfilled. Again, as in the fifth century before Christ, or the sixteenth or eighteenth centuries after Christ, men and women may find themselves stimulated by their own intellectual needs, and by the example of their fellows, to think and speak on the whole relation of man to the universe. If such a period of intellectual energy occurs, it will, I believe, reveal the fact that much of the religion of Christendom, and particularly of the English-speaking peoples, is in a position of unstable equilibrium."

It seems not only strange but a curious illustration of intellectual insularity that the author is not able to distinguish between the supreme ethics of Christianity and those illustrations of it to be found in two communions. Moreover, let it be said, he quotes for his purposes only those instances which sustain his argument for the moral failure of the church and neglects or is absolutely ignorant of that vast con-

structive program of the church in hospitals, education, and rehabilitation which makes and will continue to make Christianity a force. This oversight of all that opposes one's thesis vitiates altogether one's conclusions. And this method of attack is the one usually pursued today. One would not expect it of so profound a thinker as Mr. Wallas, especially in view of his own sorrowful confession of no satisfactory expedient in the place of the moral leadership of Christianity which probably now possesses a more widespread influence than ever before in human history.

ROUSSEAU ON WAR AND PEACE

Whether or not one is pleased to admit it, one of the profoundest influences upon modern civilization has been the thinking of Jean Jacques Rousseau. His political theories were of inestimable moment to the founders of our republic and his doctrine of human rights, though now in the way of social progress and in a real sense hostile to the altruism of Christianity, would find a million immediate defenders who have never read a single one of his essays. As for Modernity?—the most modern educational theory, from Froebel through Pestalozzi to Montessori, is little better than a working over of Rousseau's *Emile*.

Consequently if one is to understand the political, educational and in some respects the philosophical, literary and social aspects of our age he should acquaint himself with Rousseau's work. It is especially timely that Professor Patterson has given us the revised French text of *War and Peace*. The introduction, which is in English, is of unusual value.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FUTURE. By A. G. GARDINER. New York; Thomas Seltzer.

This is a handy and well written book, dealing with a live subject. Lamenting the apparent loosening rather than strengthening of friendship since the war, when Briton and American shed their blood in a common cause, the author seeks to discover the reason or reasons, so that everything possible may be done to remove misconceptions and stimulate a complete spirit of brotherliness. If the two great English-speaking nations understand one another and can work together in harmony, the peace of the world is assured. As the author remarks at the close of his first chapter, "the spirit of Anglo-American relations may be said to be the chief secular issue of the future." He quotes frequently from Owen Wister, from whom he borrows the term "anti-

British complex," an influence "which has persisted from revolutionary days, and has been stereotyped by the biased presentation of history and reinvigorated by circumstances which will be dealt with in other connections. Mr. Wister contrasts this anti-British complex with the 'pro-French complex' which has paralleled and completed it. Under the influence of these currents every wrong that England has done to America has been studiously remembered, while every act of friendship has been studiously ignored. Precisely the opposite tendency has prevailed in the case of France."

Some of the statements in the latter half of the book are open to criticism, for instance in chapter V: "The gospel of personal fitness, of becoming social conduct, of cleanliness and sobriety, is enforced with the passion of a religion. In this respect Mrs. Eddy, with her *Science and Health*, is one of the most representative products of the country." But this is not the title nor the purport of Mrs. Eddy's book, and its teachings hinder rather than aid the enforcement of health laws.

JAMES MAIN DIXON.

THE RHYTHM OF LIFE, based on the Philosophy of Lao-Tse.

The Wisdom of the East Series. New York; E. P. Dutton & Co.

This attractive book for the pocket is a translation from the Dutch of Henri Borel, and has already appeared in a somewhat more abstruse form, under the title of "Wu-Wei." *Wu-wei* is another name for *Tao*, and neither word is easy to translate. The author's interpretation of either term differs entirely from that of most Chinese scholars, such as Giles or Legge, who have called Lao-Tse's book *Tao-Ti'-King*, the "Classic of the Way and of Virtue." Lao-Tse lived in the same century as Confucius, who at the age of thirty went to visit the famous octogenarian. The younger man's outlook on life did not please the sage, who thought him far too bound up with the past. His treatise is obscure in style and abounds in paradoxes, and outside of China he has naturally not received the credit he deserves. "It was neither Confucius nor Mencius who spoke the purest wisdom of this country," declares one of the characters in Borel's study, "but Lao-Tse. He was the greatest, and Chuang-Tse was his apostle. You foreigners cherish, I know, a certain well-meaning admiration for Lao-Tse, too, but I think that few of you know that he was the purest human being who ever lived." The author admits that his book is in no wise a translation of *Lao-Tse*; but rather an outpouring of the thought and feeling called up in him by the words of the master, a great *personalist*.

J. M. D.

A NATIONAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION. By WALTER SCOTT ATHEARN, Director of the Department of Religious Education and Social Service in Boston University. George H. Doran Co., New York, 1920. Pp. 132.

Athearn's plan for a national system of education is interesting in that it entails the paralleling of a national system of public schools with a national system for religious education. Of course, such a plan involves, first, better co-ordination in the public school system, with all branches culminating in a central vested authority; and then the adoption of a similar plan by the denominations. The public schools would be expected to co-operate to a certain extent with the religious system. Whether his plan in its entirety be at present feasible or not, is not the question. Many of the details in the plan would not work in all sections of the country—that much is evident.

However, Athearn's book will be appreciated whether his system can be adopted or not, for it is well worth while to have the existence of the problem presented in a readable and scholarly way and to have suggestions given for lessening the difficulty. We are waiting breathlessly for the Towner-Sterling Bill to pass and shall be thankful if we can make that much advance in educational matters. There will be some little time before the nation will be ready to put into operation so far-reaching a plan as one which would involve the correlating of religious and public school systems, but we are ready for moves in that direction.

The present American tendencies viewed in the light of the historical aspect are well presented and can be recommended to any person who wishes to be informed briefly and accurately of our educational affairs. The book is not too technical for the general reading public, nor does it lack in material suggestive to the scholar.

NELLIE E. VAWTER.

THE GLOSS OF YOUTH. By DR. HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, JR. J. B. Lippincott Company, 1920. Pp. 44.

The one-act play, *The Gloss of Youth*, by Dr. H. H. Furness, Jr., is exquisitely charming. We expect much from the pen of a son and co-editor of Dr. H. H. Furness of the Shakespeare Variorum edition; and we are not disappointed, for Furness' play takes a high place among the various attempts, by modern authors to reveal in play form some phase of Shakespeare's life and character. It has been successfully presented, and while it neither glows with a burning love story nor is possessed of tense dramatic interest, yet it does have material of real heart interest.

Furness' Shakespeare is essentially the same man as the Shakespeare of Shaw in *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*—only a little less Shavian

—and the same man as the one in *Fortune and Men's Eyes* of Josephine Peabody, or Hubert Osborne's Shakespeare in *The Good Men Do*; but in *The Gloss of Youth* he is in a very different mood and situation. Pleasing and successful as are the other plays about Shakespeare, nevertheless in the end they merely show that Shakespeare was not different from any other gallant of his time. We feel that their authors have in the main taken a subject of universal interest about which to weave another love story; but Furness has done far more—he has given us a Shakespeare discouraged because his more serious works are not appreciated, and brings him out of this mood by means of the children, John Milton, Oliver Cromwell, and little Nan, with their naïve and sincere appreciation of his work. He finds consolation in the fact that his works will be immortal, because, as he says in the closing lines: "The Future, ay, the eternal voice is mine when it can speak, and wake response in hearts and souls like these." In this play Furness has struck the key note to an immortal Shakespeare.

N. E. V.

MANHOOD OF HUMANITY—The Science and Art of Human Engineering, by Alfred Korzybski. pp. xiii & 264. E. P. Dutton & Co., 1921.

There is so much of originality and interest, so much to praise in this book by Count Korzybski, that one would fain reduce criticism to the lowest denominator and await his future work before entering into judgment upon his positions. In the main it is the attempt to answer the metaphysical problem from the standpoint of the mathematician, with an eye keen to the demands of modern science and the latest claims of Einsteinian relativity. It is good in an age so committed to materialism to hear a voice from any direction which calls upon men to revamp their thinking in the full light of human values. This we think the author attempts to do, though in doing it he says many harsh words against philosophy and religion. This is the principal limitation in "The Manhood of Humanity." A better knowledge of the history of human thought and less of contempt for it would have enabled Count Korzybski to have written a much better book and to have cleared it of certain defects which in our judgment will prevent it from enduring fame. He thus declares his purpose: "To discover the nature of Man and the laws of that nature, marks the summit of human enterprise. For to solve this problem is to open the way to everything which can be of importance to humanity—to human welfare and happiness."

He describes the present condition of the world in terms with which most will agree.

"We are living in a world of wealth, a world enriched by many generations of dead men's toil; between the lust of the one to *keep* and the lust of others to *get*, there is little to choose; such contentions of lust against lust are *sub-human*—animalistic; tooth and claw; below the human dimensions of life, utterly unworthy of the creative energy—the time-binding capacity—of humanity. Socialism feels keenly and sees dimly that human affairs are not conducted in conformity with natural laws. Capitalism neither sees it nor keenly feels it. Neither the one nor the other stops to investigate natural laws—nature's laws—laws of human nature—scientifically. They both of them use the same speculative methods in their arguments, and there can be no issue. Against one old-fashioned, speculative argument, there is always a speculative answer. They both speak about the truth, but their methods can not find the truth nor their language express it. They speak of 'justice,' 'right' and so forth, not knowing that their conceptions of those terms are based on a wrong understanding of values."

The conclusion he draws is not, however, so certain, for he declares, "There is one and but one remedy, and that remedy consists in applying scientific method to the study of the subject."

The belief that one can get moral and spiritual results without the resort to moral and spiritual factors is one of the outstanding modern fallacies to which the Count's theory is no exception, and a fallacy that should have been patent to a mathematician. One might well agree that man is not a compartment creature, half soul, half beast, without at all admitting his claim that he was the very first man to make the discovery. This is where knowledge of the history of philosophy would have put a bar on wild statement.

Korzybski lays all of humanity's failure in the past to false supernaturalism, thinks meanly of religion, and declares that salvation is to come by geometrical progression. If this be so we fail to see how religion has in any way hindered or how the acceptance of his theory can in any way help. All we need to do is to sit in our seats and let nature evolve us out of our meanness, wickedness, unrighteous and unsocial ways into the better day. In the meantime we shall not have to take the trouble of reforming, which vastly simplifies the problem.

The heart of the book gathers about the distinction of man as a time binder, in contrast with the animals as only space binders. He would have said this with less fear of contradiction if he had declared the animal capable of conscious states while man is capable of consciousness of conscious states, which makes him a moral being. This includes time-binding but makes the real issue clear.

BOOKS RECEIVED

SOME MODERN CONCEPTIONS OF NATURAL LAW. By MARIE T. COLLINS, Ph.D., formerly scholar and fellow in the Sage School of Philosophy, Cornell University. Longmans, Green & Company, New York, 1920. Pp. V & 103.

SOME MODERN FRENCH WRITERS. A study in Bergsonism, by G. TURQUET-MILNES. Robert M. McBride & Company, New York, 1921. Pp. XIII & 301.

MANHOOD OF HUMANITY. The Science and Art of Human Engineering, by ALFRED KORZYBSKI. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York, 1921. Pp. XIII & 264.

STAR-DUST AND GARDENS. By VIRGINIA TAYLOR MCCORMICK. The Plimpton Press, Norwood, Mass., 1920. Pp. 77.

ELEMENTS OF PERSONAL CHRISTIANITY. By WILLIAM S. MITCHELL. The Methodist Book Concern, New York, 1921. Pp. 144.

THE WHITEHEADED BOY. A comedy in three acts, by LENNOX ROBINSON, with an introduction by ERNEST BOYD. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1921. Pp. XVIII & 169.

RED POPPIES IN THE WHEAT. By JOHN RICHARD MORELAND. James T. White & Company, New York, 1921. Pp. 97.

THE REIGN OF RELATIVITY. By VISCOUNT HALDANE. Yale University Press, New York, 1921. Pp. XXIII & 430.

PREACHING AND PAGANISM. By ALBERT PARKER FITCH, Professor of the History of Religion in Amherst College. Yale University Press, New Haven, 1920. Pp. 229.

READINGS IN PHILOSOPHY. Compiled by ALBERT EDWIN AVERY, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy in the Ohio State University. R. G. Adams & Company, Columbus, Ohio, 1921. Pp. XI & 683.

ESSAYS, SPECULATIVE AND POLITICAL. By the RT. HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, M.A., F.R.S., LL.D., D.C.L. George H. Doran Co., New York, 1921. Pp. X & 241.

MORAL THEORY. An Introduction to Ethics, by G. C. FIELD, M.A., B.S., Lecturer in Philosophy in the University of Liverpool. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York. Pp. X & 214.

COMMON-SENSE ETHICS. By G. E. M. JOAD, late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford, and JOHN LOCKE, Scholar in Mental and Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford, with a preface by PROFESSOR A. H. WILDON CARR. E. P. Dutton Company, New York. Pp. XVI & 207.

THE ANALYSIS OF MIND. By BERTRAND RUSSELL, F.R.S. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1921. Pp. 310.

The more important of these books will be reviewed in future numbers of THE PERSONALIST.

Our Contributor's Page

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN is the most recent addition to THE PERSONALIST company. Those who read George Law's article on Burroughs, a Reversion to the Greek Spirit, will be anxious to get the other side of the discussion from so able a hand.



VIRGINIA TAYLOR McCORMICK, associate Editor of The Lyric and already an appreciated contributor to THE PERSONALIST will be followed with interest in her contribution on Ibsen's Portraiture of Women.



JOHN MORELAND, Editor of The Lyric, and author of *Red Poppies in the Wheat* is attracting wide attention for the delicacy and beauty of his verse, *Life and Song* disclose the high order of his craftsmanship.



CARL C. RASMUSSEN, graduate student at Columbia has summed up for us his reactions to Dewey's philosophy. This is especially important in view of the fact that Dr. Dewey is now perhaps the prevailing influence in American educational theory.



DR. JAMES MAIN DIXON traces in an interesting manner the close relations between French and Scottish Philosophy and their influence upon present-day thought.



DR. JOHN GODFREY HILL also of the University of Southern California, Head of the Department of Religious Education, appears for the first time in reminiscences of Borden Parker Bowne.

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To the Gentle Personalist

HERR Teufelsdröckh achieved his Everlasting Yeas, Nays and other verities by pulling from his magical bag various manuscripts which possessed telling significance. Even the editor, (printer's) devil-ridden and tempest-tossed, is yet the proud possessor of an editorial bag containing intellectual children crying to be born. Personalistic opinion is surely attracting attention and could be expressing itself much more rapidly with your help. You may now renew for yourself and send also to a new subscriber, friend or foe, for the unheard-of price of three dollars for the two. We cannot think of more gracious reward for a friend nor more bitter punishment for an enemy. If there be more than one on your list you may add them, friends or foes, at the same rate, a dollar-fifty.

¶ Please don't just say it's a good thing and pat the Editor's back. Be a propagandist and "come across".

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THE RELIGION OF JOHN BURROUGHS

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

"The day inevitably comes to every writer when he must take his place among the silent throngs of the past, when no new work from his pen can call attention to him afresh, when the partiality of his friends no longer counts, when his friends and admirers are themselves gathered to the same silent throng, and the spirit of the day in which he wrote has given place to the spirit of another and a different day. How, oh, how will it fare with him then?"

Burroughs: "Literary Values".

It used to be held that a gentleman's religion was one of the things he did not talk about. Like most general tenets, this was subject to limitations imposed by both common practice and ethical duty; but true it is at all events that a famous man's religion is one of the things concerning which the public is ever ready to talk and generally to talk mistakenly, nor has the public been of late so garrulously wrong upon any such topic as upon the faith of John Burroughs. In three-fourths of the biographical sketches of him published at the time of his death, he was described as an atheist. Because of a curious contradiction involved in his attitude toward religion—especially curious in a scientific mind—that attitude possesses psychological interest. Moreover, Burroughs leaves behind him a cult of young people, followers of his excellent nature-studies: if these catechumens pursue their indagation,

they may extend it to his theological beliefs and disbeliefs: those become, therefore, a matter of some immediate moment. What were they, and how are they defended?

Faith is rarely static. As the physical individual is said to simulate the physical evolution of the race, so do the mental individual's religious ideals move, often, through growth to decay. Just judgment must concern itself with the hour of highest development, with the period when the sane mind is at its best in the sound body at its strongest calm. It was the realization of this which prompted Ruskin to warn his readers that what he considered the real Ruskin, the Ruskin by whom he wanted to stand or fall, was he of maturity, and it was the the same realization, doubtless, that compelled Burroughs to express himself in "*Religious Truth*", "*God In Nature*", "*From the Artificial to the Natural*", "*Natural versus Supernatural*," "*Science and Theology*," "*Faith and Credulity*" and the eight or ten kindred studies made by him during the last decade of the nineteenth century.

From many points of view, Burroughs was then the most striking figure in American literature, the most picturesque in American science. A consistent example of the courage of conviction, he was following, toward an honored old age, a plan of life which scarce a dozen of his contemporaries agreed with him in holding, or agreeing, dared to follow: from his Hudson hermitage, he kept closer touch with the existing intellectual and political world than is possible for the majority of those in the heat of the battle; from his peculiar solitude, he continuously wrote, in a style infinitely the best of its peculiar domain, essays on literature and nature wholly unequalled. Something, indeed, he seemed to have caught from the eternally renewed youth of his environing forests; certainly we had no other such public example of a mind walking step for step with all the newer tendencies of thought. Yet it was then that Burroughs formulated his religious creed—then, at this time of his highest development in so many particulars,

at this time of his tightest handclasp with intellectual power everywhere, that he presented, not, as so many believe a spectacle of Cartesian egotism, a picture of the mere atheist, but the peculiar contradiction of a mind affirming the existence of Deity while denying the continuance of the identity after death.

As a people, we Americans have said that the day was past when the man who boldly began his metaphysical investigations with the postulate of ignorance was at once to be classified as an atheist; we have smugly complimented ourselves upon our broadmindedness, have come to consider that we mark definitely the degrees in the scale of unbelief and are agreed to bear with them all. In a period and country where religious discussion is unhampered, where it is even becoming mannerly, the general misunderstanding of Burroughs, this confusion of *Agnoster* with *Atheos*, of skepticism with denial, is an unsettling shock.

Starting with the frank confession "I do not know," and neglecting the William James theory of the Will to Believe—which Newman enunciated long before James analyzed it—Burroughs arrived at the conclusion that the identity is perishable and perishes. His journey was not, it is true, a very orderly or logical one, but it nowhere involved a hint that the traveler thought of the Creative Power, which he admitted to exist behind our universal scheme, as anything but Itself an immortal sort of identity. On the contrary, he seems so assured of the reverse that he entirely neglects to argue it. Throughout this portion of his writing, there is constant reference to that Power which works through man and all nature. The existence of God is treated as almost axiomatic, and if we strike it from his design, the entire structure falls. Burroughs was a Deist, and it is surprising that any mind not saturated with pre-Christian anthropomorphism could mistake him for anything else.

In Central Asia, near the Oxus, there is, as Burroughs loved

to say, a famous rock, called the "Lamp Rock," because of a strange light that issues from a cavern in it, far up the mountain-side. The natives of the country have for ages stood in superstitious fear of this place, maintaining that the light came from a dragon's eyes. Two score years or so ago, an English explorer climbed the mountain, investigated the phenomenon and found that the supposed cave was really a tunnel: the mysterious light came through from another opening and was, after all, only the happy and familiar light of day.

"This incident", wrote Burroughs, was "typical of much that has taken place and is still taking place in the world, especially in the religious experience of mankind."

He employed it to urge "the sufficiency and universality of natural law":

"Most of the mysterious lights with which our fears, our ignorance, or our superstitions have invested the subject of religion, when brought to the test of reason, either vanish entirely or give place to the light of common day."

Obviously, the man that thus expresses himself is between the "Natural Religion" hatched by the Encyclopaedists and the utilitarian view of Deity summed up in the epigram: "If God did not exist, it would behoove us to invent Him." Ethical laws, he would argue, are necessary for the general welfare, and, since they are best enforced by religious dogma, let dogma enforce them: that Burroughs did not proceed so to argue reveals one of the minor contradictions of his philosophy.

Nevertheless, Burrough's attitude as here revealed is no denial of the existence of a Supreme Being; it is indeed an affirmation that belief in a Supreme Being is indispensable. According thereto, each of us will find the creed or system that best suits his nature, or will content himself as best he may with the statement of his ignorance, admitting the possibility of any or all creeds and systems. The *hecaston daimonion*, the spiritual genius of each individual, will simply and naturally determine his religious belief or unbelief, and that is a *postula-*

tum which certain critics have suspected in the later Russian theologians, the apologists of the most orthodox of all Christian Churches, the Eastern Orthodox!

Burroughs had, in fact, the keenest appreciation of the value of the religious sense:

"Religion [he once wrote] as a sentiment of awe and reverence in the presence of the vastness and mystery of the universe, remains. . . . What mankind will finally clothe themselves with to protect them from the chill of the great void, or whether or not they will clothe themselves at all, but become toughened and indifferent, is more than I can pretend to say. For my own part, the longer I live, . . . the more I am content to let the unseen powers have their way with me and mine without question or distrust. They brought me here, and I have found it well to be here; in due time, they will take me hence, and I have no doubt that will be well for me, too. We are like figures which some great demonstrator draws upon the blackboard of Time. A problem is to be solved, without doubt; what the problem is, we, the figures, cannot know and do not need to know."

There is nothing in that statement so involved as to lead to misunderstanding, so novel as to invite misconception. Burroughs arrives at the Oriental fatalism at which every honest agnostic must arrive. Omar Khayyam said the same thing sufficiently long ago, and Fitzgerald has made it familiar, through a similar figure, to hundreds that will never read Burroughs:

"The ball no question makes of Ayes or Noes,
But here or there, as strikes the Player, goes;
And He who tossed it down into the field,
He knows about it all—He knows—He knows!"

Thus, in the statement of Burroughs' negative religious aspects, we are brought, by an abrupt about-face, to his positive; and there, in his dealings with the riddle of personal immortality, he amazingly never did more than rehearse, in politer terms, the old arguments of the primitive materialism. He cannot conceive that the sense of human incompleteness implies any conclusion in another stage of existence. That such a conception has proved a huge factor in social development has for him no significance. He even seems unable to

see the pathos of the tragedy he would have us believe that we are playing. The fact that our whole fabric of civilization, such as it is, has been woven on the loom of this very sense, until it has become a certainty affecting the most trivial actions of the larger part of the race—this he refuses to consider. It has no perceptibly concrete reality for his mind, and with only perceptibly concrete realities will he deal. He is everywhere overwhelmed with the problem of immensity, yet he nowhere seeks to solve it; he is at his best but an artist when he seeks to convey his emotions in its presence:

"Why [he asks] should we distrust this vital nature out of which we came, out of which father and mother came, out of which all men came and to which again we all in due time return? It looked after us before we were born; it will look after us when we are dead. Every particle of us will be taken care of. The force of every heart-beat is conserved somewhere, somehow. The psychic force or principle of which I am a manifestation will still go on. There is no stoppage and no waste, forever and ever."

This is sheer Hobbes. It is older than Hobbes: it is Epicurus. "My consciousness," wrote Burroughs, "ceases as a flame ceases"—what remains, he adds, is resolved into its elements. It was to this very question of whither one passes that the Stoic slave-philosopher made answer (*Dis. III, XIII, 1-17*):

"To nothing dreadful, but to the place from which thou comest—to things friendly and akin to thee, to the elements of Being. Whatsoever in thee was of fire shall go to fire; of earth, to earth; of air, to air; of water, to water: no Hades, no Acheron, no Phlegethon, but all things are full of Gods and Powers. Who so hath these things to think on, and seeth the sun and the moon and the stars, and rejoiceth in the earth and the sea, he is no more solitary than helpless."

Only under that porous roof does Burroughs seek religious shelter. As examples of English, nearly all of its supporting arguments are worthy of a second, even a third, reading. Taken together, they form a straightforward and momentarily captivating statement. Above all, they attract by what is a rare gift in the propaganda of dissent: they are never flippant, contemptuous, irreverent.

Their effect upon the young Burroughs-student presents, however, another question. That, in the final analysis, must be qualified by each student's temperament and intellectual bias: so far every well-balanced critic will proceed with Burroughs himself. Like affects only like; all theological writing and all philosophical polemics can but strengthen what they find, at their utmost can but restore order to a mental chaos that would obey only their particular command. The mind untutored in matters metaphysical is a molten stream of intermingled thought and emotion blindly tending toward the mould best suited to its especial needs. If it gets into an inimical mould, it breaks the shell before it has cooled; if it never chances on the right one, it will most likely remain fluid to the end; in any event, only that will harden it in which it finds itself at home. A few great systems can convince; of less may we with certainty say that they create. If the fruit is to follow, the seed must fall on good soil. This, as we have seen, is what Burroughs inferentially admitted, and, by the same token, the effects of his religious persuasions will be precisely as varied as the minds that study them. From that vantage-point, the future of the young Burroughsites may be regarded with some complacency.

There remains, for the more mature, a final glance at the Burroughs metaphysics in themselves, and from that glance there is no escaping the knowledge that their proponent is of those who "analyse the easy part, deny the hard part and go home to their tea."

"Restless are our souls," says St. Augustine, "until they rest, O God, in Thee." The fallacy of the ancient type of materialism which Burroughs holds with Hobbes and Epictetus is found, of course, in its inability to construct. It can attack theology only by dogmatizing. "You cannot," it says, "define your identity;" yet it is at a loss to define its loved concrete reality. Burroughs the materialistic philosopher is indeed far more vulnerable than an idealistic philosopher—than, for

that matter, Burroughs the idealistic man-of-letters. Josiah Royce used to delight in demonstrating as much; he used to put it in some such way as this: The materialist's own personal existence, his relation with the outer world of concrete reality, the very existence of such a world, what makes fact and what is proof, the countless questions which have occupied the thoughts of men from the time they began to operate, immediately present themselves as doubts that necessarily invalidate his every proposition. His appeal to concord and remembered experience, to the logical and patient adjustment of cause and effect, fails entirely either to solve or satisfy the riddles they arouse. When he has said everything that he can say, there still remains a vast area unexplained, something that he has left with its purpose unfulfilled, its relations unguessed, a consciousness, a conviction, that, behind his curtain of sense, the individual is an individual, that the only way in which he can be known as an individual apart from other individuals is because he alone has his own tendency and purpose, which are the ultimate reason for his appearance, which originated far behind the materialist's "perceptibly concrete reality" and which must and will find their realization far beyond it.

To such a paradox John Burroughs, often a true artist, always a great interpreter of nature, was forced when he attempted to piece together by ancient strands his Voltairean Deism and his Stoic denial of the continuance of the personal identity after death. That to him at the height of his intellectual powers the paradox was never perceptible is itself proof positive that his mind was in this particular paradoxical.

IBSEN'S PORTRAITURE OF WOMEN

VIRGINIA TAYLOR MCCORMICK

Henrik Ibsen, against the back-ground of his native environs! The pioneer of modern drama, a cold, gigantic figure, with a vision straining into the future through the clouds which surround his own decade! A dweller in the Half-way House on the high road of dramatic evolution!

"The spirit of truth and the spirit of freedom, these are the pillars of society;" Impelled by the desire to be the exponent of this enunciation, Ibsen has pursued, with an undeviating tenacity and a great singleness of purpose, this intention. He and his art are one He is Brand or Doctor Stockman—even Rosmer—according to the inspiration swaying him at the moment.

For a perfect understanding of Ibsen's characters we must keep before us his especial characteristics. Three which stand out very clearly to me are his profound belief in the absolute necessity for complete personal freedom in all relations of life: a keenly alert and intellectually projected interest in the feminist movement, which has resulted in his best-drawn characters being women, and a tenderly solicitous desire for the development of pure and ideal individual volitions.

He has a delightful and harmless love of apposition.

His weak point is a failure in dialogue, which seems to rest upon a middle plane, neither soaring to the heights of poetry nor falling to a low level of banality In the early dramas, while he is still under the influence of the sagas, there is a restrained realism and a paucity of portraiture that makes them useless for this essay. Even in *Peer Gynt* there is no well-defined picture that may be called personal though Peer himself is the composite portrait of the Norwegian people. whose weaknesses were the source of such misery for Ibsen!

Not until we reach *Emperor and Galilean* do we see the

unfolding of a true Ibsen realism, without which portraiture is impossible; but even here there is no crystallization of the art of portrait painting. The women are blurred into the background of this rather ponderous masterpiece where Ibsen has for the time departed from his ruling passion for a strict economy of words and the play appears as a battle picture in the style of Paul Veronese, whose crowded canvasses oppress us with a feeling of utter futility in any attempt to unravel the characters from their surroundings. Julian is less the central figure than the name would imply; rather, if one is permitted to endow with a personality anything so intangible as a belief, the chief protagonists would seem to be upon the one side the Christian religion and on the other, with a truly Ibsenesque sense of balance, the worship of the Greek gods.

This double drama, so perfect in its dramatic technique, so exquisite in literary construction, is unique... each book has its own climax, perhaps a little muted by the perfection which destroys spontaneity, and there is still another climacteric apex, literary and emotional, which welds the two into a dramatic whole when Julian begins to sacrifice to the gods!

Ibsen's first prose work of modern life is *The League of Youth*, and the women there are like the wives of Ham and Japheth in the Noah's arks of our childhood—wooden, unemotional—except Selma, daughter-in-law of the chamberlain, who from a beautiful doll bursts quite suddenly into a being capable of emotion and with a will of her own, but alas no portrait!

In the next social drama we meet Dina Dorf, who though overshadowed by the male figures of the *Pillars of Society*, is a well-done sketch of a woman desiring a separate entity, and she at least suggests to us a Petra or even a future Nora....

With the accomplishment of these plays comes a distinctly marked period in Ibsen's art. The next step giving us, as it does, *The Doll's House* and *Ghosts*, carries him far beyond

the bounds of Scandinavia . . . henceforth the world is his home!

While Nora is the first complete portrait that we reach in our search, we are never to find a more delightful one . . . her frailties only add to her charms in our eyes if not in those of her stolid Torvald. Her startling "declaration of independence" trumpets to the world Ibsen's sympathy with the feminist movement and from the publication of *The Doll's House* we see his women stronger and more interesting than his men. He seems indeed to paint them with an intense and quickened interest at times almost feverish, and always he prefers them as the medium for his own ideas.

Behold! Nora young, beautiful and charming! A husband who adores her as his most cherished possession, his lark, his squirrel! At his greatest heights of enthusiastic adoration she is his "precious song-bird", but—never at any time is she his equal. Nora loves him, but for her there is always the miracle waiting round the corner. She realizes that she is his doll, his plaything, just as the children are her dolls, but she has visualized a future in which he will stand revealed as the *deus ex machina*. This becomes a very potent belief when Krogstad, who holds the notes on which she forged her father's name eight years before, to obtain money to "save her husband's life" by taking him south when the doctors ordered it, appeals to her influence for his promotion and, failing, exposes her to Torvald. Alas! the god is not present; only a very banal man who sees not the great sacrifice that his young and beautiful wife has made for him, but only the disgrace which she has brought upon him. Nora stands waiting for love's miracle . . . the vision of Torvald coming boldly to declare that truly it was a forgery, but that *he* is the guilty one. She sees only a selfish coward who fears not the loss of her . . . but his position in the world. In that hour his self-righteousness and smug sufficiency reduce her love to ashes. It is in this scene that the full originality of Ibsen stands out. He

paints the whole of it with a vividness that carries his audience into the heart of the domestic tragedy and then—here is the letter from Kronstad returning the notes with forged signature—behold! Torvald is changed in the twinkling of an eye . . . the world, that Moloch . . . will never know of his Nora's lapse from rectitude . . . it shall be as if it had never happened . . . he will continue to enjoy her delicious youth and beauty. She is again his squirrel, his lark, and she must henceforth be his even more devoted wife in her gratitude for his forgiveness!

But Nora had looked for the miracle and the miracle had not come . . . her eyes are opened and she sees Torvald not as a god, not even as her husband . . . he is a stranger, whom she has never known and who has never known her. She tells him the truth and his excited arguments fall upon deaf ears. She even explains to him what the miracle was to be—and when he says "no man sacrifices his honor even for one he loves," her reply "millions of women have done so" only irritates him to exclaim: "You think and talk like a silly child."

And now the announcement towards which Ibsen has been working gives us not only a sympathetic understanding of Nora's attitude but makes clear for us the independent feminism that has seized upon Ibsen himself and which he for the first time states boldly when he makes Nora say: "You neither think nor talk like the man I can share my life with. When your terror was over—not for what threatened me, but for yourself—when there was nothing more to fear—then, it seemed to you as though nothing had happened. I was your lark again, your doll, just as before—whom you would take twice as much care of in future, because she was so weak and fragile. Torvald, in that moment it burst upon me that I had been living eight years with a strange man and borne him three children. Oh, I cannot bear to think of it!"

And then the profound feeling of that scene when Nora taking off Torvald's ring demands hers in return, releasing him from all obligations and refusing his aid out there in the

world where she goes to achieve her independence. His appeal for the children is unheeded . . . had he not told her that they would be the worse for association with her when he believed that her guilt was to be blazoned to the public?

Quietly, without a touch of melodrama, she collects the few things that are her own, that she will need . . . and as quietly melts out of his life, a symbol of the new woman . . . courage and strength, grafted on youth and beauty!

Next in the portrait gallery is Mrs. Alving, mother of Oswald Alving, this is the way she appears to us . . . and the only character in *Ghosts* that Ibsen has drawn with a sureness of touch and a subtlety of design which is the hallmark of his portraits, for in this play he has chosen to deal more deeply with the ideas than with the individuals. Through all Europe there was an outcry against this drama, dealing as it does with the heredity of disease . . . and as keenly was this opposition directed to Mrs. Alving, the woman of advanced literary tastes, ruthlessly sweeping aside all traditions, moral and spiritual, of the mid-Victorian period.

The mental revolt of Parson Manders when he found the books that she read laid open on her table was indicative of the feeling especially of the English people who under cover of secrecy read *Ghosts*. Mrs. Alving in revolt against her dissolute husband, had once fled to this very Manders . . . he quite plumes himself upon having sent her back to her life of misery . . . and having proved there was no escape, she bore it so bravely that the world knew not of it and had no knowledge of the true character of Chamberlain Alving. Her only son she kept away from home, building through the years a romantic idea of his father in his young mind, so that he accorded him due reverence even after that scapegrace had departed no less unregenerate in death than he had been in life. Mrs. Alving would doubtless have been an extremist even in this day, which has accepted so many things shied away from in the last generation, but as long as there are men

of the Manders type of smugness her prototype will be found among all classes of society. . . . Her supreme test comes when Oswald, an artist living in Paris, comes home and she finds him making love to the girl, who from an exaggerated sense of duty, she has taken into the house as a servant with very special privileges. . . . a daughter of that maid servant with whom Chamberlain Alving had become entangled. It is as if the past had returned upon her—its victim. All her struggles have gone for nothing. She sees a reincarnation of those other two and finds mental refuge in the one word "Ghosts!"

This triumph of heredity over effort and environment shakes her courage, but she rises to the demands of the situation when Oswald tells her the verdict of the doctors. . . . that he has an incurable hereditary disease which is gradually affecting his mind, and begs for Regina, the maid, who to his distorted vision stands for sanity and strength. Mrs. Alving tells him the story of his father and offers in defiance of all traditions to let them marry if it will contribute to his happiness—but Regina, true to her instincts will none of him with the cares and responsibilities of his illness and goes off in high dudgeon.

Oswald finally extracts from his mother the promise to give him, when she sees the unmistakable signs of his degeneracy manifest themselves, a killing dose of the morphine which he has so carefully hoarded for this purpose. . . . The crux of the situation shows us Mrs. Alving in the throes of a struggle between her two selves. . . . Oswald rapidly sinking into a state of animal mentality. . . . her love for him stronger than ever. . . . and her gallant battle for the courage of her convictions and the sanctity of her promise against the binding chains of convention and the inherent dread of society's verdict. With the triumph of her stronger self we see her searching for the deadly tablets while Oswald, lapsing into infancy, begs for "the sun, the sun!"

With the painting of this masterly portrait Ibsen has become the most modern of the moderns.

Women play but a small part in *The Enemy of the People*: Doctor Stockman is the central figure. . . . Petra, the little school-teacher. . . . sometimes the mouthpiece for her creator. . . . is not entirely a stranger, for she was foreshadowed by Dina Dorf, even as she in turn hints of Hedda or possibly Hilda!

The Wild Duck, most sensitively symbolic of all the social dramas and the first one in which Ibsen indulges his taste in that line to any extent, is the setting for a lovely and original miniature. . . . Hedvig, so happily named for his favourite sister, and painted with veritable "brushes of comet's hair"; a child in years with all the keenness of a woman's sympathy and a great super-sensitiveness in her love for the man she believes to be her father, selfish and soulless as he is! Even Gina, with her lower middle class respectability and outward semblance of a hateful morality. . . . in apposition to the vacillating coward, *The Wild Duck*. . . . rises to a dramatic point of interest before the tragedy of Hedvig's self-inflicted death. . . . Hedvig of the miniature, calm and cold, but exquisite in the faintness of colour and fineness of line! Hedvig, who finds life without love too hateful to be endured!

As *Rosmersholm* is the last of the social dramas upon which Ibsen spent seventeen years, so is Rebecca West the last of his women to represent a class.

From this time they are distinctly individuals, but Rebecca is a portrait done with careful detail, the exponent of a type. . . . even as Rosmer is Doctor Stockman. . . . or Ibsen. . . . at a later period. Rebecca is not one of the most beautiful or fascinating of Ibsen's heroines, but she is unquestionably one of the most interesting. . . . one of the most intellectual. Vigorous, alive, swept forward by the tidal wave of feminism, she is launched into the struggle for self-advancement. . . . an overwhelming ego carrying her to the point of subtle suicidal suggestion to Beata. . . . the woman who bars her way to achievement.

It is the picture of her spiritual self with which we are con-

cerned, that self of the fearless, free-born will, which knows no scruples and stands in awe of no human tie . . . that Rebecca who came to Rosmersholm, with a distinct objective and who gains it even at the price of the destruction of the weak and ill-balanced wife . . . The courage with which she pursues her course stimulates our admiration to sympathy: we withdraw it only when she weakens: when she loses her grip on self under the influence of her love for Rosmer, "that wild, uncontrollable passion," whose unreasoning violence breaks down that high courage which had led her headlong in defiance of all social and moral codes and which at the last sends her, by the same route that Beata had gone, to oblivion . . . in that final plunge . . . the mill-race. There is in Rebecca something of the vampire which foreshadows the coming of Hilda, and even more of the ego which presages Hedda.

As *Rosmersholm* is the last of the social dramas, it is one of the earliest to expose Ibsen's love of symbol . . . the White Horses of *Rosmersholm* make a spectacular and dramatic sidelight . . . and it thus forms a bridge between the two salient types that he has chosen for his dramatic symposium. Just so are there in Rebecca glimmerings of the psychic that prepare us for the women he is yet to create. Rebecca hesitates . . . be it for ever so brief a space . . . where Hedda does not falter at the brink of the unknown. Both are moderns, but where Rebecca flings away her life with an almost sacrificial penitence, Hedda refuses the responsibilities for different and more sordid reasons.

Hedda Gabler! The play is only a background for the picture . . . an intricate background full of high emotion, if you will . . . but a background for the most perfect portrait that the world has ever received without the aid of palette and brush. Hedda is *La Joconde* of the nineteenth century . . . a reincarnation, not a copy, for she lives . . . she is flesh triumphant! Not even Leonardo made his subject more alive. Nothing is more naive than Ibsen's statement that he wished

Hedda to be regarded as her father's daughter rather than as her husband's wife certainly to our generation she is neither.

She is for us a detached personality pre-eminently an individual and not a type. Chill materialism is her most striking trait, obscuring even her great physical beauty, except from her smug and blinded husband an aggravating second edition of Torvald. Hedda is essentially a creature of Ibsen's imagination and has no prototype, despite Mr. Grant Allen's bold assertion that "Hedda is nothing more nor less than the girl we take down to dinner in London nineteen times out of twenty". Fancy a dinner party of Heddas! Ibsen seems to have painted Hedda with a purely scientific abstraction he has passed no judgment upon his handicraft, but with a cool impassivity has withdrawn from the salon after hanging his masterpiece and left us to accept or reject it at will. We cannot withhold our sympathy. Poor Hedda! an intense super-sensitiveness lies at the root of her tragedy. Keenly critical, a relentlessly searching intellect, yet endowed with a morbid shrinking from the details of a prosaic, sensual life, she falls short of any real intellectual interest or moral enthusiasm. Even her social ambitions are languid and anaemic. Baffled by the lack of money that she had hoped to gain through her marriage with Tesman, chagrined by the knowledge that Mrs. Elvsted had dared all for love where she had feared to enter, a malign ego excites her love of the aesthetic and with a shot of the beloved pistol here we find a delicate suggestion of the Ibsen love of symbol she ends her life, made unendurable through her loss of self-respect the natural consequence of the ignoble means she had used to ruin the other woman's life. It is hardly commensurate with Ibsen's strict economic ideas that he should paint in one drama two such vital characters as Hedda and Mrs. Elvsted, and yet each completes the other. They differ in the essentials, but there is in each the desire for personal precedence, the evolu-

tion of self through the passion for attainment. But right here their salient differences are marked with red ink for the reader . . . Hedda must be Hedda; Mrs. Elvsted is quite willing to be the reflection of a well-beloved being . . . she hopes for a little glory, through it nevertheless . . . self is there!

Ellida, the lady from the sea, that exquisite pastel, is a study in pure psychology . . . a soul, not a body, a person, not a class. She has her prototype perhaps, but she is none the less a rare flower . . . a blossom of the salt marshes! She appears to us, as is fitting, without a background, illusive, charming . . . above all interesting: that is the Ibsen touch. Water rather than the earth is her natural element . . . there is about her a savor of the sea, a freshness as of salt-hung breezes. Her individualism is almost that of a mermaid. She is unhappy through an unfulfilled desire for personal freedom. Love of her husband, the gentle Doctor Wangel, is obscured by remembrance of the stranger who had come from the sea and returned again to its mysterious keeping with the promise, which contained a threat, that he would come again for her. Of course he comes . . . it is quite necessary to the dramatic development . . . her psychic control waivers . . . she hesitates between two minds, feeling that without the exercise of free will she can never come to a decision that will give her wholly to her husband, even should she refuse to go with the stranger, whose very lawlessness and freedom call to her. She is not to be judged by the commonplace standard; she is hardly of the earth . . . rather a creature of wind and tides, moonlight and sunrise mists. At the last moment Wangel, sharpened by his physician's knowledge that demands that he save his patient even though he may lose his wife, strikes the one note necessary to salvation. Ellida cries to him: "You have the power and no doubt you will use it! But all my mind—all my thoughts—irresistible longings and desires—these you cannot fetter!" and he answers fearlessly: "Choose your own path in full freedom!" The whole fabric of misery

and superstition which has encased her falls to pieces. The alluring call of the unknown strikes upon deaf ears: she has attained the thing for which she has striven—complete personal freedom! One of the charms of Ibsen is that he does not demand of us an absolute belief in his creations, but only a sympathetic understanding, and it is through this *sympatica* that we grasp his most subjective moments his most cosmic ideals. Hilda for me is a portrait quite alone she is essentially Ibsen's own creation . . . the wonder-child of his brain. So psychical and at the same time so elemental, she defies analysis. A being of rare brilliancy and transcendental charm an exquisite fusing of the spirits of earth, air, fire and water.

The psyche of *The Master Builder* had called to her from the time when as a child she heard songs in the air, and saw him stand at the top of the tall church tower.

Too late she realizes that she saw him not as he was but as he willed her to see him, and for ten years she awaited the coming of the prince to make a kingdom for the princess, the Princess Orangia. Irresistibly drawn to go in search of him, behold! the Master Builder does not expect her, does not even remember the sensitive, highly strung child! However it is her turn now her influence increases as his recedes. That little touch of the vampire which we see in her sucks out a confession the fatal confession of fear, and she demands that instead of locking the door against the Younger Generation which he hears knocking, he shall welcome it and then soar above the heights to which it may aspire.

Ibsen with his love of comparison shows us the Master Builder as the creature with the weak or "sickly" conscience . . . looking in retrospect at the things he has failed to do or done badly, while Hilda is the realistic exponent of the "robust" conscience. A being who knows no fear and demands her kingdom with an insistence which will not be gainsaid and a radicalism lessening only when she sees the evil result for an

innocent person. Her tenderness for Mrs. Solness makes her capable of the supreme sacrifice, but she refuses to allow the Master Builder to remain at the level of the common-place. He must aspire to the summit of the "castle in the air", even though the princess may not dwell there with him. By the greater strength of her personality she sends him to scale the building of the new home, that building which his spirit has imagined as a greater thing than his physical endurance can compass. The result is of course death, but for Hilda it is the best answer to the conundrum . . . the sacrifice of the physical to the psychical . . . the triumph of spirit over matter. The drama leaves us thrilled by the intense individualism of Hilda. Her glorious transcendentalism, so perfectly delineated, makes the opposite of Hedda, the cold materialist. We needs must believe in the unique perfection of Hedda's portrait, but there is in this picture of Hilda an essential quality: it is the distillation of a great genius for portraiture. She stands for me like a subtle and winged Mercury, poised for flight into a rarefied atmosphere, whither we cannot follow her and so quickened are we by her illusiveness, even as was the Master Builder, that we cannot bear to let her go, but prefer to venture into the impenetrable mists, there to be lost rather than return to the prosaic.

Little Eyolf is a drama of symbolism, mystic suggestion and echoes of unearthly chords: it has no place in an exposition of women's portraits: the Rat-Wife is at once the protagonist and the symbol of death . . . Asta and Rita are a blur on her background. Once again, in *John Gabriel Borkman* we meet the strong and masterful woman with her opposite the tender and devoted one. It is of course the strong one who marries Borkman while his heart is given to the gentle one. Life is a struggle between the two, even for the affection of the younger generation in the person of Erhart Borkman. And at the end, when these two women stand with a retrospect of ruined lives, looking back as grim ghosts from the realm of mists, there is a

scene as profoundly moving as anything that Ibsen has left us, a climax as dramatic as only the most poignant tragedy can evolve: Mrs. Borkman's words, "We twin sisters—over him we both loved," finds the echo in Ella Rentheim's reply: "We two shadows over the dead man."

Ibsen himself has said that *When We Dead Awaken* is a dramatic epilogue. It is the feverish finale of a life of great literary achievement. but it is something more. Through a long life Ibsen has poured his libation to art and now, when his taper is burning low and he hears singing in his ears the insistent call of the siren,—death—it is life, not art that he desires, and out of this intense desire for life again there arose this drama—epilogue,—what you will.

Here the women fail us, because once more, as in *Ghosts*, he is more concerned with a theory, in this instance quickened by a longing intense to the point of pain than he is with the characters who portray it.

The irresponsible Maia is not a type: she may be a *phase* of life; certainly Ulfheim is *life* itself, while I am sure that Ibsen intended Irene as the symbol of *death*, a more alluring one than the Rat-Wife. His very keenness for life would have induced him to seek something in death to make it appear less undesirable and Irene is a voice in the air—a psychic influence. To treat her as the portrait of a woman would be to despoil the drama of its most subtle idea.

If this is the outcome of the dregs of Ibsen's mind, as has been said, we must agree with Mr. Archer that these dregs are more stimulating than the spring-time outpourings of a lesser intellect.

LIFE AND SONG

JOHN MORELAND

I.

LIFE

Gray are the hills, and the silver sky
Has lost its beautiful dream-clouds,
For time has broken the bubble pipe,
And poured out the rainbow water
From the blue bowl of youth
And the blower of bubbles old and disappointed,
Watched in silence night blotting out
The Hills of Love!

II.

SONG

So many songs,
Some gold, some red,
Bitter and sweet,
Which will you choose?
The dream? The bread?
Poppies or wheat?

SOME REACTIONS TO DEWEY'S PHILOSOPHY

CARL C. RASMUSSEN

The key word of Dewey's psychology is "instrumentalism". And there can really be no objection to speaking of the mind as instrumental, from any source. The idea is certainly suggestive and in keeping with the theory of evolution. There is, however, room for serious question as to how far the implications of instrumentalism should be pressed; in short, whether it shall be asserted that the mind not only was from its beginning, but continues to be, *only* instrumental to biological adjustment. That is Dewey's position. "Instrumental" might be construed in so wide a sense as to say that the mind could be called instrumental if it serves as a means to thought for thought's sake. But that would be going quite beyond Dewey.

Now, even if it be admitted that all mental ability was produced instrumentally, mechanistically, it does not therefore follow—what Dewey constantly implies, if he does not explicitly state—that the mind can not have risen to be something *essentially* different from anything that preceded it. Even in evolution things do not necessarily remain as low as their source. If the ordered universe evolved from the chaotic nebula, it is nevertheless almost infinitely removed from nebula now. If the "sensitive protoplasm", so serviceable in Haeckel's explanation of all life, evolved from the lifeless, flaming nebula, by chemical affinity, it is nevertheless so far removed from its source as to be an entirely new order of being. Nature is not inexperienced in the art of creating new kingdoms, even when explained by the mechanistic hypothesis itself. In like manner, even though mind rose from the lower, it need not remain low. There is no reason why it must never rise above a purely functional purpose and become valuable for its own significance. As we said above, if instrumentalism is used in a

sense broad enough to cover the development, the broadening, the enriching of the self, of the personality for its own sake, then Dewey is saying nothing new. But he allows no such stretching of the term.

We must now point out that it is by no means universally admitted that all mental ability was produced instrumentally, mechanistically. Even as regards existence in general, or the external world, Darwinism does not today hold the undisputed sway that was granted to it in the not distant past. And more specifically as to the nature of mental life is the dispute joined. The protest would of course be vehement from theological quarters, as it has always been. But even if we dismiss that objection because of its probable bias, there rises the voice of the vitalists, against whom the charge of ulterior theological considerations can not be lodged. Its outstanding exponents—a biologist, a psychologist, and a philosopher—from their respective fields protest that the denial of mind as anything more than a product of physiological process is a tremendous unproved assumption. When Greek meets Greek, with equally modern fire, the question may fairly be said at least not to have been decided in favor of this assumption. In a paper of this scope we can not reproduce the argument of the vitalists. But it does seem true to us that there are biological processes, psychological phenomena, even evolution of species, which can not be adequately explained mechanistically.

An additional consideration comes from the examination of sheer facts—upon which pragmatism is insistent. For though instrumentalism says that knowledge is not for knowledge' sake, the fact is that there has been knowledge for knowledge' sake, truth for truth's sake, thought for thought's sake. And while we should condemn anything of that kind as "bad"—if we agree with Dewey—because it is "speculative" rather than "active" in intent, the fact here is that much of that which makes life rich and worth while has thus been bestowed on the world. Speculative philosophers, bent upon the sheer delight

of speculating, with little or no prospect of conferring any pragmatic consequences on mankind, unwittingly became the world's great benefactors. We have no facts, of course, that would prove that the discoveries would never have been made. But we are thoroughly convinced that they would have been deferred perhaps for ages. While there is something in a recent criticism of one of Professor Dewey's books from which we differ, it does impress us as true that there is a "pure aesthetic delight of knowing" which "is as intense and persistent as the gregarious impulse which Western democracy glorifies." There is such a thing as "man's desire to contemplate changeless beauty, to attain intellectual independence, to create a work of art for its own sake, to worship a transcendent Deity; yes, even though these ends were conducive to no further or social good." This critic denies Dewey's statement concerning great thinkers of the past that "forbidden by conditions and held back by lack of courage from making their knowledge a factor in the determination of the course of events, they have sought a refuge of complacency in the notion that knowledge is something too sublime to be contaminated by contact with things of change and practice." Referring to such as Plato, Aristotle, Aquinas, Spinoza, Kant and Hegel, he asserts that they were just as urgently attempting to change the practice of their times as Dewey tries to change that of to-day.

We believe there is abundant evidence to prove that speculative philosophizing has not been the bad and fruitless thing Dewey labels it. The practical considerations for studying astronomy were almost nothing. Travelers made good use of the constellations, but that is as far as their need went. No science of astronomy was needed for that. The size, distance, composition, relations, age, etc., of the unnumbered solar systems of the universe have not been the object of man's thought for purely pragmatic consequences. But we do not for that reason feel that astronomy is "bad".

It was through "intending his mind" that Newton discovered the law of gravitation; but it was not to stop apples from falling off a tree, or for other purely practical reasons. Yet he is not thereby condemned as useless or even "bad".

We do not believe that Benjamin Franklin was driven out into the storm with his kite because humanity demanded another and practical fruit of his life. But absence of the pragmatic urge does not lessen the power of that unseen energy he there captured.

When Madam Curie discovered, while working in a laboratory whose pragmatic fruits seem in the main to have been unintended, that a certain ore contained an element hitherto unaccounted for, we believe it was the thrill of discovery that urged her on, rather than the thought that she was about to reveal something practically useful. Could she in some way have known that it would never have any such use, the very fact that it was as yet undiscovered would have been inducement enough to keep on. Yet the value of radium is none the less because its power was unexpected.

The point we are trying to make is that knowledge for knowledge' sake has been far from the fruitless thing that accusations against it imply; that speculative philosophy is not condemned by that appellation, for it is justified by its fruits.

It seems to us that it is only by an eclectic, fragmentary interpretation of history that Professor Dewey's charge can be supported. We are wondering whether the wish—as is so often the case with us—may not be father to the thought; or whether the explanation may perhaps lie in the temperamental factors of which James makes so much.

In concluding this point, we recall that our purpose is here not merely to take exception to Professor Dewey's evaluation of thought for thought's sake. The matter is introduced even more because it seems to us to controvert his insistence on the purely instrumental nature of mentality, to the denial of mind.

The inescapable fact is that man's mental life can not be explained in purely instrumental terms.

Closely related to this question of instrumentalism is another important consideration, the question of immortality—and with it the whole matter of ontology. We are quite aware of the fact that Dewey looks upon such considerations as idle, on the theory that they make no difference one way or another and that neither side can be proved. But that position of indifference grows out of his contention, which we have been examining, that thinking is nothing more than the product of a physiological process—though, as he admits, the physics and chemistry of the process that produces so amazing a phenomenon can not be explained.

We have indicated that the proof of this is not convincing enough to us—not to refer again to some of the world's greatest thinkers—to be considered settled that way. And therefore we can by no means assent to the attempt to waive the question aside as idle and a waste of time because nothing can be proved one way or another. Dewey seems disposed to waive such ontological questions aside as curious speculations at best, and perhaps even vicious.

But when the non-existence of a mind or soul is far from granted, the question is somewhat altered. Less than ever are we justified in assuming that ontological matters make no practical difference, because tenets about God, immortality, etc., are hard, or even impossible, to prove scientifically. Dewey's philosophy may, nay will, add much to the richness of life. But it is not because of his indifference to, or denial of such matters. Well-nigh universal concern about the ultimate facts of existence are not banished even by the most enthusiastic exploitation of the immediate and the concrete. It is said that the debate between materialism and theism is idle, for whichever way the debate goes the world is the same. But that again is an egregious misreading of life. On the contrary, we believe that the pragmatic considerations are on our side too.

In that view no less a pragmatist than James concurs. "Theism and materialism, so indifferent when taken retrospectively, point, when we take them prospectively, to wholly different outlooks of experience. For, according to the theory of mechanical evolution, the laws of redistribution of matter and motion, though they are certainly to thank for all the good hours which our organisms have ever yielded us and for all the ideals which our minds now frame, are yet fatally certain to undo their works again, and to redissolve everything which they have once evolved. You all know the picture of the last state of the universe, which evolutionary science foresees. I can not state it better than in Mr. Balfour's words: "The energies of our system will decay, the glory of the sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and inert, will no longer tolerate the race which has for a moment disturbed its solitude. Man will go down into the pit, and all his thoughts will perish. The uneasy consciousness which in this obscure corner has for a brief space broken the contented silence of the universe, will be at rest. Matter will know itself no longer. 'Imperishable monuments' and 'immortal deeds', death itself, and love stronger than death, will be as if they had not been. Nor will anything that is, be better or worse for all that the labor, genius, devotion, and suffering of man have striven through countless ages to effect.' This utter final wreck and tragedy is the essence of scientific materialism as at present understood. The lower and not the higher forces are the eternal forces, or the last surviving forces within the one cycle of evolution which we can definitely see." (*Pragmatism*, pp 103-105.)

The sum total of the matter is that a philosophy which can not look beyond this closed cycle kills the meaning of the universe. There is no reason for existence. And life as it has been for unnumbered multitudes has been a poor justification for itself and an empty solace for the hardness of the world.

Professor Dewey would have it that morality too is none the

less effective despite the failure to be concerned with immortality. But what does morality mean in the last analysis without an immortal society in which *character* has meaning and significance. Otherwise it does not take an unusual fancy to picture the following monologue as a common thing: "I will live the Bohemian life, free love, leisure, fullness of joy. I will play the superman, for the sheer matchless joy of reveling in my own superiority over lesser mortals, helping myself to the world's best by no other vocation than the practice of a cleverness that counts and makes all it can its own. And when satiety overtakes me, or weariness, or weakness, or I meet a stronger man or force, I shall laugh at my expectant captor and blow out the candle—to rest, none the poorer and none the worse, after a life infinitely richer, and deeper in thrill and adventure and meaning than any that is possible for sage counsellors of 'intelligence'. To laugh at moralizings about 'common weal' and 'social progress'—and to be immune in the end."

The practical consequences for society need no comment.

Again to quote James, "The notion of God, on the other hand, however inferior it may be in clearness to those mathematical notions so current in mechanical philosophy, has at least this practical superiority over them, that it guarantees an ideal order that shall be permanently preserved." (p 106).

It is not that we would have man hypnotize himself into believing a fallacy. We believe we can find elements in Dewey's philosophy that make something precariously near to such deception necessary—for instance, his treatment of the sense of individual responsibility in a determinist world. The end justifies the means. To hold people responsible does make them better; so do it. The only reason why man is considered as an agent—as over against the lower animals—is not because he is the free cause of his acts, but because a sense of responsibility does serve to make man act in a desired way.

We do not want self-delusion. If there is no immortality,

the fact must be accepted courageously, sadly, if such be the effect. But not only is immortality not so thoroughly disproved as to be cast aside as an idle thought; we believe the psychological, the biological, the philosophical, and the practical considerations all cooperate in establishing a strong case for it.

By one more reference to another field in which Dewey applies his method may we illustrate that weakness incident to his philosophy because of his failure to recognize personality as a value in itself. We refer to the field of government. Dewey has been called "the philosopher of democracy." His thought has been said to be "the epitome of Western democracy". He has written a book that sets forth the ills of autocracy, especially in its German form. In many of his writings he has treated of democracy at considerable length. But with it all, it seems to us that he does not succeed in convincingly establishing the superiority of democracy over German autocracy as it was before the war. For it was by no means so impossible as is implied for Germany to meet his requirements.

Pragmatically, is not the German theory of state "true"? It might be asked, it has been asked: Where was there ever a happier, more contented, more energetic, capable, fruitful, harmonious, progressive people? Had the rest of the world only had the "intelligence" to see what was best for humanity, there would have been no war, but acquiescence with Germany's world-ideal on the contrary; the ideal that all might share like happiness; the greatest good to the greatest number; the common welfare—especially since nationalism was to be only an "instrument" to cosmopolitanism and freedom on a higher plane.

The one fault of this state theory was that it failed. Not that there was too much of it, but too little. Not that there should have been less of nationalism, but more of propaganda, more of patient waiting till commercial, military, naval, and

intellectual superiority had made it quite irresistible. But even though it failed temporarily, it may yet vindicate itself by victory. A thousand years, in Nature's sight, are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Dewey has laid down a twofold rule by which to measure the worth of a form of social life: (a) The extent to which the interests of the people are shared by all its members. (b) The fullness and freedom with which it interacts with other groups. It is far from immediately obvious that Germany is forthwith condemned thereby. It would not be at once admitted that Germany violated the second by an isolation greater than that of this premier democracy of the world. And if progress is the test that Professor Dewey makes it, no nation has ever shown a greater adaptability and responsiveness to progressive movements. Organized as a unified government when our own was a century old, it far outstripped us in steps that not only aimed at the comfort and happiness of all classes but achieved that ambition in such a way as to make her the model for many an older government.

Nor is it sure that Germany is condemned by the former of these rules. It is true that Dewey elsewhere remarks that "the dominion of man over others is a shaky basis for civilization" because of the danger of internal revolt and external overflow. But it was precisely true that autocratic Germany was remarkably free from these very dangers. Her people shared a prosperity and a richness and variety of life that made attempt at revolt conspicuously futile and barren.

But even if the author is unwilling that his rules shall be thus construed, let us remember that he himself has taught us that rules are only instrumental. It is not the rule but the welfare that decides, for the pragmatist. If welfare is won the case is proved—with or without the rule. And the case is made the stronger if we find coupled with that unusual degree of welfare an unusual degree of progress, adaptability, responsiveness

to situations offering betterment. And these qualities Germany exhibited.

Now, in spite of this apparent eulogy, let us remark that we did all we could for the defense of our democracy against that autocracy—and not merely because our land demanded it, but rather because our philosophy demanded it. We agree enthusiastically in Professor Dewey's valuation of democracy. His valuation is not called into question. But it is because he capitalizes the popular attitude, not because his philosophy convincingly establishes it. We feel the weakness to lie just in this *he gives personality no value for its own sake*. We believe, with Mill, whom pragmatism claims as one of its leaders, that it is better to be Socrates dissatisfied than a pig satisfied. But it is precisely because of the value of personality. No matter how much "common welfare" a government can give, it is not to be tolerated if its progress and comfort are bought at the price of that individuality, initiative, freedom essential to the development of personality. For personality is the most precious thing in life. It is immortal. It gives meaning to existence, even to the miseries of existence, for it may use even them as stepping-stones in its ascent.

There is one more matter closely related to the psychological instrumentalism with which we opened our discussion—the question of determinism. We have already pointed out, in an earlier connection, that our sense of freedom, the consciousness after an act that we could have selected the other course just as easily, must be labelled an illusion in Dewey's psychology. The reason is the same as that which underlies our earlier objections—the denial of mind or soul, the hypothesis that it is nothing more than the product of physiological process.

According to this theory the sense of being free is an illusion. We make the choice inevitably because of what our character is. Responsibility is for character, not for choice between possibilities. It can not be denied that the character we have at any moment is the result of the character we had plus the

latest situation leading to interaction of character with environment. By a process of cancelling one situation at a time, we get back to the very first one. There we find two factors: an inherited nature and a situation, over neither of which the individual has any control. He is the product of two factors, neither of which he chooses. And what is more—for it may be held that that is a description of the infant's first act, under any theory—that same inability to inaugurate any choice that can be uncaused or creative continues through life. The inevitable conclusion is that man is a product with no power in himself to rebel or make it otherwise than these inexorable, mechanistic factors decree. If the determinist insists on speaking of "freedom", "responsibility", "choice", etc., they are empty words. For our consciousness of such powers is an illusion.

It is a theory which also empties justice of its content. It makes approval and disapproval a cruel but essential lash, because the lash must be applied to those who are at any moment *the best they could possibly have been*, that the next moment may find them better. It reduces itself to just that: no one could possibly have made himself anything else than he is. The manufacturing factors have worked inexorably. Some reap the heights of joy, and ease, and honor; others live an existence that is truly a hell. But it is not that the latter have themselves to thank in the sense that they could have escaped their lot. That was not possible! Justice is a mockery! But like responsibility, it is a useful one that we must continue.

On the other hand, the philosophy that recognizes the genuine existence of a soul in man is free from these objections. Then, while every choice records itself in the character and makes choice a truly moral matter thereby, the choice is nevertheless not inevitably assured by the character. It is the very essence and demonstration of free will that the self can choose otherwise—as our own consciousness and common sense tell us every time we make a choice. The soul is creative, ^{to} use a word made familiar by the vitalists. By the determinist

theory the self is an automaton, a catspaw in the hand of factors which it could not possibly make different. By the theory here defended, man is a personality; he is a conscious, free, creative builder of a personality, the noblest, most precious, most significant thing in the world. He is the captain of his fate.

Before turning away from these considerations growing out of the instrumentalist psychology, let us make one observation. The real service of Dewey's philosophy is not lost by departure from his too narrow psychology, and from his ontological indifference. We have tried to show, on the contrary, that his philosophy would be made more potent and valuable by giving to the individual the value and significance of a personality in the true sense of that term. And we have also sought to indicate that this is a position to which the individual is entitled, not through an act of philosophical charity, but in his own right by virtue of what he is.

In conclusion we would utter a word of warning against the false inference that, because our treatment has here been negative, we are unconscious of the tremendous positive value of Dewey's contribution to philosophy. We are convinced that, especially in those practical fields which are his greatest interest, he has applied a method that is as fruitful as it is original and interesting—in ethics, government, education, social science, etc.

But we object that he has achieved his results by a one-sided emphasis. Such distortion is peculiarly apt to characterize a philosophy that has been developed as a protest, as Dewey has developed his. We blame the distortion of emphasis. But we hail the value of the protest. We really feel that we have more faith in protest than has Professor Dewey himself. For he would call it preaching. And—as the little son of a theological professor inquired—"What is worse than preaching?"

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SYMPATHY

A Scottish Contribution to French Thought.

JAMES MAIN DIXON

The reproach so often hurled at Puritanism, that it has been inimical to art in all its forms, has been cold to live poetry, and has had a generally harsh and unfriendly attitude to human sensibilities, is singularly without historical justification. The Puritan Scotland of the eighteenth century was the home of gardens; and of dogs and sheep and horses and other animals who came closer to their human owners than anywhere else in the habitable world. And it was from Presbyterian Scotland that there came the philosophy of sympathy which was to warm up the coldly material and too mathematical philosophy of France.

The wide-reaching political and social power enjoyed by the Gallican church in the days of the monarchy, and the hard bargains they drove with the last three Louises as the price of their fidelity to the crown, are topics that have been discussed at length by the able historian Lanfrey in his "*L'Eglise en France au XVIII^e e siècle*". The harsh treatment meted out to the Jansenists is well remembered—orthodox thinkers as we should consider them to-day. The lesson was impressed upon her priesthood, her teachers and friends, that it was safer to leave theology severely alone in discussing philosophical questions. From Malebranche on, philosophy in France is either negative on questions of theological import, "wearing a mask"—to use the words of Turgot,—or intensely hostile to theology. The conciliatory elements, as we shall see, were to come either from Protestant Germany, Switzerland, or Scotland.

A few words regarding Malebranche, who may be termed the last theological philosopher in French literature; his conception of the animal world as ruled by mechanism, is the very antithe-

sis of the close-to-nature school of the XIXth century. Such a conception made a fatal break in the chain of universal sympathetic life. Just as there is, and must be, a common life of sympathy between man and God, so there must be, and is, a common life of sympathy between man and the lower animals. A philosophy or theology which severs the possibility of such connection and sympathy has no future—no power of development.

The first of the post-Cartesians in France to make a distinct move in a pragmatic “back-to-nature” direction was the German Leibniz, who, however, as he wrote in French and lived much in France, has always been regarded as in the direct line of French writers. It was but natural that the native of a Protestant country, where philosophy blends with theology, and hymnology enters into popular poetry, should interpret his philosophy in an ethical and practical way, giving a theory of life which has the same horizon as religion, and connects itself with conduct in its larger aspects.

Leibniz recognized the narrowness of the mathematical method; he regarded mathematics as a subject which can not be made to cover the whole field of life, but is self-limited. Being based upon abstractions which can easily be manipulated by the mind which conceived them, it never really touches life and the essentials of things, but stops short at their mere manifestations.

Substance, according to Leibniz, involves the notion of unity, while the science of extension or space—in other words, the science of the physical world—tells us nothing of what substance is. The essence of bodies cannot be extension, for substances are not passive, but active. *Etre c'est agir*—to be is to act he declares; this is surely a sufficiently experimental utterance. A being absolutely passive would be sheer nothing, which implies a contradiction; for, seeing that it receives all from without, and has nothing in itself, it would have no attribute, and would be pure negation.

In many respects Leibniz was before his time. This was eminently the case in his psychology, where he recognized that the mathematical methods so dear to Cartesians failed to cover an essential part of the philosophic field. It was the vain hope of Abbe Condillac to give a theory of the human mind and its development that would have all the clearness of mathematical proof, and none of the disadvantages of an artificial and seemingly arbitrary system like the monadology of Leibniz. But in seeking to make life all rational, and proceed from a *tabula rasa* in a chain of unfolding equations, he failed to "catch his hare". The manner and methods are excellent, but it is cookery without the nourishing food. In one of his "Conversations," Sainte-Beuve compares Condillac with La Motte. You get, he remarks, the same kind of paradox in each, neat, scrupulous, artificial and thin. In his treatment of literature, La Motte reasons so nicely and elegantly, and yet so aside from the truth, that the reader is thrown back on the true in poetry. Condillac has the same merits of form and manner, but in a kind of despair you cry out for the living in human nature. Saint-Martin calls his statue, endowed bit by bit with the senses, the very "derision of nature." The great Buffon had the same criticism to make upon the statue, as leaving out the very important thing in a living being, the animating life. When Condillac came to ask the baron for his vote for the vacant place in the French Academy, Buffon received the Abbe cordially, and willingly gave the promise. "You have made a statue speak", he said as he embraced his visitor, "and I, a man, embrace you because you have still some warmth, but, my dear Abbe, your statue has none."

Condillac, who died in 1780 at the age of sixty-five, is an interesting, and in many ways typical XVIIIth century French philosopher.

The intellectual alliance between France and Scotland was particularly close in the middle of the eighteenth century, and writers like Hume and Adam Smith were as well known in Paris

as in their native land. The Sympathy philosophy, expounded in the works of Hume, and systematically developed in Smith's "*Theory of the Moral Sentiments*", was welcomed by French thinkers, and distinctly influenced the next generation. It is doubtful whether Fouillee does justice to the value and import of this philosophy in directing French thought; it supplied material for combating the selfish philosophy of the d'Holbach school. Hume derives the appreciation of most kinds of beauty, and justly, from the force of sympathy. Where our self-interest is not in the least concerned, he notes that we take pleasure, as in a well-arranged building, or implement, or work of art; we are moved by human sympathy. In the same passage he refers to the minds of men as being mirrors to one another, not only because they reflect each other's emotions, but because those rays of passion, sentiments, and opinions, may be often reverberated, and may decay away by insensible degrees.

The Swiss Bonnet treated religious questions, as far as he felt justified, from the rational side, in a direct systematic fashion; but there is no room in this short essay to do more than mention him. Adam Smith, addressing a class of students, many or most of whom were preparing for the ministry, subtly wove theology, with its bearings upon conduct, into his philosophic theories. The unity of art, morals and religion, upon which Pragmatism and the French exponents of *Idees Forces* insist, was foreshadowed by this clear and comprehensive thinker. In his "*Wealth of Nations*" he remarks upon the fact that, in the ancient philosophy, whatever was taught concerning the nature of the human mind or of the deity made a part of the system of physics. Whatever reason could determine regarding man and the deity made two separate chapters of the great science of nature. But in the universities of Europe, where philosophy was taught only as subservient to theology, these two chapters became distinct sciences, and Metaphysics was opposed to Physics. Thereafter the com-

parison of the two gave rise to a third, called Ontology, which he characterizes as a cobweb science, framed of subtleties and sophisms.

When Adam Smith was called from the chair of Logic and Metaphysics at Glasgow University to that of Ethics or Moral Philosophy, he welcomed the change as it allowed him to make inquiries that were of a practical nature:—the happiness of man, the possibilities of his perfection, his rights and duties not only as an individual, but as a member of the state and of the whole society of mankind. As he taught, his quick eye used to follow the variations in attitude of a student who sat near one of the pillars in the Ethics classroom, and he gauged his own success by the interest shown in the other's face. Now Adam Smith has been originally destined for the ministry, and throughout his life he retained his interest in theological matters. A new sympathetic theism is present in his "*Theory of the Moral Sentiments*", in which the old attitude of servile worship is treated with scant respect. "That the assiduous courtier is often more favored," are his words, "than the faithful or active servant; that attendance and adulation are often shorter and surer roads to preferment than merit or service; and that a campaign at Versailles or St. James' is often worth two either in Germany or Flanders, is a complaint we have all heard from many a venerable, but discontented old officer. But what is considered as the greatest reproach even to the weakness of earthly sovereigns has been ascribed, as an act of justice, to divine perfection; and the duties of devotion, the public and private worship of the Deity, have been represented, even by men of virtue and abilities, as the sole virtues which can either entitle to reward or exempt from punishment in the life to come." This is a new and very pragmatic note in moral philosophy.

It was a standing reproach made against the old philosophy that it regarded man as a solitary being. This reproach was hurled specifically at philosophers and metaphysicians by the

ardent reformers who flourished in the early days of the French Revolution; the reproach of cold selfishness and unsympathetic individualism. Adam Smith's doctrine of sympathy came, therefore, as a welcome new interpretation. Turgot, who knew Smith personally, thought very highly of the work; he probably read it in the original, as he knew English. Five years after its first appearance a translation by Eidous, was published at Paris, under the title "*La Metaphysique de l'ame*," and was succeeded by other translations, among them those of l'abbe Blavet and the duc de Rochefoucauld. The best was that published by Condorcet's widow in 1798; and it was followed by seven letters on *Sympathie*, addressed to Cabanis, physician and thinker, who died in 1808, at the age of fifty.

Both books were widely read throughout France, and Cabanis considered that Mme. de Condorcet had succeeded in placing Adam Smith's somewhat vague theories on a more reasonable and systematic basis. Some of the developments she makes on his expressively rational explanation of sympathy are of singular interest. "What the senses begin, reflection completes; it gives to our senses habits, by following which humanity becomes in our souls an active and permanent sentiment."

In many respects Cabanis may be considered as standing midway between Condillac and Guyau or Fouillee. While holding to the existence of a supreme being, the final cause of things, which is a cardinal doctrine of Condillac, he ceases to dwell on his creative aspect. The mechanical concept of deity is absent from Cabanis; and he has little patience with those who are satisfied with a transcendent God remote from his universe, to whom may be ascribed ideal human perfections.

Cabanis makes conservation the end for which the faculties of man were given him, a limitation which recalls Malebranche; but where Malebranche lets the conservation of the human being be superseded by contemplation and worship,

Cabanis makes it yield to sympathy and care for others—a form of altruism. But this is the altruism of *Idees-Forces* and not of positivism. The *Idees-Forces* philosopher begins with an expansive life; and one of the essential and natural modes of that expansion is the inclusion of others in his life, as the only means of its satisfaction and complete realization. Altruism is thus regarded not merely as something which is rationally defensible, an intellectual promotion, so to speak, just as a rational egoism succeeds blind instinct in a monistic evolution of things. It is complementary and inevitable in a world of sympathetic life. Cabanis definitely and distinctly starts from the mind aspect of the world. We get to know inanimate forces he says, by studying our own minds more deeply; not conversely—for the play of inanimate forces can throw but little light on the laws that govern our own being.

The significant word *sympathy*, used as Cabanis uses it—"It is not contrary to reason to suppose the universe, in its completeness, organized so that all its parts are in sympathy one with another"—proclaims him to be a forerunner of Guyau. Elsewhere he remarks that hitherto worthy people have been taught "to have trust in death", words that Plato puts in the mouth of Socrates; but he himself would rather preach the doctrine, "Have trust in life". Everything is in a constant movement, undergoing all kinds of transformation, but these transformations proceed with the most admirable order and the most exquisite skill, and tend to the same end. Intelligence and Will are at the heart of the universe, as active forces.

Cabanis is one of the first writers to dwell upon the subtle, immediate and dominant influence of mind upon mind, by which one personality feels that it realizes itself in letting another personality enter into it. It is present in all the higher relations of life, parent and child, friendship, marriage, the bond between pupil and master, between political leader and

his followers, between a general and his soldiers. Guyau leaned upon it as a pillar of his philosophic system.

Cabanis was a devoted admirer of conduct as revealed in great personalities. Two contemporaries whom he especially mentions in his letter to his friend Fauriel, as having expanded his notions of human possibilities, and contributed towards his faith in the world's future, are Benjamin Franklin and Turgot. Both were preeminently men of conduct, who realized themselves in action.

The death of Cabanis in the year 1808 is almost coincident with the passing away of the school of *ideologues* whom Napoleon hated and distrusted. By 1809 Napoleonic militarism was firmly established in France; and it was not until its influence passed away after the disasters of the Second Empire that a new school, carrying on their mission, sprang up; the school of *Idees-Forces*, who look to Guyau as their founder. This gifted man, who died in 1888 at the early age of thirty-four, has given us a system of aesthetics that explains Ruskin's idealism better than does any English contemporary; his whole philosophic foundation was sound and well-built. Concerning his aesthetic canons I have already spoken in a previous issue of the PERSONALIST. Now John Ruskin was trained a Puritan, in the direct Scottish descent; and it is interesting to note how his fundamentals harmonize so exactly with Guyau's.

Guyau's father-in-law, Alfred Fouillee, to whom long life was happily granted, carried out Guyau's principles. To quote from his admirable *Histoire de la philosophie*, in the account it gives of Guyau:—"To place in relief the social side of the human individual, and even of life in general (*l'être vivant en general*), such ought to be, in his eyes, the task of philosophy, completing and correcting in this way the too exclusive individualism of the XVIIIth century. . . All his studies give us a glimpse of that sociological era, to which, according to him, modern science is advancing.

"Guyau had a profound conception of life, considering the idea of life as more fundamental than that of force, which is only an extraction and an abstraction; as more fundamental than that of movement, the lifeless silhouette of the animated; as more fundamental even than the idea of existence, since the only existence known to us directly is that of our own life as we feel it, from which we afterwards take this or that attribute in order to conceive other existences. The so-called material existences are, according to Guyau, nothing but life diminished or at its finish. To sum up, all is *life*, everything is living, and we cannot conceive of anything truly real which is not living. All determinism is at bottom *vital*".

Life, according to Guyau, implies essentially conscience, intelligence, sensibility, contact—with what has relation to others and not solely to oneself. It is more than instinct, more also than the calculation of what is useful after Bentham's fashion; more than egoism and the cult of the self; *more even than altruism*, although that comes nearer expressing its true nature and direction." Altruism is associated with an individualistic psychology, which fails to explain Human and Divine Sympathy, and leaves no proper place for its higher life.

LASTING IMPRESSIONS OF A GREAT TEACHER

JOHN GODFREY HILL

The greatness of a great teacher is best tested by what remains of his teaching and spirit in the life and thought of his pupils after the fading length of more than a decade.

While seated in my study with the memory of my sainted teacher, Dr. Bowne, fresh in my mind, my eye most naturally rested on the shelf containing the sixteen inches of books of which he is the author. I began to take them down tenderly, one by one. Curiously enough, I did not read the printed page, but rather the marginal notes which I had taken years ago, hot from the living lips of the lucid lecturer as they were spoken with his characteristic force and clearness.

Permit me then to inflict upon the reader a few of these marginal notes which, I believe, glimpse forth in a singular manner the soul and mind of one of America's mightiest teachers.

As regards the fresh intuitions of life itself Dr. Bowne was an avowed pragmatist with a healthy touch of mysticism.

"These convictions by which we live," I quote from marginal notes, "never come by speculative reason. They were given us and never can come any other way. Drain life of native trust in life and experience and no philosophy can supply life with it. We are free to venture *beyond* knowledge and push toward the heights. We can look toward the bright side of life and push through to confidence; or, we can look toward the dark side and break through to blind pessimism, and perish. We must take our choice. As Faust would say, 'Choose well; thy time is brief, yet endless.' At the end of one road stands God; at the end of the other—well, blind alleys and broken hopes and forlorn philosophic leaders, mired deep in the swamps of their own logomachy."

What withering contempt Dr. Bowne had for all kinds of

"logomachy," (to use his own pet expressions), "closet philosophy," the "fallacy of the universal," "magazine science," "sensational psychology" and "dictionary religion."

One of the marginal scribbles brings back to me a striking incident of the class-room. He was paying his disturbing respect to the sensational psychologists of the day. Holding up his index finger and crooking it several times he exclaimed rather warmly, "I defy the whole psychological crowd to explain this action. All the hidden mystery of man and God are involved. It is not to be so simply explained by a swarm of sensations and nerve-shocks." And after a pause he continued, "These miserable verbal classifications terribly infest our age. There ought to be a mental board of health to clean up these verbally infested germ regions. There is much indecent exposure, parading as wisdom, in the world of thought."

In his bracing outlook upon God and religion, Dr. Bowne proved, and still proves, a refreshing antidote to the "mud-gods" of our day who are supported by the "neat, smug rationalism" of our time.

From the notes I read again, "Life starts with legs and rarely travels on logic. The larger part of our belief has its origin in life. Actions are a real test of our beliefs, rather than mere assent. Life makes necessary postulates that suffice for practical living. This is the main thing, after all. Thus we venture beyond sense knowledge, at will, but at our own risk and with open eyes. Thus Hume fell back upon 'natural instinct' and Kant, upon 'practical reason' to escape the consequences of their own logic. God is not disposed of by an appeal to the dictionary, nor is the world accounted for by a 'concourse of fortuitous atoms.' The dreary, see-saw, oscillating explanations of an impersonal world are not respectable to decent thinking. We can't speak for long of *things* unless they appear respectable. When dirt is lifted to cosmic purpose and expresses divine will and follows rational plan, which is neither outside nor inside of God in spacial measurements, but which

expresses unpicturable dependence upon the Eternal One in whom all things live, move, and have their being,—then only has it intelligible meaning. As musical tones exist only as the player performs and while he performs, and depend for their continuity at every moment upon the will, purpose and action of the musician; so this world depends upon God, the Personal One, who plays the tune of cosmos with steady purpose, faultless reason and loving energy through timeless succession”.

One felt daily that with Dr. Bowne philosophy passed into religion and reason into conscience. The class-room was turned into devotions; yet fervid worship never displaced flawless logic, and lurid mysticism never was permitted to outrun excellent conclusions. His printed page may seem cold, rigid, relentless reason only; not so was the living teacher behind the desk. There, sparkling wit, incisive logic, unfailing reverence and practical interests mingled and mixed together with unparalleled freshness, unwearied interest and massed impressiveness. As he ascribed quickening spirit and conscious life and throbbing personality to the universe, so he himself was to his pupils the living soul of his system of philosophy. I cannot separate Dr. Bowne’s system of thought from himself as I received it from him in the classroom.

May I not close with a note which I made on the margin of his “Ethics” on the day of his return from that farcical heresy trial, which shameful thing occurred at the time that I studied under him. We, the sixty-odd students of the class, clamored for an explanation. He only shook his head and beckoned with his hand for silence and started in to lecture where he had left off a week before. The clamor increased so that he was compelled to give heed. With that characteristic flash of the eye which no words can convey to those who have not seen it, he playfully and laconically remarked, “Well, there isn’t much to be said; I came, I saw, and the rest concurred.”

Thus, I fancy, he came and saw into systems of philosophy and the rest concur.

CURRENT THOUGHT

Reviving the Bowne Theory.

The Methodist Review of May-June is notable as a revival of the memory of Borden Parker Bowne. All former students, lovers and followers of Bowne will hail with special interest the last work of Bowne, *The Present Status of the Conflict of Faith* which was dictated by him the day before his death in April, 1910. When one thinks of the changes that have taken place in the world's thinking since this essay was dictated the surprising thing is its up-to-dateness. This is because Bowne ever dealt in fundamentals rather than in the incidents and accidents of passing opinion. He summed up the conflict of faith as it relates to the problem of knowledge, as follows:

"Thus in the realm of knowledge the conflict of faith with unfaith is very strongly inclined toward the side of faith. The sensational views of man which were so apt to issue in animalism and selfishness have no longer any philosophical standing, and the recent agnosticism of the Spencerian system may be looked upon as obsolete. Instead of it we have, as already said, the way for rational belief left open. The primacy of the practical reason is assured. The weakness of the speculative reason, when it comes under experience and its indications, is clearly seen. Meanwhile life has the field, and it is permitted to see visions and to dream dreams, to proceed pragmatically, to accept those principles which are rooted in life as the product of life, as the principles which alone give life any meaning or save it from hideous collapse."

That which he writes of Theism will equally apply under the later discoveries of radio and the startling assumptions of the Einsteinian declarations.

"The rustic looks out on the heavens and sees the blue sky and the shining sun or the moon and the stars, and he is perfectly satisfied that he has seen it all. But the astronomer comes and the rustic's view vanishes. We are made acquainted with suns and systems and wonders unsuspected. Or we look into the pure air when the sun is shining, and we seem to be moving along in the midst of light which appears to us to stretch away indefinitely. But the physicist comes, and we find that the sphere of light which seems to encircle the world is a very small affair, the result of reflection and refraction of the sun's rays, while the earth itself is driving along in the deepest possible darkness of an ether vibrating but never luminous, light-bearing but never shining. And the chemist comes and tells us of the composition of bodies about us, so that they, too, are not in any respect what they seem. We hear of molecules and atoms and of vortex rings in the ether, and nowadays since the discovery of radium things seem to have grown more mysterious still. We seem to be immersed in a sphere of unpicturable activity all about us, manifesting itself here and there in a few sense objects, but for the most part not manifesting itself, yet all the while demonstratively real. When we follow out considerations of this kind we are introduced to a new order of

mystery which makes the easy mechanical explanation of traditional atheistic thinking seem almost fatuous in its superficiality."

In addition to the posthumous article by Bowne is a most valuable analysis of Bowne's work and life by his favorite pupil, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, and a symposium of appreciations by other former students. This number of the *Review* will be cherished and kept for years to come by a great multitude of men to whom Bowne brought a very personal inspiration and help.

Mysticism as Driving Power.

The Significance of the Mystic's Experience is discussed lucidly by A. Eustace Haydon in *The Journal of Religion* for March. After examining and comparing various types of mysticism the author concludes that its chief value lies not in the revelation of truth unrelated to reason but rather in driving power for action upon those truths which are already rationally apprehended. He writes:

"The mystic experience, then, will justify any world-view and therefore can prove the truth of none. Our knowledge and understanding of the nature of reality must be secured in the full light of intelligence. When it is so achieved or accepted on authority, mysticism comes or, by proper technique may be induced, to light it up with beauty and give it emotional value and the conviction of certainty. We have seen that some religious groups develop the experience with this conscious purpose. But it is an essentially conservative force and each new religious world-view will have to develop its own mystics. It is at this point that the evolutionary naturalism of our Western science has failed. Some have carried over the old "sense of presence" into the new system of thought; some have found that it is only a step from the mystic "feel" of the old monistic idealism to that of the new humanism. But most religious people still feel that the world-view yielded by modern science is what Carlyle called it long ago—"a gospel of mud." And the anguish of suffering humanity as they gather the first-fruits of the age of machines is not reassuring. There is a deep sense of loneliness. If humanism is to have emotional driving power it must learn how to use our common human capacity for mystical feeling and mystical insight to give us the sense of deep-rooted security in cosmic development; to show us our affinity with the forms of life unfolding about us in the world of nature; to link us, by its clear vision, with our whole humanity in the bonds of mutual service and so, make possible that warm awareness of personal significance, worth, and responsibility in the shared life of the race."

Why China Ends the Procession.

Yu-Lan-Tang of Columbia University concludes that the backwardness of China and her failure to develop a science was due to the particular turn of her philosophy. The constructive age of Greece was marked in China also as a period of intellectual activity. Two contrasting systems Tao-ism and Moism arose followed by the compromising system of Confucius. He

characterizes Tao-ism as a nature philosophy, Moism as a form of "art". In ethics it was utilitarian in method, pragmatic and empirical. Confucianism attempted to provide a mean between the two. Moism disappeared and Confucianism which leaned toward the nature philosophy was profoundly modified by Buddhism. Thus there emerged the ideal "to diminish the human desire in order to recover the heavenly wisdom." Philosophy became a search for inward peace and became subjective. Had Moism continued its influence China's thought might like that of Europe have become empirical and scientific. Nevertheless he feels that China has a contribution to make to modern civilization.

"To speak of things in abstract and general terms is always dangerous. But here I cannot refrain from saying that the West is *extension*, and the East is *intension*; and that the West emphasizes what we *have*, the East emphasizes what we *are*. The question as to how to reconcile these two so that humanity may be happy both in body and in mind is at present difficult to answer. Anyway, the Chinese conception of life may be mistaken, but the Chinese experience cannot be a failure. If mankind shall afterwards become wiser and wiser, and think that they need peace and happiness in their mind, they may turn their attention to, and gain something from, the Chinese wisdom. If they shall not think so, the mind energy of the Chinese people of four thousand years will yet not have been spent in vain. The failure itself may warn our children to stop searching for something in the barren land of human mind. This is one of China's contributions to mankind."

Is there Room for a Science of Sociology?

Dr. George Elliott Howard of the University of Nebraska dips his brilliant and incisive pen to tell us in the April number of *The Journal of Applied Sociology* that the Social Sciences have proved their place in the curriculum of the modern college and university. Few will be willing openly to oppose the brilliant doctor, many will be compelled to agreement. He states his case on its strongest side, namely, upon the practical value of the social sciences. Here indeed has the study proved its standing. After recounting the gains for humanity which he thinks can be clearly ascribed to Sociology, he writes:

"Now these gains for humanity, and others which may not here be named, have in large part been won at the expense of the predatory classes. It is not strange, therefore, even in normal times, that their authors should be stigmatized; their ideals ridiculed and falsified. Nevertheless, before the world war, the workers for social reconstruction more than held their own. There was distinct progress; reform projects were gaining in popular favor; and, on the whole, the prospect for a swift advance in social welfare seemed bright indeed. But the prospect has been dimmed. Spiritually as well as materially we are now paying the price of that awful struggle. Unforeseen conditions are giving the enemies of social progress opportunities which they are not slow to seize. In more senses than one the "old guard" is grasping power. Many of the precious assets of civilization won in times of peace are put in jeopardy.

American society has reached the serious moral crisis which usually follows a great war. It is passing through a transition phase which, let us hope, may not be long drawn out. To minimize its inevitable evils will require wise and courageous leadership. The challenge to the enlightened conscience is imperative. The true sociologist must gird up his loins and unflinchingly bend to his task. For are not some of his highest ideals at least temporarily at stake? The times are calling loudly for the social puritan."

Soul and Matter.

All students of a philosophical turn will be interested in the notable president's address of Dr. W. H. Sheldon of Yale, before the American Philosophical Association. It appears in the March issue of *The Philosophical Review*. Dr. Sheldon shows the discrepancies in both the materialistic and idealistic views of selfhood.

Much of the article is taken up with the refutation of extreme materialism.

"Between tending and intending lies the whole length of the evolution of life; a length which the materialist, for whom existence dwells only in the present, cannot compass. Potentiality, to which the materialist continually appeals, is but a physical condition, while in the consciousness of what one means to do the potency's fulfilment is actually present. As common speech has it, we 'realize' beforehand what we are going to do. Consciousness hereby shows itself to be, as Professor Montague has well said, no mere potency, but the actuality of a potency. Such actuality, however, is physically impossible while the potency remains unfulfilled. But the materialist, knowing that this is so, rules it from the universe with rigid exclusion, as a Puritan would have cast out a harlot from the house of God—and with something of the same spirit; for history repeats itself."

On the other hand he points out the main weakness of idealism.

"But modern idealism is so bent on pointing to the whole System of Reality that it has too little interest in the special nature and order of the parts. Whereas man is and must always be interested to know the nature of the parts—in particular, of those important parts which we call finite minds or selves. Moreover, idealists have not sufficiently studied the particular phenomena of the body; they have left this to the materialists, content to refute materialism by dubbing matter an abstraction. Had they attended to the bodily processes, they might have found their principle of organic unity at work among those processes, acting as an efficient cause among the physical causes, emphasising some processes in the nervous system, diminishing others, and so selecting one or another as to foster the life of the body and the development of the mind.

"Mind then is preferential and selective; it builds up a system of interacting parts, and as this system is one, so the consciousness of a body is one—to-wit, a self. It is the selective character, due to the organic form of affective processes, that makes up the individuality of a self. As there is no consciousness that has not affection, so there is none that has not selfhood. That is why there are no impersonal bits of consciousness, and why consciousness is always centered. It is no miracle; it is due to the nature of consciousness as revealed in affection."

He shows the necessity of a dualistic admission of reality for both mind and matter:—

"As a man who is unjust to another is thereby unjust to himself, so a spiritualism which denies final truth to materialism becomes formal and impotent. Enlightened materialism, freed from the negations and privations men have read into it, forms the only warrant of substantiality to the self, and becomes the evidence of a soul which may exist in separation from the flesh. Historical materialism and idealism, mutually exclusive as they are, have by their antagonism prevented such a fertile union; with the consequence that the strong old scholastic soul has been slowly bled white. But, no doubt, that soul cannot die, and for a properly conceived materialism is reserved the privilege of restoring that entity to vigour."

In finding the synthesis however, he is not (to a Personalist) altogether happy. To us he seems to attempt this by again confusing the terms which he has been so careful to distinguish. When he refers to mind as material, composed of "stuff" he has either resorted to materialism or defined matter in a new way. We do not mean to be hypercritical and we do appreciate the clearness and strength of Dr. Sheldon's exposition but we have a constitutional distrust of synthesis by definition. In the experience of selfhood we have the meeting place of matter and soul and we cannot get along either in life or in theory without resting upon this fact as an undeniable personal realism. On the whole the address is calculated to delight the heart of a Personalist.

Has Einstein a word for Philosophy

Mr. J. E. Turner considers the Einsteinian theories foreign or unimportant to philosophy, (*Mind*, January 1922) to which Mr. H. Wildon Carr rejoins in the April number of the same periodical. He declares that the new theory does not imply a universal relativity which would yield only skepticism but depends rather upon the personal standard by which we arrive at all conclusions. Our measurements are based upon the relation we bear to the measured things. This ego-centricity Mr. Carr rightly claims to possess a philosophical significance:—

"An observer attached to a system of reference, coordinates every point-instant of an event, and the world-line, that is, the track of such an event in the four-dimensional universe of his sense-experience, not from the standpoint of an independent absolute system, but from the fixity or stability of his own system regarded as at rest. It follows then that if the observer's system itself changes relatively to other systems such change will appear as change in the other systems. Also if the observer pass suddenly from one system of reference to another, which may even reverse all the conditions of the first, he will carry with him the standard and norm, and these will automatically adjust themselves, so that every system into which he passes will by the very condition of his attachment to it be a system at rest. All this the principle itself explicitly lays down. We have then only to extend it by the recognition that to every observer attached to a system moving in relation to ours, his system is for him at rest and ours to him is moving, and his

axes of coordination must then vary in relation to ours according to the velocity and uniformity of his movement relatively to ours. There is no limit to this principle theoretically. There is a geometry therefore of every point-instant in the universe because we can conceive it as a system of reference from which some observer is coordinating events. No point and no instant can have relations to other points and other instants which are identical for observers in different systems. Is such an infinite plurality and absolute subjectivity consistent with the community of basis which science demands for its reality?

"The whole conception of the universe is now seen to be the exact reverse of that on which materialists and natural realists have insisted. Instead of a limited knowledge of an infinite universe, the new principle gives us a universe the knowledge of which is unbounded but the reality of which is finite. The two essential conditions on which the materialistic conception depended, simultaneity and direction, conditions of the possibility of dating every event and fixing every point, have been falsified by experiment. The new conception is not the arbitrary speculation of a fertile imagination, it is imposed on thought by an inherent necessity of its nature. The physical universe is the systematisation of infinite space-time systems, on a principle which only asks us never to loosen our hold on experience in order to go beneath or beyond it, but always and only to seek to interpret it.

"Einstein's conclusion that the physical universe is finite but unbounded follows necessarily from the principle that the absolute is the "I think" of personal experience and from the fact that the nature of its activity is geometrising. The universe is finite because the straight line of every observer is curved for other observers, and therefore every straight line is a geodesic which at infinity must return on itself; and the universe is unbounded because approach to the limit is infinite."

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

The Divine Comedy an Achievement in the Gothic

If Florence had not driven Dante into exile in the prime of his years and by repeated decrees confirmed his banishment and made it perpetual, he might never have found that surcease from political and personal strife, that opportunity for calm and uninterrupted concentration, necessary for the careful and painstaking elaboration and the triumphant completion of his most cherished literary project: that crown of many years of study, experience and reflection, which was to be not only his contribution to the world's artistic treasure, to its knowledge, and to its moral admonishing, but also a tribute in some degree worthy of the name of Her whom he finally exalted to be the very Revealer of Heaven to him and of all the ultimate mysteries. And if Dante had not written that Comedy which later generations were to call "Divine" he would have ranked with thousands of other poets — worthy poets, and with other thousands of sincere patriots who fought, seemingly in vain, the good fight for truth, honor and justice; perhaps a few scholars would have celebrated him, too, as among the popularizers of the available store of medieval science and philosophy, or as one of several skilful refiners of the vernacular tongue of Italy.

But Florence, after rearing him to a full acquaintance with her dazzling and complex civilization, multiform in all that was good, bad; sublime, hideous; satanic, human, superhuman,—cast him out cruelly and unjustly. Florence cast him out; he wrote the Divine Comedy; and he stands to-day acknowledged as one of the three great poets of the world. The votes which decree him this eminence have not been counted, can never be, and the balloting will never be closed; the majority becomes more and more overwhelming as time goes on. Public favor is notoriously fickle; but this is true only within the space of a single generation, or perhaps century. In the long run it is universal suffrage, and that alone, which renders the ultimate decision. It is the one world-court from which there is no appeal; and its verdicts approach infallibility with an impassive finality that is irresistible — and to stubborn dissenters sometimes little short of maddening!

Dante wrote the Divine Comedy; and on the Divine Comedy have been written, it is stated—and this was said long before the sixcentenary of especial celebration just past—more comments and commentaries than on any other single work in the world's literature,—unless we wish to cite the Bible, which is a collection of sixty-six works. To add, therefore, to our knowledge of Dante and of his writings is obviously not too easy,—nor is this the time or place: my purpose is merely to analyze briefly a perhaps fanciful yet by no means novel phase of personal reaction to the genius of the great poet as manifested in his greatest work.

Each re-reading of the Divine Comedy, while disclosing ever new beauties of detail, has strengthened and deepened in me a dominant sense of the stupendous *structure* of the whole: it seems to suggest, as if inevitably, the building up of a solid and towering mass that pyramids from foundations

deep in the earth to breathless heights. And this is not only because the action of the poem proceeds from the subterranean vaults of Hell up along the mountain trails of Purgatory and thence through the thin ether of the nine heavens to that topmost Heaven which is all spirit; there is in the reader an insistent consciousness of the master-artist who with teeming brain conceives and with unerring hand executes, line upon line, an almost infinitely complicated and yet broadly simple edifice whose solidity and whose symmetries are nothing less than architectonic in grandeur, and which to my own mind have always suggested as if unescapably the architecture of some splendid cathedral. Others have likened the *Divine Comedy*—in its sonorous sweep of many tones; with its moods of tragedy, elegy, crushing or ironic satire, its paeans and hymns of praise; now lyric and personal, now idyllic and descriptive; regular, yet unobtrusive, in its triplicate rhythm—to a mighty symphony: and on thoughtful consideration of this attitude I wondered at first whether it were not after all a better analogy than the one that had always most appealed to me. There is of course no intrinsic merit in analogy; yet its indirect value as a stimulus to thought and imagination would be categorically denied only by those whose definition of what is ultimately worth while is utilitarian in the most materialistic sense of the word. This one may at least prove entertaining, and may perhaps even aspire to encourage some readers to a more comprehensive perspective of the poem.

My dissatisfaction with the rival comparison, I formulated at first about as follows:—Music, wonderful as are its possibilities—and the daring modern harmonies have added a seemingly unlimited variety of sensuous colorings—is after all limited in its materials, and both limited and indefinite in its power of suggestion: its direct appeal is to a sense which is relatively simple and whose amplitude is one-dimensional—a linear function—and it arouses emotions only, not definite conceptual images. A great work of architecture, on the other hand, is determinate of outline; has every texture, color, shadow, clearly defined; stands out to the eye that sweeps over it, as a thing of objective reality, with length and breadth and height. But deeper consideration convinced me that the determining factor was not after all mainly formal and quantitative: the real decision lay with quality and content: it came to me suddenly that there is no intrinsic or cogent reason why a symphony should be *so*, rather than otherwise, in its broader outlines—its larger symmetries and proportions. These are indeed to a certain extent standardized; but the basal norms and criteria are almost wholly conventional.

The one underlying principle of all good architecture, on the contrary, is absolutely fundamental, inevitable and uniform: the main lines must be consonant with, and must suggest, structural efficiency. That is, the beholder must feel instinctively, almost as he feels his own weight and balance, that all heights, breadths and thicknesses are as, and where, they should be,—in order that the whole building may combine the utmost of reasonable economy in materials—which, expressed in terms of art, means the utmost of grace—with the maximum of stability, utility and spaciousness—that is, esthetically, the maximum impressiveness, satisfyingness, sublimity. The aspect is double, therefore:—on the one hand the practical: geometry, mechanics, physics—in other words, Science;—on the other hand the beautiful: feeling, appreciation, discriminating enjoyment—that is, Art.

In no other fine art than architecture is so tremendous a span bridged between the extremes of utilitarian applied science and the most lofty and wholly unsensual art. And this, I believe, is why I am impelled to liken the Divine Comedy to a great building; a cathedral, most naturally, because of its religious purposes; a Gothic cathedral, finally, because of its period, detail, and even its grotesques: in it Dante has combined of the science of his day—the old earth-centered conception of the universe, appealing to the conceit as well as to the so-called “common sense” of man, with its geometrically perfect but mechanically impossible convolutions—and the whole available artistic palette of antiquity and mediaevalism, brushed on with consummate skill and taste. In science Dante was abreast of his age; in the art of lofty verse he was centuries ahead of his contemporaries.

And he not only planned his great structure throughout, both as scientist and artist; but he did—as every great poet must do—what no builder can do, however unrivalled he may be both as engineer and architect: he moulded and carved, wove and placed with his own hands every beam, stone, tile, statue, painting, tapestry and ornament, till the finished temple stood complete, perfect and imperishable. Beside it all earthly monuments are but humble essays.

For a great poem cannot be defaced by weathering or neglect, or demolished by earthquakes, war or vandalism. There were seven architectural and sculptural “wonders” of the ancient world, and of six of them not a trace remains. The seventh is still a majestic pile, knee deep in the sands of Sahara’s edge; but its pristine beauty of finish is gone, stones enough to build a city have been torn from its sides, and gunpowder has shattered its portal. Only by building for both heart and brain can man build to endure until mankind has finished his course.

HERBERT D. AUSTIN.

Does Relativism Deny the Absolute ?

The genius of Albert Einstein excites the admiration of the world. Finally to determine the degree of his fame is a task that must be left to the mathematicians and physicists. Some popular conclusions, however, in the realm of pure thought, have been drawn from his science which seem hasty and unwarranted—as that an Einsteinian relativism has at last done way with the Absolute. This is the very last thing that relativism *qua* relativism can do, since its own anti-absolutistic antipathies are themselves individual, partial, conditional—lacking universal necessity, each being a law unto itself. From such reasonings (which are all tinctured by a relativistic uncertainty, or speciality) no absolute denial of the Absolute can be deduced. The case is not helped if an appeal be made from the *ipse dixit* of one affirmer to a thousand or a million other such affirmations, since all of them would, by the hypothesis of relativism itself, be vitiated by this same inconclusiveness. If the final appeal were taken to some (supposedly relativized) all-containing Mind, that could hardly be conceived as denying its own absolutism, or, if it did, we would be landed again in the swish and wash of a go-as-you-please

relativism, only individually, partially or locally "true". Whatever force or cogency there may be in relativism, in certain fields of discourse, it seems clear that the very last thing that it can accomplish is to deal destructively with the Absolute. All that relativism can do in the premises is to sit down and say nothing regarding the Supreme Reality which is behind the shifting phantasmagoria of time and sense—or, strictly to limit its processes to physico-mathematical fields, where the exact (?) sciences thrive, or at any rate toil.

It may be, of course, that the effort positively and apodictically to prove an Absolute may be futile—although this proposition would involve some further discussion as to the nature of proof, or of probability. Possibly the way out may be to conceive (though we cannot picture) an Absolute which, to finite and conditioned thought, is represented under quasi-relativistic aspects—much as from the plains of India a Himalayan peak (which is really there) may seem evasively yet alluringly to shift and shimmer in the hot air. The writer has no interest in affirming an Absolute in purely intellectualistic terms, but challenges the competence of the relativism now so much publicized either to assert or deny any such Fact, Force, or Entity. His own view is that, however men's concepts of such a hypostatis may vary—some no doubt being better, that is, nearer the fact, than are others—human life is unintelligible and unsupportable except as it is recognized as a parable put forth by a personal God, who must by the very conditions of the case partially reserve himself from finite understanding—which is the speck of truth in agnosticism—but constantly reveals enough of himself (relatively, if one please to say) to innervate man for the grim, genial task of living. If now, any of us lack wisdom or worth it must be because we are not willing in the day of such Power.

CHARLES A. S. DWIGHT.

THE TENTS OF HAPPINESS

How many thousands during the heated term will seek afield the tents of happiness! The hotel veranda, the cottage, the cabin, the mountains, the shore, the snowy tent and the bark shelter, here, each after his own manner will pursue the quest. Yet the habitation in which one really finds happiness is as unenduring as a tent. One sets it up wherever he is. The cynic thinks chiefly of the hot and dusty journey, the discomfort of the sea-shore dwelling, the absence of the morning paper, the presence of the innumerable creeping and crawling things that fill and replenish the earth, and wisely, for one of his mood, decides to remain in the comfort of home. Happy shall he be if these things have power to pitch above his head the tents of happiness. For though he strike not his gleaming walls within the vastness of the mountain wilderness, nor rival in his dwelling-place the sand-piper along the shore, yet shall he be that rarest of mortals a good camper. Happiness comes to him who like Paul can say: "I am on every side afflicted but not in distress", and, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content". Paul the tent-maker was a good camper.

Much of the tragedy of life arises from the un-nomadic who are too much attached to things as they are or as they are not to accomodate themselves to life as it is. Their griefs, their difficulties, and their disappointments are allowed to obscure from their dew-swept eyes the larger and more important blessings that crown their earthly pilgrimage. They cannot taste the tea for the thought of the ants, nor the flapjacks for the ashes, nor glimpse the glory of the wilderness for the rattlesnakes. Fears lie in the way, and "the grass-hopper is a burden". To lie under the silent stars and, unprotected, to listen to the voices of the night from a hard and hollowed bed of sand is to such unthinkable for the absence of white linen and a box spring. Blessings to them who can catch their joys more sweetly and simply, for life consisteth not in the abundance of the things possessed. The profound question of possession is not the *little* or the *much*, but the *how*. How do we possess our riches or our poverty? Do they so possess us that their presence or their absence shall make or break life, or are we ever going past their untoward abundance or want to seize the riches that time and misfortune cannot fade. If one can learn to pitch his tent of happiness by any stream, and rest content with the falling of any night, life shall not defeat him nor shall malice have power to harm him. He shall find comfort from the midst of discomfort, and strength from the midst of weakness, and joy from the midst of pain, and inspiration from the midst of difficulty, and refreshment from the midst of weariness. The voiceless desert shall speak to him by the burning bush. The unaccompanied forest shall be rich in association. The ashes of old camp-fires shall tell of the love and happiness of the long-ago. In lonely vigil or toiling ascent he shall pitch his tent of happiness in the presence of God!

Along the Book Shelf

THE I.W.W.—A Study of American Syndicalism. By PAUL F. BRISSENDEN,
Ph. D. Columbia University Studies, 1920, second edition. Pp. 438.

In this scholarly work the author aims to discover the fundamental tenets of the I. W. W. To this end he searches through the proceedings of I. W. W. conventions, and in bulletins, addresses, and letters by members of the I. W. W. Noteworthy statements of principles and developments are analyzed and collated.

The movement, which was organized in Chicago in 1905, represented a reaction against the alleged ineffectiveness of labor unions to achieve real benefits for working men and women. Then came the break with the Western Federation of Miners in 1907, and the schism between the Chicago and Detroit factions in 1908 when the latter became direct actionists as opposed to the Chicago "doctrinaires." The year 1912, with its Lawrence strike and its free-speech crusades, is indicated as representing the high tide of I. W. W. activity.

The author refrains from comment, although at one place he states that if given power "the I. W. W. would be no less relentless Prussians than are the corporations we have with us." Withal the author is dispassionate and scientific, confining himself to the presentation of facts and allowing the reader to draw his own conclusions.

E. S. BOGARDUS.

ESSAYS SPECULATIVE AND POLITICAL, by the RT. HON. ARTHUR
JAMES BALFOUR, Published by George H. Doran Company, New York.
1921. Pp. x and 241.

Mr. Balfour is an outstanding example of the British statesman at home in fields of both political and literary significance. This recent volume of essays, first delivered as addresses before learned societies, covers a considerable period of his intellectual life. The Henry Sedgwick Memorial Lecture on Decadence which is the first of the series and was delivered in 1908 sets forth the interesting suggestion that science must be expected to provide the remedy for decadence. Whether Mr. Balfour would take the same view of the case since the overweening dependence upon science by the Germans precipitated the world-war would be interesting to learn. There is no doubt of the great part science is to play in human progress. But science puts into the hands of men instruments of great danger if the men themselves are not moralized and socialized to use those instruments for the common good. Civilization can really get on no faster than the moral advance of man and the only decadence possible in civilization is moral decadence which rules all the rest.

Great interest attaches to Balfour's essay in criticism of Bergson's Creative Evolution which appeared in the Hibbert Journal in 1911. He strikes the vital spot in Bergson's armor when he distinguishes between the ordinary idea of freedom which includes purposive choice and that of Bergson which looks upon freedom as an accident. He points out how when the exigency arises this notion of freedom is inconsistently discarded by Bergson for an appeal to determinism. That is to say, the original *elan vital* becomes the determining source of the homogeneity to be found in the subjective and objective worlds. He shows how Bergson should have kept to the high road of freedom with which he had begun.

He writes: "Creation, freedom, will—these doubtless are great things; but we cannot lastingly admire them unless we know their drift. We cannot, I submit, rest satisfied with what differs so little from the haphazard; joy is no fitting consequence of efforts which are so nearly aimless. If values are to be taken into account, it is surely better to invoke God with a purpose, than super-consciousness with none."

Mr. Balfour has the advantage of clearness and style and those already familiar with the essays will be glad to have them collected into one book.

MANUAL OF MODERN SCOTS, by WILLIAM GRANT, M. A., and JAMES MAIN DIXON, Litt. Hum. D. Pp. xxii and 500, published by Cambridge University Press, London, 1921.

Every one reads or has read his Burns and his Scott, but there is a growing habit of evading the vernacular passages and phrases or of misreading and misunderstanding them. Even in Scotland, the desire to speak the standard form of the tongue makes its youth grow up with but a slim acquaintance with their own fine literature; for Burns and Walter Scott are peerless in the lyric and the novel.

And now there has come from the Cambridge University Press a portly volume by two specialists, Grant and Dixon's *Manual of Modern Scots*, which is handled in the United States by the Macmillan Company. Mr. William Grant, who handles the phonetics in which he is an acknowledged master, is lecturer on phonetics at Aberdeen Training Center and at Aberdeen University in Scotland; and Dr. James Main Dixon is professor of comparative literature at the University of Southern California.

The book opens up in a definite and scholarly way a new avenue of enjoyment for those who have the misfortune not to have been born within the borders of the Scottish realm.

The first part describes the sounds of Modern Scots with examples of their use written in the alphabet of the International Phonetic Association. This enables the non-Scot to find the correct pronunciation of any Scottish word.

The second section contrasts Scots grammar with English usage and is provided with abundant illustration. The third and fourth sections furnish an interesting collection of ballads and songs in parallel columns with phonetic transcriptions. The book is so well done and so much needed in its particular field that it is not at all extravagant to expect it to remain the standard authority for many years to come.

"We consider the appearance of this book," says the Scottish Educational Journal, "a real event in Scots history. The price is certainly high, but it is worth every penny of it." A journal of similar standing in London, *Secondary Education*, is equally emphatic: "The authors of this comprehensive treatise on the modern Scots language and dialects have done a great service to the students of philology and grammar. . . . We commend it most emphatically to all who wish fully to appreciate the wonderful and robust literuatre of the Scottish people." *The London Notes and Queries*, always on the lookout for a good thing, comments on the readability of the grammatical portion: "To the lover of language it offers a feast. The dictionary reader will browse in its pages with delight; and that fortunate person who savors phrases as rudimentary epigrams will find an abundance of enjoyment, the wit and expressiveness of Scots—an idiom where its peculiar logic is a noticeable quality—gain in point by being seen in this system in its grammatical setting."

And the *London Times*, the "Thunderer," in a long review closes with the same tribute to the services contributed to literature by Mr. Grant and Professor Dixon in the production of this manual.

In days which mark a growing popularity of the Scottish this book is really indispensable to those who would read the dialect publicly as well as to those who would understand it either in written or spoken form.

RUDOLF EUCKEN, his *Life, Work and Travels* by himself, translated by JOSEPH McCABE. Pp. 216. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1922.

This story of the life work and aims of Rudolf Eucken is sure to be met in America with widespread interest in spite of the misunderstandings that have sprung from the war. The story of his early childhood and of his love for and companionship with his mother is touching and serves to throw much light upon his own character of gentleness which is most obvious to those who have had the privilege of close personal acquaintance.

Eucken's comments upon the intellectual leaders of his day are especially illuminating and appreciative. Personalists will be eager to learn his reaction to Lotze, the great teacher of Bowne:—

"With Lotze, who was undoubtedly the most important thinker of those decades, I never had much to do. His lectures were distinguished for their learning, clearness and acuteness; but they were too technical for most of the audience, and to me they offered little that was of use in regard to the problems which occupied me. The first philosophical lecture I heard was in his class-room, and it dealt with the philosophy of religion. The various strains of reasoning in it were ably developed, but I found no broad lines of the whole. It seemed to me sometimes that he trusted too much to subtlety. We could not answer his arguments, but they did not entirely convince us. Psychology was his chief auxiliary, and it served well as an introduction to

the problems. I have often been unjust to this eminent thinker in my own mind, yet I certainly did not get from him what I mainly wanted: a firm conception of life. His philosophy seemed to me too much a matter of learning. It had too little bearing and influence on the totality of life."

Eucken seems particularly conscious of the apathy with which his work was received in Germany itself and mentions it several times. To an onlooker it would seem only natural in a people so completely given over to the ideals of materialism. Germany's great failure lay perhaps in her choice of leaders. It would have been far better had she received, for intellectual leadership, Eucken instead of Ernst Haeckel.

That Eucken was himself painfully conscious of this growing materialism is evidenced by what he has to say of the German Government in connection with the war:—

"It was characteristic of the bureaucratic method that has spread over Germany like a thick net. This bureaucracy has no sense of proportion or discrimination. It thinks in rigid standards, and it is incapable of entering into another mental attitude or appreciating any right of individuality. We are experiencing a brilliant result of its work!

"I myself, in spite of my appreciation and admiration of the great political and diplomatic achievements of Bismarck, did not find an unadulterated pleasure in the situation. I had hoped that the progress in external things would be accompanied by an inner advance, and that life would find expression in individual action. Moreover, the new policy seemed to me to underestimate the ideal factors of human society.

"Their enterprise would, however, not have had such success with the masses, had not German life generally been devoid of any firm and elevating purpose. The average mental content was a mixture of intellectualism and naturalism, without any spiritual depth."

We are disappointed at what he says regarding the right of Germany to make the war, but it would probably be too soon to expect any other expression from one whose patriotism so imbues him with the German point of view.

We turn rather with pleasure to his expressions of personal faith which are exalted and which accord with what we have previously known of him. They form his distinctive message to our time and the passing years will not obscure them:—

"I had held the belief that a higher power cared for men in general and me in particular, and that I might trust it. This faith I have never for a moment abandoned, though I have made an independent criticism of the ecclesiastical creed that I inherited."

"It was, and is, quite clear to me that nothing but the attainment of a spiritual content of life will save mankind from an inner collapse."

The situation and the task of the present age is thus set forth:

"Our most urgent problem is, therefore, how to bring about a moral and spiritual strengthening, if not a revolution. We need a radical renewal of the spiritual life;—

"Modern humanity—or at least a large part of it—would abandon all inner connections and rely entirely upon its own strength. It believes that it is capable of meeting any tasks by a closer concentration of its elements; that in its ceaseless striving it could raise up a tower as high as heaven. This attitude, with its severance of all inner connections, must end in destroying the conditions of real greatness.

"A heavy task thus confronts us. There will be no issue from our present confusion until we succeed in bringing together once more the two great problems of our time. We have to combine the problem of spirit and the problem of man and help them to a fruitful cooperation. The problem of spirit must come first, but man has his rights; and our fate will be decided according as we do or do not find the means of this adjustment. For that we need, not only original and even great men, but illuminating and elevating spiritual forces; and both need the assistance of the superior vital power which conditions and shapes our life and work.

"Until the war occurred I looked forward to a quiet close of my activity. All know how the life, not only of Germany, but of the whole world, has meantime changed. There has been a terrible revolution, and it has brought all man's problems to an acute stage. From a sense of possession we have passed to a laborious and feverish search. At every step new duties spring upon us. We thought that we had received a rich heritage of culture, and now our whole tradition is shattered, and the very foundations of our life are disturbed. We hoped for an inner concentration of humanity, as civilization and religion demanded, and the whole race is split into sharp antagonisms. We looked forward to an advance of the race, particularly a moral advance, and we have now to admit that untruth and injustice dominate our generation, and that there is little room for real goodness."

To many, the breaking of his silence toward the many American and English readers who had learned to love and appreciate him will be a source of real joy. We trust the appearance of the book at this time may contribute something of reappraisal and better understanding, making possible a reuniting of all forces which believe that society at large cannot be saved without a mighty return to those spiritual realities which alone make humanity great.

THE GROUP MIND, A Sketch of the Principles of Collective Psychology with Some Attempt to Apply Them to the Interpretation of National Life and Character, by WILLIAM McDUGALL, F. R. S., Professor of Psychology at Harvard University. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1920. Pp. xxii and 418.

Whatever Dr. McDougall writes is certain to attract wide attention by reason of his scholarly ability, his clear style and the painstaking character of his work. *The Group Mind* is no exception to this rule. It is a study of group psychology as the name implies, and is of the utmost importance to students of the social sciences of the present day. He helps to clear up much confused ground and lays down principles which cannot safely be overlooked. The question of race and nationality looms upon the horizon of the present generation as one of the most important and at the same time as one of the most dangerous of problems requiring solution and here we have the calm, dispassionate, scientific and philosophical contribution of a distinguished scholar.

The author calls attention to the scrappy or fragmentary nature of much that has done service as group psychology when he declares that in the past men "have relied upon the crude unanalysed psychological conceptions of popular speech; often they went further, and aspiring to explain the phenomena they described, made vast assumptions about the constitution and working of the human mind. Thus, for example, Renan when he sought to explain some feature of the history of a nation or society, was in the habit like many others, of ascribing it to some peculiar instinct which he postulated for this particular purpose, such as a political or a religious instinct or an instinct of subordination or of organization. Comte made egoism and altruism the two master forces of the mind. Sir Henry Maine asserted that 'satisfaction and impatience are the two great sources of political conduct,' and after, asserting that 'no force acting on mankind has been less carefully examined than Party, and yet none better deserves examination,' he was content to conclude that 'Party is probably nothing more than a survival and a consequence of the primitive combativeness of mankind.' More recently Professor Giddings has discovered the principal force underlying all human associations in *Consciousness of Kind*. Butler and the intuitive moralists postulated 'conscience' or moral sense as something innately present in the souls of men; while the creators of the classical school of political economy were for the most part content to assume that man is a purely rational being who always intelligently pursues his own best interest, a false premise from which they deduced some conclusions that have not withstood the test of time. Similar vague assumptions may be found in almost every work on the social sciences—all illustrating the need for a psychology more concrete than the older individual psychology, as a basis for these sciences, a positive science, not of some hypothetical Robinson Crusoe, but of the mental life of men as it actually unfolds itself in the families, tribes, nations, societies of all sorts, that make up the human world."

McDougall clearly shows that progress in civilization comes not through racial inheritance as such but rather through the absorption of racial traditions, customs and mental outlooks of those groups into which men are born.

"Throughout the evolution of civilization, progress of every kind, increase of knowledge or improvement of morality, has been due to the birth of more or less exceptional individuals, individuals varying ever so slightly from the ancestral type and capable, owing to this variation, of making some new and original adaptation of action, or of perceiving some previously undiscovered relation between things.

"These new acquisitions, first made by individuals, are, if true or useful, sooner or later imitated or accepted by the society of which the original-minded individual is a member, and then, becoming incorporated in the traditional stock of knowledge and morality, are thereby placed at the service of all members of that society."

He believes the crossing of distinct races leads to deterioration as it makes the individual the inheritor of social outlooks which are conflicting and from each of which he feels himself detached. Out of this disharmony springs mental and moral disintegration.

"It is on the moral, rather than the intellectual, side of the mind that the disharmony seems to make itself felt most strongly; and the moral detachment of the crossbred from the moral traditions of both the parent stocks is possibly due in part to a certain lack of innate compatibility with those traditions, as well as to social ostracism; the crossbred can assimilate neither tradition so easily and completely as the pure-bred stocks."

On the side of individual psychology the book has the defects to be expected of an idealist of McDougall's type, but which seem all the more unaccountable in view of the general clearness of discussion. Here he is able to make the individual personality no better than a system of conscious states and finds his chief impetus to this conclusion in Morton Prince's work on dissociated personalities. If there is to be unity of personality it must lie in the unity of the common center of experience and if this were not so there could be no curing of dissociated personality, a recovery of the normal standard of reference. In all her moods of "Sally" and all the rest Miss Beauchamp confesses to a deeper knowledge which transcended the mood, that she ought not to let herself become Sally. It was this real consciousness of the enduring subject of experience which outreached particular moods or systems of conscious states and made recovery possible.

COMMON-SENSE ETHICS, by C. E. M. JOAD, Late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford, and JOHN LOCKE Scholar in Mental and Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford. Published by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York. Pp. 207.

This treatise examines Utilitarianism, Intuitionism and Platonism as the three main groups of philosophical ethical theories, classing Christ's ethical code as an "unofficial" system which is "too practical to come within the scope of philosophy. . .". The author's opinion is that a system of practical ethics is preferable to a philosophical theory, in spite of the fact that practical or common-sense ethics has no ultimate standard of morality. Describing impulse as the essence of personality he builds up a system of

empirical, ethical impulse-values on the metaphysical basis of Schopenhauer's doctrine of will as "the fundamental, formative principle of the world . . . which is neither rational nor conscious."

C. G. BEARDSLEE.

MORAL THEORY, an Introduction to Ethics, by G. C. FIELD, Lecturer in Philosophy in the University of Liverpool. Published by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York, 1912. Pp. 214.

The author examines Kant's *Metaphysic of Morals* and finds that he fails to determine a reason for moral action. A similar failure is briefly indicated in several English systems. The author then analyses Aristotle's ethics and concludes that Aristotle does present moral facts in a way to explain why they are motives for action but makes morality selfish in his definition of end as some condition of self. Mr. Field's suggestion is that enlightened love is the chief ethical category. This interpretation he applies to some common ethical problems and then concludes with observations on metaphysics and moral practice.

—C. G. B.—

SOME VOLUMES OF VERSE

THE BEGGARS VISION, by BROOKES MORE. The Cornhill Publishing Co., Boston, 1921., pp. xvi-61.

RED POPPIES IN THE WHEAT, by JOHN RICHARD MORELAND. James T. White and Co., New York, 1921. Pp. 97.

STAR-DUST AND GARDENS, by VIRGINIA TAYLOR McCORMICK. Privately printed. Pp. 77.

In the introduction to *The Beggars Vision*, Stanley Braithwaite points out the effort made by Mr. More to bridge through symbolism and the common fundamental of love the disparity between the religions of the world, or rather to show the identity of the common elements in all religious aspiration. He writes: "One sees at once that Mr. More's vision in the poems bridges religions, Christian and Pagan, across which Love travels from race to race, from era to era, now in the guise of a virtue, now in the guise of a Moral Grace, but always in the same body and substance, and eternally with the same glowing countenance".

Mr. More writes with a wealth of symbolism and a vagueness of mysticism which is difficult for the average person to understand and appreciate. It is a volume rather for those who delight in the mysterious and the abstract. The book discloses marked literary gift.

Red Poppies in the Wheat, the poem which gives its name to John Richard Moreland's volume of verse is typical of the beauty, delicacy and imagery of the choice verses that fill the book. Here it is:

Life is red poppies in the wheat,
 Love be not late!
 Keen is time's sickle; years are fleet;
 Life is red poppies in the wheat,
 Filled with brave dreams and crimson sweet
 But bound by fate!
 Life is red poppies in the wheat,
 Love be not late!

Moreland is a poet of life. He catches the tragedy of the commonplace and appreciates the depth and meaning of the average day and expresses it with unusual power. His philosophy of life is expressed in such poems as *The Little Sin*, once a weakling but grown a giant now, in *Treasure, and in Repompence*. Sometimes his mood is almost too over-whelming for those who have tasted tragedy, as in the clear cut but beautiful *The Coward Dawn*.

I hate the dawn; I hate the cold gray dawn;
 It creeps so hungrily from the vast unknown,
 Visible silence like a ghastly moan,
 Waking the trembling wood and pallid lawn,
 Prowling, it seeks fair food to feed upon,
 Till the royal sun above the orient zone
 Leaps to arouse and kiss and claim his own:
 Then on a sudden, coward-like is gone!
 For one I love, with hair of dull red gold,
 With sad, sweet eyes, and pale and lovely face,
 Like a Madonna, gentle, with a trace
 Of suffering. . . though her heart was high and bold,
 Dawn wrapped within his chill gray mantle's fold
 And kissed and killed her in his cold embrace.

In "*Tears*", we have that which will appeal to every father and mother:

At twilight when I put his toys away
 My little lad's lip quivers and a tear
 Gems each blue eye; his heart is rent with fear
 Lest when the amber glory of the day
 Illume his snow-white bed and call, "Come play",
 He may not find those things his heart holds dear;
 An old tin top; a train with broken gear,
 A headless horse that once was dashing gay.
 You smile at childish tears? Lo! age hath toys
 To which it fondly clings till death's chill hand
 Puts them aside, and all remembered joys
 Are wells of grief too deep to understand;
 Yet as with morn my lad finds fears were vain,
 So death shall give to age its toys again.

Additional interest is lent Mr. Moreland's work because as editor of *The Lyric* he is leading a remarkable revival of literary activity in the South.

We know few volumes of verse which embody so distinctly a feminine grace as *Star Dust and Gardens* by Virginia Taylor McCormick who is associated with Mr. Moreland in the editorship of *The Lyric*. Mrs. McCormick's volume discloses the heart interests of a wife and mother and we have gardens and flowers and children set forth with a peculiar winsomeness and charm. Her land of Heart's Desire is as she says "by the hearthstone of a home, where crisps the crackling oak-wood fire".

With the new world of feminism, in which we very much believe, opening before us it is a pleasure to be reassured that the finer qualities which distinguish women's work are not to be lost.

A strong and optimistic note characterizes the whole volume as in "*A Prayer for Life*".

To know no fear that night may bring,
To face undaunted each day's sun,
To feel as youth is left behind
That I a goodly race have run;
Have drunk life's cup of joy and sorrow,
Yet undismayed await the morrow.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- THE BELIEF IN GOD AND IMMORTALITY, a Psychological, Anthropological and Statistical Study by JAMES H. LEUBA, Professor of Psychology and Pedagogy in Bryn Mawr College. Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, 1921. Pp. xxviii and 333.
- WITHIN THE ATOM, a Popular View of Electrons and Quanta, by JOHN MILLS, Fellow American Physical Society. D. Van Nostrand Company-New York, 1921. Pp. xiii and 215.
- LITERARY CULTURE IN EARLY NEW ENGLAND 1620-1730 by THOMAS GODDARD WRIGHT, Late Instructor in English in Yale University, Yale Unizersity Press, New Haven, 1920. Pp. 322.
- AESTHETICS: A Critical Theory of Art, by HENRY G. HARTMAN, Associate Professor in Philosphy, University of Cincinnati, published by R. G. Adams & Company, Columbus, 1919. Pp. 250.
- A STUDENT'S PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION, by WILLIAM KELLY Wright, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Dartmouth College. Published by The MacMillan Company, New York, 1922. Pp. xii and 471.
- IF, A Play in Four Acts, by LORD DUNSANEY. Published by G.P.Putnam's Sons, New York, 1922. Pp. x and 185.
- ESSAYS IN FREEDOM AND REBELLION, by HENRY W. NEVINSON. Published by Yale University Press, New Haven, 1921, pp. 213.
- RELIGION AS EXPERIENCE, by JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM, Professor of Christian Theology in Pacific School of Religion. Published by The Abingdon Press, New York, 1922. Pp. 128.
- OUR UNCONSCIOUS MIND, and How to Use It, by FREDERICK PIERCE. Published by E. P. Dutton & Company, 1922. Pp. ix and 323.
- SYMBOLISM OF THE DIVINE COMEDY by JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER, Professor of Comparative Literature, Columbia University. Published by Columbia University Press, 1921. Pp. 245.
- A SHORT HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN THEOPHAGY, by PRESERVED SMITH, Ph. D. Published by The Open Court Publishing Comapny, Chicago, 1922. Pp. 223.
- ERNEST RENAN, by LEWIS FREEMAN MOTT, Professor of English in the College of the City of New York. Published by D. Appleton & Company, 1921. Pp. v and 461.
- THE TRUTHS WE LIVE BY, by JAY WILLIAM HUDSON, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Missouri. Published by D. Appleton and Company, 1921. Pp. x and 307.
- KANT'S PROLEGOMENA, Edited in English by Dr. Paul Carus. Third Edition. Published by the Open Court Publishing Company. Pp. v and 301.
- SYNDICALISM AND PHILOSOPHICAL REALISM, A Study in the Correlation of Contemporary Social Tendencies, by J. W. SCOTT, Lecturer in Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. Published by A. & C. Black, LTD., London, 1919. Pp. 215.

Our Contributors' Page

MARY SINTON LEITCH, daughter of the late Charlton T. Lewis, one of the former editors of the New York Evening Post, has now in press a volume of verse "The Waggon and the Star". We rejoice in presenting some of her work to our PERSONALIST readers. Mrs. Leitch lives at "Wycherley", Lynnhaven, Virginia.



JOSEPHINE HAMMOND is winning an enviable reputation as essayist and lecturer. Her contributions to THE PERSONALIST and other Reviews are attracting wide attention.



FRED SHERWIN is a young college student who gives promise for the future.



JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM has been sympathetic and helpful to our enterprise from the very beginning. He is Professor of Christian Theology at the Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, California.



EDGAR S. BRIGHTMAN will be read with special interest because he now occupies the Chair of Philosophy at Boston University made famous by Dr. Borden Parker Bowne, and is ably keeping up the tradition for clearness and efficiency.



EVE WOODBURN LEARY is a newcomer to the PERSONALIST circle, and her appeal for books in the newly made homes of our generation will find wide sympathy.

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To the Gentle Personalist

THE questionnaire recently sent to our subscribers brought many responses and more are on the way. The suggestions made were valuable and in-so-far as they are feasible will be followed. Some did forget that among other things we must have subscribers in order to be effective, but the suggestions were most kindly. The greater number of replies indicated "no change desired" which would be editorial heaven if we dared to trust it. One demanded "more signs of careful research—higher standards" as against a number who considered them too high already. We shall do our best but not enter into the debate.

One writes, "Don't treat Bowne as a pope. Include standpoints not too remote from your own. Fight Bryan and the Fundamentalists who are trying to re-establish the Inquisition, contrary to the A. B. C. of the philosophic spirit."

The most pleasing of all to the editor was from "Uncle Henry", whose modesty would keep him anonymous but for whose judgment the editor has greater respect than for his own:—"The mystery of an ideal journal in Philosophy is too far beyond me that I should attempt to specify its exact components. You are doing well. Just go ahead according to your best discretion."

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PRAYER AND THE WORLD ORDER.

BY THE EDITOR

A dominantly scientific spirit has served to shake to its very foundation the conception of prayer which to many devout minds seems necessary if it is to possess any force. It is therefore important to study the nature of prayer and its use, and likewise to reflect upon its examples in the highest type of prayer of which we have record. We need also to consider prayer from the standpoint of the world-order, and determine whether there is that about it which is in conflict with the reverent scientific mind. The skepticism concerning prayer has gone deep into the common thought of the present generation so that it is unfortunately about the least used of religious functions where there are many evidences that it is the one most needing exercise. How are we to account for an apathy so general? May it not spring from a wrong interpretation or from a false emphasis of some lesser phase of prayer? It is quite worthy the attention of the serious student of religious problems to solve the present deadlock and to assist in bringing a new confidence where such confidence may rightly appeal to the reason of thinking men.

There is evidence that the new conception of a universe of inevitable and uniform law, wherein there is no place for chance and only a limited place for contingency of any kind, has helped to bring the present indifference to prayer. The earlier conception was based upon an idea of the world as

essentially capricious, in which anything might happen because there were no inexorable laws. That older world was one in which magic had a large place because of the slight understanding of forces whose uniformity had not yet been determined. The universe was geocentric and man was the most important creature in it. The result was to make systems of thought homocentric. To such an age it was not a daring thought to imagine the whole cycle of laws and uniformities interrupted and nullified for the special salvation of a highland clan at war with its enemies, or even of individuals. With the coming of the Copernican theory all was changed. There was indeed much reason why the church of that time should oppose the Copernican hypothesis, on the ground that it was hostile to religion and destructive of biblical authority. It was destructive of the prevailing theology of the time. Its introduction was one of the leading inducements to the Reformation. A provincial God was lost in the thought of a universe whose vastness was an intoxication to the hitherto parochial mind. Thereupon sprang up a skepticism which has held the minds of many until our own time. Too few have been the real attempts at reconciliation between prayer and rationality. Even yet there are many who feel that reconciliation is not in keeping with piety. The result has been that an age given more and more to the scientific aspect of thought has concluded that it could safely neglect the consideration altogether. There are likewise many truly earnest and devout souls who feel the force, the beauty and the power of scientific conceptions who strongly desire but do not see their way clear to an unqualified faith. And yet there are few who do not in some way practice prayer and find it helpful in the darker passages of life. What then is prayer and what may be the relation which it sustains to a world-order? Has it a place in the world as we now know it or is it, as some of our unbelieving friends love to assume, the failing remnant of an ancient superstition?

I.

PRAYER AS A CHANGING OF THE SUPREME ORDER.

It may be well to begin with this conception of prayer as it is perhaps the most common one. It is seldom stated in this form because thus to state it would be to reveal its inconsistency. Prayer in this sense is usually put in the light of a change of the Divine Mind which is naturally more or less indifferent to consequences except when it feels the particular pull of intercession. The logical conclusion to draw is that God could not save himself nor his world without the prayer of men, which is quite true indeed but in a sense just opposite to that generally taken. For it is necessarily impious to consider God indifferent to his world and only tardily moved to care for it under the persistent solicitations of religious busybodies. If we are ever to make anything of prayer we must look upon it, not as man changing either the supreme mind or order to his own capricious taste, but man as putting himself in tune with the divine order that the will of God may begin to operate in him.

The immediate objection that will be raised against this point will be the exhortation to importunity taught in the parable of the unjust judge who heard the woman's prayer for justice not from a love of justice but from a love of ease. No right-thinking man can take seriously the suggestion that Jesus meant thus to portray the character of God. The emphasis is not necessarily on the unwillingness of God to hear, but is rather on the value of importunity.

We surely cannot accomplish the difficult tasks of life in a desultory way. It is only the man who makes every moment and every act a prayer for success that is really able to accomplish the important things of life. The value of prayer is to clear his purpose from the unessential and the unreal, to give him insight into God's will and put him in working harmony with that will. Thus out of his importunate pleading and working come results that can be had in no other way.

A study of the leading prayers of the world helps to bear out this conception. We might expect it in the highest type of prayer of all, that is in the prayers of Jesus. The great exordium of the Lord's Prayer is calculated first of all to emphasize the necessity of accord with the divine mind, for it begins, Hallowed be Thy Name in earth as it is in heaven: Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. One could not think recognition more complete that the primal object of prayer is to put man *en rapport* with God, preceding as it does the prayer for individual needs. This truth gains emphasis from a consideration of the final prayer in Gethsemane, where the heart of the divine response is put in the closing words like the close of a heavenly benediction upon the mental and spiritual struggle of which it was a part—"not my will but thine be done". The significance of this was clearly understood by the author of Hebrews, who looked on that final clause of accommodation to the supreme will as the answer to Jesus' prayer:—"Who in the days of his flesh, when he had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared." That is, the coordination of his will to his Father's was the great outcome of his prayer, and if we choose not to take this as the answer to his prayer we have only the choice of the conclusion there was none.¹

A study of the great Old Testament prayers shows a striking lack of the element which would look on God as a handy refuge from the results of one's own misdoings or the magic purveyor of unaccountable and unearned fortune for the faithful. Jacob's essentially selfish prayer at Bethel is almost an exception.

Moses, Joshua, David, Solomon, and Ezekiel,² great national leaders, pray for the perpetuity of Israel not for its own sake

1. See also John 12:27; 17:1-26.

2. Ex 32:11; Num. 14:13; Deut. 3:24; Josh 7:8; 2 Sam. 7:25 I Kings 8:25; II Kings 19:25.

but because the perpetuity of the worship of Jehovah is dependent upon Israel's preservation.

Similar is the prayer of Isaiah ³ for the preservation of a distinctive Israel, distinctive in the holiness of their relations to Jehovah.

The prayers of Nehemiah ⁴ and of Jeremiah ⁵ are the expressions of a mighty longing, a plea for the remembrance of the half-forgotten entente with his chosen people.

That which we find true of prayer in its leading Old Testament documents as well as in the prayers of Jesus is also markedly true of the noblest prayer of the pagan world, the Stoic prayer of Cleanthes:—

“We are Thy offspring, and alone of living creatures possess a voice which is the image of reason. Therefore I will forever sing Thee and celebrate Thy power. All this universe rolling round the earth obeys Thee, and follows willingly at Thy command. Such a minister hast Thou in Thy invincible hands, the two-edged, flaming, vivid thunderbolt. O King, most High, nothing is done without Thee, neither in heaven or on earth, nor in the sea, except what the wicked do in their foolishness. Thou makest order out of disorder, and what is worthless becomes precious in Thy sight; for Thou hast fitted together good and evil into one, and hast established one law that exists forever. But the wicked fly from Thy law, unhappy ones, and though they desire to possess what is good, yet they see not, neither do they hear the universal law of God. If they would follow it with understanding, they might have a good life. But they go astray, each after his own devices,—some vainly striving after reputation, others turning aside after gain excessively, others after riotous living and wantonness. Nay, but, O Zeus, Giver of all things, who dwellest in dark clouds, and rulest over the thunder, deliver men from their foolishness. Scatter it from their souls, and

3. Isa 63 :17. 4. Neh. 1:8; 9:32. 5. Jer. 14:2.

grant them to obtain wisdom, for by wisdom Thou dost rightly govern all things; that being honoured we may repay Thee with honour, singing Thy works without ceasing, as it is right for us to do. For there is no greater thing than this, either for mortal men or for the Gods, to sing rightly the universal law."

The predominating characteristic of all these prayers, is their recognition of the necessity of unity of the individual with the will of God, adaptation to the divine order which is the essential element of all true worship.

A very much overlooked fact among religious people is the sanctity of the supreme order of uniformity which we call natural law. In the ultimate, the scientist cannot tell us what is the mysterious force presiding over matter and producing both activity and life. He can tell us what electricity will do under certain conditions, he cannot tell us what it is. He can tell us about the activity of the living cell—he cannot tell us what it is except to describe the phenomena of its activity. He may, to aid the imagination, picture the atom as made up of protons and electrons but these he knows only through the measurable forms of energy given off, and his metaphysics of the atom is simply his attempt to aid the imagination in conceiving the ground of the activity. The proton and electron is the scientific guess and as to the force which grounds their mutual attraction he has nothing to say. It might quite as well be the mind of a supreme intelligence as anything. This guess is worth as a guess quite as much as his "electrical attraction," and it does actually mean much more because it is in reasonable keeping with a host of other facts and values that are sure but inexplicable upon any mechanistic or materialistic hypothesis. If one is to accept both science and theism he must assume then that this back-lying force or activity is nothing less than the divine will, and all natural laws are the uniformities of that will in action. In such a case there would be a literal truth to the words, "In Him we live and move and have

our being". It would be true likewise that the old distinction between sacred and secular would be done away with, for all law would be an expression of the supreme mind. All life then would be a miracle, not in the sense of a wonder but in the sense of being momentarily dependent for its existence upon the divine will. The order of nature is then the order of God, and its attempted infraction becomes a kind of impiety. The man then who would become most efficient must bring himself to the point of obedience to these laws. It is unreasonable to expect that God will upset the uniformity of his action where merely trivial matters are involved. Apparently this uniformity or dependableness of the laws of nature should form the first article of any faith in God. Because of it life is enabled to go on. If the laws of gravitation could be upset by the prayer of an individual, it would mean destruction for the remainder of the race. As a fact the rain is sent impartially upon the just and the unjust, the tower of Siloam is no respecter of persons in its fall. Exposure to contagion picks off the innocent and the guilty. Our only hope to escape the general wreckage which flows from broken law is to conform our wills and our activity to the divine will and activity. Then shall we find that there is a special care for the law-keeper, a care which is in the very nature of the case. We may weep over the fact that fire burns the innocent child, but the law is for the general good, fire being useful to the race and pain being not an evil but a blessed signal of warning that preserves the race from unwitting self-destruction. Besides, we have been endowed with brains and a sense of moral responsibility which put us under obligation to keep children and incompetents out of the fire. The failure to think clearly upon this point is costing the world a frightful toll of confusion and even of life itself.

II.

THE THREE-FOLD NATURE OF PRAYER.

Whether we think of prayer as appeal or worship, it becomes evident that it is to be considered first of all from its effect upon man rather than from any effect it may have in changing the divine mind or purpose. There is a sublime beauty and holiness about an on-moving order of life and nature which is of incalculable benefit to man in his moral and spiritual aspirations. To this end modern science, in spite of all its crude materialisms and overweening assumptions, has made such contributions that the religious man should every day fall upon his knees and give thanks for the growing light of scientific knowledge. It will not and cannot eventually be found hostile to faith. Any truth wherever we find it is God's truth, and no man can at heart be religious who does not desire that the truth shall prevail at any cost to any of his preconceived theories or beliefs.

Obviously, if this is God's world, then the prime effect of prayer is to bring the proper adjustment of the individual to the divine order. The orderly uniformity and ongoing of the world is as divine as any unforeseen results. Upon this uniformity, life and the general well-being are dependent. Prayer cannot then be considered an interruption of that order. It is more important that prayer should conform us to God's will, than that it should conform God to our wills. If prayer were a conforming of God to our desires, as a host of people assume, prayer would be a far more dangerous exercise than aviation is at the present time, for it would set up the caprice of the short-sighted, ignorant, but devout religious man as a sort of hierarch over God. In such a case God could only obey. Such is of course a reversion of the true nature of prayer, but the conception of it is very prevalent.

By prayer the individual does then seek to know the supreme Will concerning himself. Through it he clears the

fountain springs of his own motives of that selfishness and sinfulness which biases opinion and leads away from true insight into the meaning of life and its relations. It is a calling in of the Divine Spirit for review upon one's life, one's motives and ambitions. Without its clarifying power life never can be lived greatly. Prayer is the *sine qua non* of true adjustment of the facts and forces about us to the divine will and order, and it is essential to all religious living. This thought leads naturally to a second element in prayer, namely, that it is a form of cooperation of the individual with the Divine.

We too frequently forget that prayer is a form of cooperation. Too often it becomes a pleading for God to do for us what we lack the energy, the courage, or the initiative to do for ourselves. God desires infinitely more than any man can to see the salvation of the world and the coming kingdom of righteousness, and is only awaiting the cooperation of his own children. There is little use then in merely beseeching God to do what he already wants to do but in the way of which stand our laziness, our cowardice, our indifference, and our sin. Real prayer will soon set us to cooperating by such means as is in our power. We shall move out to answer our own prayer by fulfilling our part of the bargain, and we have the assurance if that prayer is an expression of what God wants too, all the powers of the universe are at our disposal to bring the desired result, remembering only this, that God never makes infractions upon the wills of men. Inviolability of the human will carries within its precious keeping the reality of moral character.

The third element in prayer is the accomplishment of the end sought. It is clear that the prayer which is in keeping with the divine will and which does not involve infraction of free wills cannot remain unanswered. It may not be answered as the man wanted when he began to pray. It must be answered as the man makes God's will his own will in the matter. We are all of us very limited in our knowledge and insight, and know not how to pray or what to ask for as we ought. No

man has lived a score of years religiously who has not been more grateful for the lack of definite answer to certain prayers than for those which have been fulfilled. This is the reasonableness of the saving proviso in all true prayer, "not my will but thine be done". Very often the best answer to our prayer lies in the denial of that which for the moment seems to us most necessary. The answer to prayer does not then depend upon receiving the thing asked for. Very often the answer comes in achieving a mind which voluntarily foregoes the desired object. Prayer as a selfish getting of some bauble for me by denying it to my neighbor partakes more of pious mendicacy than of religion. It is not religious and therefore is not prayer. It is credulous beggary. But if one's heart be bent upon the achievement of the divine will, though that end reach out far past the limits of his own toil, struggle and life itself, it must eventually come to pass, for all the higher forces of the universe work to bring it to pass. Our real prayers are like ships we put to sea, which wander wide by many havens, but which, though they circle the round earth again and again, must find their way at last to port. Blessed is the man who desires as God desires, for he shall have many ships on God's wide seas, and none of them shall be lost.

III.

PRAYER AS A SOURCE OF POWER.

So many phases of the subject have already been covered that prayer as a source of power has already been indicated and needs in this place but a few additional words.

We have seen how prayer is really a putting of man into harmony with the will of God. It places him in a spirit of cooperation with God to bring about that thing which God wants. There are many motives that control our activities in life. There is the desire for praise, or fortune or fame, the desire of the flesh and the desire of the eye, and the pride of life. Some of these are legitimate if they are incidental to the greater and supreme desire to glorify God and to establish

the Kingdom of God on the earth. In these desires, which range from a mild form of individualism to the grossest and most damnable selfishness, there runs a streak of discontent and disgust because in them the man is not realizing his full nature. We cannot leave out the nobler side of man's effort and have anything in the end but disillusionment, unhappiness and dissatisfaction. We live upon the surface of things with no deep-lying principle to sustain us. Like restless babes we are quieted only with immediate satisfaction. The withdrawal of riches, or the satisfaction of lust—the vanishing of a single dream—leaves the man broken, with the object of life gone.

There is here no means of permanent satisfaction, no noble self-realization. One must somehow anchor himself in the nature of things which is God. He must give himself to causes that are eternal, to satisfactions that cannot die, to expressions that are as true for one age as another or, at the very least, to heroisms that stand forth in undying splendor. Often such achievement is possible to the man only after time and sense have robbed him of the trivial and the fading. Such was Dante when his personal dreams vanished into the darkness of the political nightmare of his time and he found his peace in the undying truth of his *Divine Comedy*. Only he can find highest expression of himself who works without fear of time or fate or man or devil, laying one by one the stones in the great foundation of truth which by their sincerity are beyond cavil, set for all the world to see, to criticize, to condemn for a time but eventually to recognize and adore.

To work thus in the absence of praise and against the sharp-running tides of unpopularity and misunderstanding is impossible unless the man has come to some deep understanding with God or, if you prefer it, with truth or with the nature of things. When we put ourselves in tune with the divine order there spring new sources of power which overcome every obstacle, even death itself. Such a man has the force of the universe at his back. It is a literal truth that the stars in their courses fight for him. Because his will is the will of God he

cannot be defeated. Such an one can ask what he will and it shall be done unto him because he wills what God has already willed through him.

Prayer is the particular need of our own age with its pressing and colossal problems which only they shall be able to solve who keep close to the sources of power.

IV.

PRAYER AND THE DIVINE CHARACTER

No thoughtful reader has come thus far without realization of how one's conception of prayer involves the conception of the divine character.

The false conception of prayer, which under garb of pious phrase looks upon it as the cajoling of a divine despot, an unwilling deity, into some form of favoritism to those who live decently and after the forms of religion, is really a travesty upon God's character. Furthermore it makes for unbelief and forms a stumbling-block in the way of the reverently thoughtful. God must be faithful to the unjust as well as to the just, if he is to preserve his character. He cannot be a respecter of persons. He is only a respecter of human needs. I cannot pray down the rain upon my corn that will destroy my neighbor's barley, nor pray the fat job into my possession that will mean distress and want for my neighbor who needs it more than I. Really religious men cannot pray in that way. Unless our prayers are social and include the general good they cannot in the strict sense be considered prayers at all. They are the expressions of selfish wishes. And though our way to this high truth lie through the blinding tears of self-denial it is the only trail which leads out to the highways of God—who loves all his children with an unchanging and equal love. If through our blindness we could see this we should know that in this divine impartiality alone lies the possibility of our salvation. The highest pathway for man lies along the steep ascent of reconciliation with God. Here alone is our peace.

TWO SONGS

MARY SINTON LEITCH

THE DEAD THRUSH

Is anything so dead as a dead bird?—
So poignantly, so pitifully mute
The tender feathered breast no longer stirred
By song that, more than viol, harp or flute,
Could fill with dear delight the heart that heard.
Lovely the wildwood was today and lush
With flower and fern till, on a mossy bed
Beneath my feet, I saw a hermit thrush;—
A singer of celestial song was dead;—
And suddenly from tree and flower and bush
All fragrance and all loveliness had fled.
The twilight falls and all the delicate hush
Of evening vibrates with the music sped.

TO THE EARTH

Before life crawled slow from primordial slime
Immeasurable ages rolled away
To which our past—our little human day
With all its struggle, all its toilsome climb
To hard-won heights—seems trivial. Vast, sublime,
Unutterable the loneliness that lay
Over your steaming beaches and your grey
And barren rocks through bleak and empty time;—
Empty for us, but all fulfilled for you
Of majesty before the cries of Cain
Smote on your cliffs with clamor harsh and rude.
Ah, do you yearn to know, as then you knew,
Fathomless silence, to possess again
The grandeur of your primal solitude?

THE GRAVE BEAUTY OF MASEFIELD'S VERSE

JOSEPHINE HAMMOND

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Mr. Masefield's verse has filled the topsails of our poetry with fresh winds—crisp down breezes and sea-gales heavy with brine. Even the grim hazards the poet has conjured from his *Bye Streets* and *Roundhouses* have brought a clean savour, the taste of good blood fighting on, undaunted, in the muck. Despite the circumscriptions of those who applauded the critic of *The Nation* when he declared, "If we are to have decadence at all, it is better to have the comely decadence of Walter Pater than the obscene and unseemly decadence of Mr. Masefield", Mr. Masefield's fame has spread until now there are many ready to say of his sweeping verse what the Spaniards say admiringly of their best-regarded women—*Here, indeed, is salt.*

In the main Mr. Masefield has been simple and direct, master of the fit word master of flowing, vibrant narration. There was a time when he fouled his lines, when melodrama had in him a doughty champion. He went so far as to call melodrama tragedy when he wrote *Nan*. In that play's preface comes this statement: "Tragedy at its best is the vision of the heart of life. The heart of life can only be laid bare in the agony and exultation of dreadful acts." It is a curiously limited point of view, so to stress dreadful acts. Tortures and inquisitions are begotten quite as often by long endurances as by catastrophes. In the verse of our time, the agony and exultation of tragedy rises even more keenly from the strongly controlled situation of Miss Lowell's *Patterns* than from the frank brutalities of *The Daffodil Fields*. Tragedy lies not so much in the deed as in the spirit of man. It is not to be supposed, of course, that Mr. Masefield is unaware of such simple criteria: his point of view is one that he chose to defend and to vitalize in his early efforts and its limitations need not lessen

to us the more important value of the essential spirit of his work. What that spirit is is suggested by another portion of the preface of *Nan*: "Commonplace people cannot suffer and cannot exult. The truth and rapture of man are holy things, not lightly to be scorned."

It is, I think, because Mr. Masefield holds in reverence the truth and rapture of man that there has been growing in his work a quality even more rare than the sinewy vigor heretofore the gift of his verse. In his maturing work there is a Presence, a *Divine White Wonder*, a sentient Beauty, grave and wise. It is plain that not only do his marrowy tales, his sea savours, his rich and vivid characterizations of country-side and country folk, set him apart from lesser makers of song: there is ancient earth in this poet: the springs of his genius have known the consecration of an ageless Beauty.

They are few in any time who voice the secrets of her—the Beauty that seems to lie behind the grass, the sins, the joys, rebellions, sacrifices, and the stars. Her song is known best by those born adult in the cognizance of life, sung best by those who, like Masefield, invest their words with passions drawn from old, old reservoirs of man's audacities and sighs. Out of recently wrought measures there comes to mind one phrasing instinct with Beauty's immemorial life—those lines of Hardy's he calls *In The Time of The Breaking Of Nations*:

I

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half-asleep as they stalk.

II

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch-grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.

III

Yonder a maid and her wight
 Come whispering by;
 War's annals will fade into night
 Ere their story die.

Hardy chrisms the body of Beauty: Masfield faces the grave's isolation to chrism her soul:

You are more beautiful than women are,
 Wiser than men, stronger than ribbed death,
 Juster than time, more intimate than breath;
 Having all art, all science, all control
 Over the still unsmithied, even as Time
 Cradles the generations of man's soul:
 You are the light to guide, the way to climb.
 So, having followed beauty, having bowed
 To wisdom and to death, to law, to power,
 I, like a blind man, stumble from the crowd
 Into the darkness of the deeper hour,
 Where in the lonely silence I may wait
 The prayed-for gleam—your hand upon the gate.

This is the Beauty worshipped by David, sought for by Arjuna, followed by Dante; Masfield names it *the breath of the divine*.

In the sonnet sequence published originally with the play, *Good Friday*, Masfield seeks, questions, doubts, celebrates, finds, and loses this breath of the divine, the veiled glory that may be sensed, fought for, gained, but never held, nor outlined, nor defined.

If I could come again to that dear place
 Where once I came, where Beauty lived and moved,
 Where by the sea, I saw her face to face,
 That soul alive by which the world has loved;
 If, as I stood to gaze among the leaves,
 She would appear again, as once before,
 While the red herdsman gathered up his sheaves
 And brimming waters trembled on the shore;
 If, as I gazed, her Beauty that was dumb,
 In that old time, before I learned to speak,
 Would lean to me and revelation come,
 Words to the lips and color to the cheeks,
 Joy with its searing-iron would burn me wise,
 I should know all, all powers, all mysteries.

Questions form, probing the sources of such Beauty. Comes it by chance? Or is the unfeeling mud stabbed by a ray Cast by an unseen splendor's great advance? Or does the Glory gather Unseen, within? Does Beauty dwell in lovely things, Scattering the holy hintings of her name in women, in dear friends, in flowers, in springs, In the brook's voice? Or it is we who are Beauty, we who ask, We by whose gleams the world fulfils its task? Again and again Masefield turns his crystal globe, pondering the alternating questions: streams the groping, yearning ghost from some *divine, unapprehended Soul*, or is the light by which we live lit from our own dim sparks?

The poet seems to postulate his questions more for rapt contemplation of this wonder, twin to man, than for the gain of any answer, clipped and trim. But there emerges from his meditations one belief that may well be the source of much of his accomplishment. It is the belief that frail, faulty, aspiring and defiant human lives beget divinities; that spiritual beauty waxes in the universe as human flesh defeats the mean, sustains the true; that after each human form is mingled with the clods, whatsoever was sweet and brave in its living persists. It may not be a too far-flung surmise that Masefield's native reverence for the miracle that is man has been quickened by his contact with the humanistic Shinto culture, out of whose passionate apotheoses of noble men he has drawn his austere beautiful play, *The Faithful*.

Some of the sonnets born of the belief that man shares in spiritual creation are as lovely in their movement as the slow mounting of tides on quiet evening shores. There will be critics who will quarrel with their form, clamoring that these poems are really triple quatrains with an end couplet, and not sonnets at all. They are, of course, frankly in the Shakespearean tradition. Latter-day technicians in verse will decry the absence of new-minted images and much too much of *April* and *the rose*. Certainly Mr. Masefield is often carelessly

repetitious, guilty of infelicities, and in bondage to words of wide inclusions. But contemplative verse must at times use generalizations: after all, *April* and *the rose* are as veritable in man's experience as is *a black sky lacquered over with blueness*. That Masfield can be faithful to the precise texture of things is plain to any reader of *Dauber* or *Reynard*. His ineffective repetitions may not be condoned: "The man-made God, that man in happy breath Makes in despite of time and dusty death" is the kind of deplorable leaden phrase too often found.

The illusion of poetry vanishes in paraphrase. Here are three sonnets in which Masfield's belief in man's creative spirit rises in clarity and grace. Reft from their setting, they will not justly speak the poet's moods, which shift from question to affirmation and back to probe, but they will serve to point his ripening power over lines that curve like crests of seas.

Here in the self is all that man can know
Of Beauty, all the wonder, all the power,
All the unearthly color, all the glow,
Here in the self that withers like a flower,
Here in the self that fades as hours pass,
And droops and dies and is forgotten
Sooner, by ages, than the mirroring glass
In which it sees its glory still unrotten,
Here in the flesh, within the flesh, behind,
Swift in the blood, and throbbing on the bone,
Beauty herself, the universal mind,
Eternal April wandering alone,
The god, the holy ghost, the atoning lord,
Here in the flesh, the never yet explored.

I never see the red rose crown the year,
Nor feel the young grass underneath my tread,
Without the thought "This living beauty here
Is earth's remembrance of a beauty dead.
Surely where all this beauty is displayed
Love has been quick, like fire, to high ends,
Here in the grass, an altar has been made
For some white joy, some sacrifice of friends;
Here, where I stand, some leap of human brains
Has touched immortal things and left its trace,

The earth is happy here, the gleam remains;
 Beauty is here, the spirit of the place,
 I touch the faith that nothing can destroy,
 The earth, the living church of ancient joy."

Wherever Beauty has been quick in clay
 Some effluence of it lives, a spirit dwells,
 Beauty that death can never take away,
 Mixed with the air that shakes the flower bells;
 So that by waters where the apples fall,
 Or in lone glens, or valleys full of flowers,
 Or in the streets where bloody tidings call,
 The haunting waits the mood that makes it ours.
 Then at a turn, a word, an act, a thought,
 Such difference comes, the spirit apprehends
 The place's glory, for where beauty fought
 Under the veil the glory never ends,
 But the still grass, the leaves, the trembling flower,
 Keep, through dead time, the everlasting hour.

Inevitably echoes from old lines come; this latter thought has had a long past. One is reminded of the worn quatrain—"I sometimes think that never blows so red The Rose—" or that less worn, quainter rendering by Emerson—

Each spot where tulips prank their state
 Was once the life-blood of the great:
 The violets yon field which stain
 Are moles of beauty time hath slain.

First scanned, the sonnet sequence seems but a fresh statement of an ancient pantheism; on nearer view, traces of the modern wedding of the pantheistic to the pancosmic appear—Life's effort is held to be Man's development of Divinity quite as much as Divinity's manifestation through Man; finally and most clearly, as I have suggested, there is the marked emphasis on creative humanism. This emphasis reaches incisive phrasing in a meditative movement of a later set of poems, *Lollingdon Downs*:

That is our friend who, when the iron brain
 Assails, or the earth clogs, or the sun hides,
 Is the good God to whom none calls in vain,
 Man's Achieved Good which, being Life, abides.

Masefield here appears to be giving body to a thought current in our speculative philosophy, a thought best defined, perhaps, by Monsieur Bergson, who, avoiding the mechanists on one hand, since he holds consciousness, spirit, to be the beginning of all life, physical and psychic, yet avoids, too, the absolutists, the idealists, who rest on an achieved Unity, believing rather that humanity shares in the making of a creation not yet complete. Even this most modern aspect stems from older thought; marks of it are in the contention of Bruno. As Pater has seen fit to characterize it, Bruno's *largeness of mind* "was the famous axiom of *indifferences*, or the *coincidences of contraries*. To the eye of God, nothing is really alien to Him. The differences of things, those distinctions, above all, which schoolmen and priests, old or new, Roman or Reformed, had invented for themselves would be lost in the length and breadth of the philosophic survey: nothing, in itself, being really either great or small; and matter, certainly, in all its various forms, not evil but divine."

Assuredly, Masefield's compassion and tenderness incline him to large acceptances: in the sonnets, his understanding draws in not only *Man's Achieved Good*, but his misgivings, his blusters, his defeats. "Men are made human by the mighty fall The mighty passion led to." Because the poet has no need to round the philosophic circle, he may—and being a practical worker, he must—retain the black that gives the foil to light. He must paint the foul, give place to hate, reveal decay and death.

There are two forms of life, of which one moves,
Seeking its meat in many forms of Death.

Wherever earth is quick and life runs red
Its mark is death, its meat is something dead.
Restless and hungry, still it moves and slays
Feeding its beauty on dead beauty's bones.

So the poet's pursuit of Beauty—Beauty which man builds, Beauty which he may be building but in shadow—is criss-crossed by many a momentary halt, wherein comes question

whether there exist a Beauty to pursue. Masfield ends his sonnet sequence on a suspended note:

Let that which is to come be as it may,
 Darkness, extinction, justice, life intense,
 The flies are happy in a summer day,
 They will be happy many summers hence.
 Time with his antique breeds that built the Sphinx,
 Time with her men to come whose wings will tower,
 Poured and will pour, not as the wise man thinks,
 But with blind force, to each his little hour.
 And when the hour has struck, comes death or change,
 Which, whether good or ill, we cannot tell,
 But the blind planet will wander through her range
 Bearing men like us who will serve as well.
 The sun will rise, the winds that ever move
 Will blow our dust that once were men in love.

Yet as we wander through the poet's House of Life into his gardens, out into his bye-ways, off on his open ocean roads, insistently, *swift in the blood and throbbing on the bone*, beating through his figments and his dreams, is the song of his belief—and underlying all the poet's speculation is his profound and lovely faith—that nobilities are the lasting fruitage of men's lives. He wrote—while the Great War spattered the Hope of the World—"Perhaps, when the war is over and the mess of the war is cleaned up and the world is at some sort of peace, there may be leisure and feeling for verse-making. One may go back to that life in the mind, in which the eyes of the mind see butterflies and petals of blossoms blowing from the unseen world of beauty into this world. In that life, if it comes again, one may not be too old to look towards that world of beauty, and to see it and tell of it. And though, before this war, when I was writing, I saw little enough of that land, life is kind and wise and generous, and perhaps, in that new time, I may see more and be able to tell more, and know in fuller measure what the poets of my race have known about that world and the people existing forever over England, the images of what England and the English may become, or spiritually are. Chaucer and Shakespeare, some lines of Gray, of Keats,

of Wordsworth, and of William Morris, the depth, force, beauty, and tenderness of the English mind, are inspiration enough, and star enough to urge and guide in any night of the soul, however wayless from our blindness or black from our passions and our follies."

The war is momentarily over, Masfield has published one of his finest narratives of the English countryside, *Reynard the Fox*, and has had time, evidently, to look toward the world of beauty, to draw from it a butterfly, a blossom, and a bird, for all three make holiday in his latest tale, *King Cole*. The tale lacks the marrow and sinew and the strong blood-beat of melody we expect from Masfield's narration, and it presents an incoherence of chronology, puzzling and repellent, but here again, with mellow grace and sharpened fable, comes the theme—*Where beauty fought under the veil the glory never ends*.

King Cole, the ancient, godly ghost, wanders earth, a friend to man. He inspires a wayside circus, piping luck and honor to the gypsy crew. They go their road, refreshed. The old king pipes farewell and fades. If we have but the mood to make the moment ours, we may discern the poet in the place of rare King Cole, robins nestling to his old grey coat, the burden of his song a beauty, grave and wise.

He watched the night, then taking up his flute,
 He breathed a piping of this world of ours,
 The half-seen prize, the difficult pursuit,
 The passionate lusts that shut us in their towers,
 The love that makes us and the love that mars,
 The beauty and the truth that are our stars.
 And man, the marvellous thing, that in the dark
 Works with his little strength to make a light
 He dimmed like mist till one could scarcely note
 The robins nestling to his old grey coat.
 But where the juggler trudged beside his love
 Each felt a touching from beyond our ken,
 From that bright kingdom where the souls who strove
 Live on forever, helping living men.
 And as they kissed each other, even then
 Their brows seemed blessed, as though a hand unseen
 Has crowned their loves with never-withering green.

ITALIAN SONNET

TO A FIR TREE CLINGING TO A MOUNTAIN CRAG

FRED SHERWIN

Cathedral book, time-sealed and unread scroll,
Chained to the craggy pillars of the sky;
Oh tell us, stately Fir Tree, how and why,
To mortal man, your bark-imprisoned soul
Lies volumed deep within this tree's dark bole;
While we by science and by various art
Try to divine your many-chaptered heart,
God's golden parchment we can ne'er unroll.
Yet when the storm wind's chill and piercing cold
Freezes the breath of lip-made piety,
You utter notes unorganed and unsung,
A melody of whispers that unfold
To all the world a secret harmony,
God's message in a universal tongue.

A PERSONALIST'S VIEW OF REALITY

An Outline of a Philosophy of Personalism

JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM
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When one considers the vastness and depth of Truth it is a hazardous task to attempt to outline a philosophy. I venture upon it only for the sake of an approach to unity and clarity of thought—entering upon the quest through the familiar gateway of the question: *What is real—sub specie personalitatis?*

What is real?—the stone that one strikes with his foot as he climbs the mountain, or the inspiration that comes to him on the summit?—for these are its two contrasted types. Both experiences are manifestly forms of consciousness induced by sensation—the one painful, the other pleasurable. Common sense asserts that the cause of the first experience is the stone and of the second the landscape. As for the inner experiences called out by the landscape, common sense pronounces them subjective, imaginative, fanciful,—or at least less real than the stone, or the landscape with its various objects.

Yet a little reflection shows how crude and inconclusive common sense is in the premises. Philosophy in the form of idealism enters with a more carefully reflected if not a better answer. What would the stone be, it asks, but a nameless and unknown *somewhat* except for the concept formed by the mind? Merely as a source of sensations it would not be a *stone*. And what would be the visual sensations aroused by looking from the mountain untranslated by a mind into terms of thought, emotion, and imagination? What, then, is real? The stone? Doubtless, else there would be no sensation aroused by it; but the vital and sensitive organism affected

by the stone is more real than the stone; and the mind that interprets the sensation and forms the concept "stone" is more real than the physical organism. The landscape seen from the mountain is real, and all its constituent parts, but the mind that sees them as a whole is the greater reality. Most real of all is the self, the person, who feels the sensation, experiences the emotion, and exercises the synthetic mental activity without which there would be no landscape.

II

There are, it would seem, degrees of reality. Reality does not fundamentally consist of external substances which produce sensations that shade off into mental images, the latter being but dim and secondary reflections of the primary substances. On the contrary reality gives evidence of being a matter of gradation and degree and culminates in *persons*, who experience, perceive, conceptualize, relate and unify, and thus prove themselves in a sense constructors of lesser forms of reality. In other words, realities are not all on the same level. That which has *consciousness* possesses, in the nature of the case, a greater degree of reality than that which is unconscious. One need not deny reality of a certain kind to the stone in order to recognize that it is less real than the conscious organism that comes in contact with it and far less real than the mind, the self, which perceives and conceptualizes it. Reality, that is, is not so much a matter of sensation-causing or sensation-receiving, as of conscious power to feel, to think, to understand. Everything else is less real than the *self* by whom it gets its place and meaning in the realm of reality. Upon the same principle, that which is *self-conscious* possesses a greater reality than that which is merely *conscious*. For the self-conscious being is aware not only of its states but of itself as having them. It is real, that is, in the

degree that it possesses analyzing, co-ordinating unifying intelligence.

This implies a third constituent of reality—self-activity, will. A being who not only receives sensations, is conscious of them and conceptualizes the objects with which they are associated, but takes an attitude toward them, who not only *reacts*, but *acts* and projects himself upon his environment, possesses a kind of reality that evinces itself as inherently superior to all others. For it is self-active and self-determinative, i. e. personal.

Nor is self-activity itself all on one level. The self-activity which is merely self-protecting, self-seeking, cannot have the same kind of reality as that which is out-going, altruistic, beneficent. The latter may not be greater in force; it is greater in value. And value is a self-attesting evidence of reality. By all these criteria *persons* are the ultimate reals. They are the self-conscious, intelligent, self-active, constructive entities. Their reality is most certain, most intense, most worthful, most permanent, because self-directive, creative, and social. It is this kind of reality that men live by, as Professor Royce has said: "We live by believing in one another's minds as realities."¹

III

The recognition of differing degrees of reality culminating in persons makes it well nigh impossible to stop short of a further step. The ultimate and supreme reality can be found only in Perfect Personality. The perfect Person alone can fully know, understand, and evaluate the world of objects and other persons and himself, and therefore He alone can be completely real; for He alone has complete consciousness, complete knowledge, complete self-activity, complete creativeness, complete beneficence.

This is not the *part* implying the *whole*, but the *imperfect* implying the *perfect*. If the imperfect exists—in the realm of personality—the Perfect *must* exist, either in possibility or in

1. The Philosophy of Loyalty, p. 360.

actuality. And if not in actuality how could it exist in idea? That such Personality exists follows from the very idea the mind has of Him,—as Anselm and Descartes asserted—*provided the idea of perfection is restricted to personality*, to which alone it properly belongs. Moreover the whole framework of things as well as the community of persons requires His existence and is empty and inexplicable without it. Yet this is by no means the chief ground upon which the conviction rests. The existence of God is known to us as we know the existence of other persons by *his Presence*. “Ultimately our only evidence of the existence of anything must be our consciousness of it . . . Thus the religious consciousness is sufficient evidence of the existence of its object. So far as we mean by God no more than the object of the religious consciousness, the existence of God is not doubtful at all.”²

Being pure Person this Presence is recognized not by physical means but by personal awareness,—an awareness keenest in our most sensitive spiritual experiences, but pervasive throughout our total human experience.

IV

If *persons* are thus the ultimate reals and *things* are only relatively real, what of *universals*? Are they real or fictitious? The answer is clearly given in the premises. Universals can be real only as the mental constructs of persons; but *as such* they are real. Universals are thus not mere *abstractions*; they are rather *constructions*, as Plato said. There is no such thing as *man*, apart from individual men, nevertheless there is a nature common to all men which the term man serves to connote and thus far it indicates a reality. There is no such thing as the *Church* apart from individual churches, yet there is a common life shared by all true churches which is a reality. In other words universals are real in their own kind and degree, but real only because persons are real.

2. C. C. J. Webb, *Problems of the Relation of God and Man*, p. 145.

The Platonic creative ideas are not independent realities precedent to actual existences in conformity with which the latter are formed. The ideas are primarily immanent in creative Mind and get their reality therefrom. They are immanent, secondarily, in the embodied products of mind, which gain their chief reality from their embodied meanings. In other words, universals are creative ideas immanent in Mind. They do not precede and pre-determine creative activity, but are the modes of its activity. Plato's inadequate conception of personality is reflected in his too nearly impersonal ideas.

How, then, did the world of *things* come to exist? The answer of Platonism and of Christianity alike to this problem—the answer which has in the main commanded assent up to the period of the modern revolt—is that Spirit is in some way the Ground and Origin of the lower orders of reality. How? whether by fiat, creation, emanation, or diremption, or some other form of purposeful initiative—has never been satisfactorily answered. Yet these questions of method are secondary. The pertinent fact is that it is *the very nature of personality to create*, to express itself, to project into outer form something of the wealth of its inner content. Every person, in his own way and according to the degree of his personality, creates, expresses himself, embodies himself in outward forms more or less material. Much more should we expect the Supreme Self to exercise creative activity. The Original and Originating Person could do no less, being what He is, than to *express* Himself in a creative process as far transcending that of finite persons as His personal reality and potency exceed theirs. Such at least is a reasonable inference. If such a Being exists He must, so to speak, create, share his nature, diffuse the wealth of His being. Otherwise he could not be Person, much less Perfect Person.

As issuing from Perfect Person, God's self-impartation in creation might be expected to be not only pure expression but perfect, the only perfect, that is complete, form of self-im-

partation. That is a reasonable expectation, but the perfection need not be instantaneous. It need not necessarily be reached at once—not if development, progress, continuity, is a factor in the Divine creative process (as we have ample reason to infer that it is); not if freedom and co-operation on the part of the creation add worth and significance to the process. And this, if we may trust evolution, *is* the creative *process*, whoever or whatever be the creative *power*. May not reality itself, in its subordinate forms, be in process of construction? This would involve not a momentary creation, but an essentially continuous creation. "My Father worketh hitherto". It would mean that although Perfect Person is the only *Substance*, in the Spinozistic and Cartesian sense, nevertheless there could never have been a time when He dwelt alone in isolated self-sufficiency. On the contrary He must always have been either *begetting* (the term chosen by theology for symbolizing a more intimate and personal form of self-impartment) or *creating*,—either begetting personal sonship or creating impersonal nature as the instrument and vehicle of personality.

VI

Another problem in reality emerges. Is evil real? According to the personal criterion of reality evil is indeed real, with its own kind of reality, but only as evil persons are real, or persons who are partially evil. Yet the reality of evil is not of the same order as is that of *goodness* which, by its nature, belongs in essence to personality, while evil enters only by way of a relaxed and unwatchful finite will, thus proving itself an alienating, disintegrating, secondary, yet potent, reality. To the question why such an interloper is permitted in a God-created universe no answer can well be found other than that ancient one that such a possibility is inseparable from *freedom*—and freedom is inseparable from a truly worthwhile creation. To the further question, why there might not have been a world

in which freedom prevailed without the possibility of evil,—one can find only the old answer that there could be no freedom without such a possibility.

Since evil has a reality of its own—although not of the same inherent and essential nature as goodness—it follows that it cannot be *thought* out of existence, except as it is willed out, worked out, driven out,—progressively eradicated from the minds and purposes and deeds of persons—of *all* persons.

VII

If such is Reality, what, then, is Truth? The answer to this question in line with our directing principle would seem to run somewhat as follows: ' *Truth consists in locating things in their own order and degree of reality.* In other words, only as a phenomenon, an experience, a person, is set in its own inherent place in the realm of reality can it be really known. Only thus is it *trued*, and hence *true*. Otherwise there is not only confusion, but error, and when the error is conscious and intentional, there is falsification. Error consists in placing an item of knowledge in the wrong place in the order of reality—that to which it does not belong. And that makes infinite mischief. The only way to keep truth with ourselves and our world is to call a spade a spade, a fact a fact, a fancy a fancy, a guess a guess, a faith a faith, an experience an experience, a knave a knave, and a good man a good man—for these represent different degrees and orders of reality. It is when we make mistakes in this assignment that we err, and when we do this *consciously* we lie. That this *truthing* of things is a difficult task makes it no less imperative.

VIII

To attempt to formulate a "deduction of the categories" of reality from the standpoint of personality—to state just what degrees and kinds it comprises—is manifestly not within the

compass of this discussion. That there are such categories, and that we use them constantly in all our judgments, might readily be demonstrated. I desire rather to suggest, in closing, the range and nature of the grades of reality and especially to point out that there is a form of reality which, paradoxical as it seems, we denominate the *unreal*. This may be illustrated by instancing those classic philosophic figures, *fairies*. As actual existences fairies are unreal; yet for poetry and story they are real, for they exist in the mind's eye. As products of the imagination we could ill afford to part with them—especially in childhood. To take fairies for actualities is error, to take them as imaginary creatures having fictional values is truth; for that is their order of reality. They are *unreal* (that is non-existent) *reals*, being, though fictitious, creations of personal minds.

IX

This interpretation of reality as a matter of degrees—the degree of reality decreasing according to its distance from the central reality of selfhood—is the only one adequate to account for the facts of self-consciousness and other-consciousness. That it does away with all difficulties, or explains all problems, it would be folly to maintain. It leaves us, e.g., confronting the problem: Granted that the Ultimate Reality consists of persons culminating in Perfect Person, how account for the lower grades of reality? How are these related to the higher reality and to the Highest? What of Nature? Did Personality emerge from Nature? If so how could the unconscious generate the conscious, and the conscious the self-conscious? Or did Nature come from Personality? If so how could Pure Spirit have produced something so foreign to, or at least other than, itself, as Nature seems to be?

X

One other delimitation of reality demands attention. How it is related to the Good?

What then is the Good? It cannot be something other than the real, so that we have here two distinct entities. The adjective *good* is commonly applied to all sorts and conditions of things, yet it can be thus applied only in an accommodated and secondary sense. Goodness is something which belongs intrinsically to persons, derivatively to the conduct of persons, and still more derivatively, or perhaps metaphorically, to objects.

When we say of an object that it is *good* we mean that it has qualities that have either been infused into it by a person or that remind us of a good person. A machine is good when it has those qualities of reliability and adaptation to human well-being which in their true nature are found only in free, intelligent, self-active persons. They belong to the machine only by a kind of personification. A picture is good when it has the sincerity, the truth, the sense of beauty put into it by a true artist—and an artist must be a person. The picture may have been painted by one who, by reason of qualities which do not appear in it, is in many respects a bad man, but he has also the qualities which do appear in it, insight, integrity, fidelity, else the picture would be a “bad” picture.

So, also, *value*, or more precisely worth—which is only another way of estimating goodness—is a personal form of reality and exists in objects only as related to persons. The only true criterion of value is personal worth or worth to persons. All things have value primarily as related to selves. They have the secondary value termed *economic* as related to the physical life and well-being of selves.

To recapitulate: Reality regarded *sub specie personalitatis* may be described somewhat as follows: Ours is a real world,—made real by the presence in it of creative persons. Without persons it could not be real. Before the emergence of human personality it can have been a real world only as related to the Creative Person, and to other personalities then existent—if

such there were—except in so far as the nascent up-reaching personality of sensation and intelligence in the sub-human order made a world partially and prophetically real. Reality is of differing orders and degrees the nearer its approach to personality. Reality increases according to the ratio in which personality develops. In a word, we find ourselves living in a realm in which personality, and with it all forms and degrees of reality, are in the *making*—the whole encompassed and shaped by the eternal Creative Person.

THE USE OF THE WORD 'PERSONALISM'

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Philosophy is no mere dispute about words; yet most, if not all, of our thinking uses words. Words are symbols of ideas; the history of the use of words is part of the history of civilization. If, then, we investigate the use of a word like 'personalism', we are not studying a mere formal term, we are studying the development of the human mind. In the present study, it seems wise to limit ourselves to the use of the word in question in the English language. Professor George C. Cell of the Department of Church History in the Boston University School of Theology has investigated the history of its use on the Continent in connection with his studies of the interactions of Christianity with philosophical thought. The present study will therefore omit continental usage except for incidental references. The term 'personalism' only will be considered; no attention will be paid to the much older terms, 'person', 'personal', and 'personality.'

On the use of these terms, the following may be consulted: C. C. J. Webb, *God and Personality*, G. Allen & Unwin, Ltd., London, 1918, pp. 35-88. A. Trendelenburg, *A Contribution to the History of the Word Person* (reprinted from *The Monist*, July, 1910), The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, 1910. W. H. Walker, *The Development of the Doctrine of Personality in Modern Philosophy*, Ann Arbor, Mich., 1894 (?). R. Eucken, *Main Currents of Modern Thought*, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1912, pp. 409-430. J. W. Hudson, *The Treatment of Personality by Locke, Berkeley and Hume*, Univ. of Missouri Studies, Philosophy and Education Series, Vol 1, No. 1, Columbia, Mo., May, 1911.

Even within the limited field chosen, this paper will aim only to call attention to the need of research rather than to complete the task.

At the outset, our problem would assume the form: Is 'personalism' (meaning a philosophical theory) a good English word? Whatever may be the answer to this question, it is clear that '*Personalismus*' is good philosophical German. Witness Hans Dreyer's little Book, *Personalismus und Realismus* (Berlin, 1905); Max Scheler's ethical '*Personalismus*'; L. William Stern's system, which, since 1906, he has been expounding as '*Personalismus*'; Troeltsch's statement that "the religious problems of Europe turn about '*Personalismus*' and not, as those of India, about '*Antipersonalismus*'" (*Gesammelte Schriften*, Vol. II, 43, cf. 860-862, etc.—); the frequent use of the term in Rudolf Otto's remarkable book *Das Heilige*, which was published in 1917 and by 1921 had reached the sixth edition; or the article '*Personalismus*' in Dr Paul Thormeyer's excellent and compact *Philosophisches Wörterbuch* (Treibner, Leipzig und Berlin, 1920).

The situation in the English language is very different. Whether one turns to *Webster's New International* (1920), or to *The Standard Dictionary* (1895), or to *The Century* (1890), or to *The Encyclopaedic Dictionary* (1886), or to *Worcester* (1870), or even to *Muret-Sanders* (*Englisch-Deutsch*, 1909), one finds substantially the same definition, namely 'personalism' is the character or quality or state of being personal; it is synonymous with 'personality.' The word is not recognized by these authorities as the name of a philosophical system. Even in the recognized sense, it is usually described as "rare"; so rare as to be worthy only of fine print at the bottom of Webster's page and as to be practically never used in contemporary literature. Only in Baron von Huegel's paper on *Morals and Religion* (reprint, 1920) given at the Oxford Congress of Philosophy, has the writer found it; there "the Personalism of God" is mentioned in the dictionary sense (p. 4). The excellent Baron's use of English is generally regarded as brilliant but individual!

The encyclopaedias are, if possible, less informing than the

dictionaries. *The New International* (1916), the *Britannica* (1922), the *New Schaff-Herzog* (1910), and Baldwin's *Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology* (1902) contain no article whatever on 'personalism' in any sense. But the *Britannica Index* refers to the article on *Mythology* (Vol. 19, p. 132), where it is said that the name 'personalism' is the belief of savages that some sort of personality inhabits all things animate and inanimate. It is a technical term of anthropology rather than of philosophy, according to this article.

In only two recognized works of reference has the writer found 'personalism' defined as a philosophical system, *The Oxford English Dictionary* (edited by J. A. H. Murray) and *Hastings' Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*. The former work is the court of last appeal in our language. After stating the above-mentioned current dictionary definition, it adds, in an instalment published 1903, "variously used to denote some theory, doctrine, principle, system, method, characteristic, etc. that is, or involves something that is, personal." Murray cites as the first use of the word that in the *Quarterly Review* of 1846 (the reference is not specific); and then quotes J. Grote's *Exploratio Philosophica* (1865), which, in a very interesting passage, speaks of "the idealism, personalism or whatever it may be called, which lies at the root of all that I have said" (I, 146). In the *Hastings' Encyclopaedia*, the article "*Personalism*" is from the pen of the editor of *THE PERSONALIST*. Here the term 'personalism' is defined less broadly than in the *Oxford Dictionary*; "Personalism, in the proper sense of the term, asserts a system of selves related through a supreme personality." This definition applies only to a theistic idealism of Bowne's type,—It may be that the writer has overlooked important occurrences of the word; and he would be most grateful for any information concerning instances of its use.

The problem set earlier in the paper has now received an answer from unassailable authorities. 'Personalism', meaning a type of philosophical thought, is a good English word. It is

however a relatively new word, and it is fighting for recognition. How far it is from being classical is evidenced by its all but complete absence from histories of philosophy and introductions to the subject. Leighton's *The Field of Philosophy* (2nd. ed., R. G. Adams & Co., Columbus, 1919) is an exception, for it devotes several pages to "Personalistic or Spiritualistic Pluralism" (pp. 264-268). The form 'personalism' appears in the index. Miss Calkins also uses the term in her *Persistent Problems of Philosophy* (Macmillan, New York, 1907, p. 406, and later editions); she notes that 'personalism' is tending to replace 'spiritualism' in current writing. These are, however, exceptions that prove the rule.

It may be instructive to examine more closely the process by which the word has come of late to wider currency. Several streams of influence have contributed to this end. Roughly we may call them the logical, the ethical, and the metaphysical.

In its logical use, the word 'personalism' is equivalent to the humanistic form of pragmatism for which not reason alone, but the whole personal life with all its needs, is the guide to truth. It is a reaction against the rigor and vigor of absolutism as well as against the vague excesses of mysticism. 'Personalism' in this sense appears as one of the types of philosophy of religion in Caldecott's *The Philosophy of Religion in England and America* (Macmillan, New York, 1901). For him, 'personalism' is an empirical method, aiming at practical certainty; Cardinal Newman's *Grammar of Assent* illustrates it (Caldecott, 80-86, 259-272). The same type of thought appears in the humanistic volume, *Personal Idealism*, edited by Henry Sturt (Macmillan, London, 1902). Although the form 'personalism' does not occur in the volume (so far as the present writer has noticed), it is interesting to note that one of its best known contributors, F. C. S. Schiller, now speaks of "personalism or humanism" as one doctrine (in *Mind*, N. S., No. 121, Jan. 1922, p. 110). The logical type, then, is carried along by the pragmatic movement in the broad

sense, and has obvious affinities with the logical method of Bowne's *Theism*.

The word is less frequently used in an ethical sense to signify some form of the ethics of personality, self-realization or perfectionism. Perhaps the most striking illustration of this use is W. M. Salter's description of Nietzsche as a 'personalist' in his *Nietzsche the Thinker* (Holt, New York, 1917). This serves to show how wide a range of meaning the word covers.

Most important is the metaphysical sense of the term. Metaphysical, like logical, personalism was formerly called 'personal idealism.' As Perry points out in *The Present Conflict of Ideals* (Longmans, New York, 1918, pp. 203f.), Howison used the name 'personal idealism' for his system in the volume *The Conception of God* (1897), five years before Sturt's group published their essays. Howison's 'personal idealism' was an idealistic, theistic pluralism. Professor Mary W. Calkins, who has been influenced by Royce, introduced the term 'personalism' as descriptive of her own system in 1907 (as stated above). Her article *Henri Bergson: Personalist* in *Phil. Rev.*, 21 (1912), 666-675, and her presidential address on *The Personalistic Conception of Nature*, which appeared in *Phil. Rev.*, 28 (1919), 115-146, are noteworthy in this connection. Miss Calkins has informed the writer that she is unable to trace her use of the term to the influence either of Renouvier, whose *Le Personnalisme* appeared in 1903 or of Bowne. At about this time, 'personalism' appeared to be in the air, for in 1907 Bowne delivered the N. W. Harris lectures at Northwestern, which later were published as *Personalism* (Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1908).

Of late there has been a marked increase in the use of the word. The founding of THE PERSONALIST and numerous publications by former students of Bowne are cases in point; but the wider use is by no means confined to what may be called the Bowne School. Instances may be found in James Iverach's article on *Consciousness* in Hastings' *Encyclopaedia of*

Religion and Ethics (Scribner's, New York, 1912), although here there may be some doubt as to whether it is used to mean 'personality' or 'a theory that recognizes personality'; or in a review of Pratt's *The Religious Consciousness* by "J. W. S."—doubtless J. W. Scott—who speaks of Pratt's "personalism in religion" (*Mind, N. S.*, No. 119, July, 1921); or in Pringle-Pattison's review of Sorley's *Moral Values and the Idea of God*, where Sorley's position is characterized as "pure personalism" (*Hibb. Jour.*, 17 (1919), 533-541); or in Creighton's article on *Philosophy as the Art of Affixing Labels* (*Jour. Phil.*, 17 (1920), 225-233), in which he speaks of Materialism, Pantheism, Personalism" as rubrics under which "we classify the historical systems of philosophy"—and the fact that he objects to such labeling only adds to the force of his recognition of 'personalism' as one of the standard labels.

Many significant questions may be raised regarding the facts to which attention is called in this article. No attempt will be made at the present time either to answer or even to raise such questions. But at least two inferences of importance may be drawn from the data. One is that the personalistic movement in philosophy is attaining greater self-consciousness and wider recognition; and the other is that the lexicographers might reasonably be expected to take into account a usage that is so widely sanctioned by distinguished scholars of England and America.

WHERE ARE THE BOOKS OF YESTERYEAR?

EVE WOODBURN LEARY

"If Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare to open me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live."

CHANNING.

There is an ever increasing tendency on the part of "newly-weds" wholly to eliminate books from their homes. To establish a home in this age of soaring prices is, for a young man of moderate salary, no simple task and must be done by a process of elimination; getting along without certain things, supposedly luxuries. But why books?

For one thing, most of us live in the smallest amount of space possible. The lovely old rambling houses, with their big quiet libraries, cheery log fireplaces and broad staircases are giving way to the compact little five-room apartment; just enough room to move about in, where indeed, two's a company, three a crowd and four a mob.

This change is made necessary because of the prevalent mode of living; the frank desire of the present generation to spend as little time as possible at home; to put in most of their waking hours in an automobile or at the movies or jazzing at some fashionable restaurant or hotel. Home has become merely a place in which to eat and sleep, so why maintain a larger establishment than absolutely necessary? Especially, when it is next to impossible to employ any help; when the care and responsibility and work must fall upon the "female of the

species" whose desire to get out, to be everlastingly "on the go", surpasses even her husband's.

So we find these compact little five room band-boxes quite barren of books. Usually there is a piano whether any member of the family can play a note or not and often there is a victrola, no books of any sort or description; the nearest thing in the set line of a book being a few popular magazines, like an oasis in a desert, saving the place from complete literary vacuum. If inclement weather or sickness force an evening at home, these magazines, or perhaps a book borrowed from some circulating library, serve as a diversion. Luckily, many of the magazines run books in serial form before publication and, in this way, a few are read. If it were not for these magazines, there would be a total lack of any sort of reading material in most of our middle class homes. A garage has become a necessity, a library a superfluity, to these people. Is it because the younger generation has lost all desire to read, or because the swiftly-passing moments are so filled with other things, that the stories they might otherwise read, such as "Vanity Fair" or A "Tale of Two Cities", being vividly portrayed on the screen, they prefer to get them that way in a single evening rather than pore over them for perhaps a week or two?

Of course there are a few homes among the middle class which have their readers, to whom books are the most precious possessions of life, but these homes are in a sad minority. For my part, I assert, unhesitatingly, without fear of contradiction, that nine out of every ten young people, founding a home, start without one book. This would not be so deplorable but for the fact that the books are never forthcoming in these homes. If one can exist without books the first year of one's married life, one can the second, the third, and so on to the golden sunset.

The calamitous part of it all is that these bookless people don't seem to realize what they are missing. It may be vastly amusing to see Charlie Chaplin caper about the screen, but is it

something to treasure—to remember, to help solve the tremendous problems of life which constantly confront us? Mary Pickford's smile may warm and charm us, but is it to be compared to a volume of George Eliot?

In this mad rush, this whirl of business and pleasure, books, especially the classics, have no place. People seem to have neither the time nor the inclination for them. Yet, life at the present time to most people is far from satisfying. We have only to glance about at the restlessness, the discontent, to verify this. The mad rush which catches and hurls us from one moment to the next leaves nothing—nothing tangible, nothing helpful, nothing beautiful, such as we might have gained from the quiet perusal of a book. Rather it leaves a driving discontent; an insatiable desire for more; more excitement, more amusement and on and on we rush, caught in the whirlpool of the times.

It is the woman who is content to found a bookless home at whom I wonder. A home without a book! To me it is unthinkable, surrounded as I write by books on all four sides of me. Yet, is it true. The bookless homes are becoming more and more in vogue. It does not occur to our modern architect to build bookcases in his little five room band-box. Why should he? Of what use would they be? There is not demand for such an arrangement, and until a demand makes it necessary it will certainly not be done.

What of the children of bookless families? If children, brought up in homes where there are books, at least a few of a sort, are willing to do without them, how much more are the children of bookless homes coming to regard the book as useless, unnecessary? Brought up, as they are, on Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford instead! Can Fatty Arbuckle and Douglas Fairbanks take the place to a child of James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field?

It is neither through lack of money, nor because books might by some be classed as a luxury, that they are done away with in our modern home. It is simply and purely because of lack of desire. They don't want them, at least not badly enough to buy them; and as nobody buys them for mere display, like the time-honored piano, for instance, they do without, not despairingly, but quite cheerfully, quite contentedly.

I do not know how a race of "thinkers" and "doers" can spring from a race of non-readers, but perhaps this is possible. One can only speculate upon the possibilities.

I am speaking, however, of the average middle-class home. But the middle class being in an overwhelming majority, it is safe to judge from them. Of course, the rich man will have his library whether he is a reader or not and the poor, thank heaven, have always recourse to the public libraries. It is the middle class who neither know nor care, who have not the slightest regard for a good book, be that book ancient or modern. Reading to the exclusion of all other pastimes, is perhaps unwise. But surely the book ought to have some place in the lives of the present generation. Perhaps bookless homes have always been existent, but certainly we must admit that they are more prevalent today than they have ever been. If this be progression, give me stagnation!

It is not progression. At least not for the bookless mob. To the few readers of good literature, ancient and modern, the affairs of the nation must ultimately revert. They, it will be, who will lead and guide the unthinking, unreading mob, whether they be rich or poor. We have never yet had a great man, a statesman, scientist or artist, who was not a reader. The printed page has always wielded its power and always will even though it be persistently omitted from so many of our modern homes. To men and women whose homes are comprehensive enough to contain libraries may we look for achievement, and to them only. The bookless mob must be content to follow, for they cannot hope to lead.

Current Thought

Does Humor Deserve More Philosophical Consideration?

From Epicurus to Lord Dunsaney we have heard of the laughter of the gods, but too seldom if ever is humor considered seriously as an item of metaphysical significance. Katherine Gilbert in *The Philosophical Review* for July criticizes Bosanquet's omission in his writings of any systematic treatment of humor, and insists that it not only holds a high place among the virtues, but that it is an attitude of the first significance and of "supreme value, coordinate with, or perhaps part of the texture of the religious attitude." The writer contends that "humor is one of the 'dominant attitudes,' that is, that it is one of the attitudes which takes man beyond morals, the whole way to salvation. It goes with greatness, either with the gifted spirit or with the highly significant situation. Weak minds are not complex enough to construct the aesthetic whole, or produce the curious perversities and involutions of genuine humor; the best they can do is laugh at some deviation from the normal which seems to them outlandish or repeat some trifle which by mere repetition becomes funny. Minds at a higher level, but not the highest, can be sharp and satirical, but scarcely humorous. The real spirit of comedy is a function of high altitudes and wide spaces. If one presses for examples of distinguished humor, the obvious one in a philosophical discussion is the irony of Socrates, which permeates and partially constitutes his reflective view of things. . ."

Humor saves from the overpowering of the immediate situation, assists in perspective, and hence is of supreme logical value. In the make-up of a world view of things, humor assists in sane balance. "The absence of humor in the view of any concrete situation is likely to entail a distortion of facts and logical error. And it would be generally admitted, I think, that absence of humor in a person's make-up is a fairly sure index of limitation in general capacity." At the same time "Humor makes a man a creative artist as surely as does the ability to paint or sing." It thus acts as a preventative of spiritual dullness and bondage to the prosaic cramping of facts as they immediately appear. In high forms comedy is as much a bearer of important meaning as tragedy. Its greatness lies in the cheerfulness and self-confidence, which Hegel recognizes, but also in its speculative disinterestedness, which he seems to deny. Humor is philosophical, because it readjusts a synoptic vision of things, putting the trifling and unimportant matters of life in their proper perspective. Comedy is but little practical, it is essentially speculative; and while religion leads us to act, humor helps us to see.

Moral Responsibility and the New Psychology

This practical and acute problem Professor John Laird discusses in the *Hibbert Journal* for July. The new psychology is an at least temporary alliance between behaviorism, psycho-analysis, and crowd psychology, the original motives for which were a reaction against the narrowness of previous psychological and political theories, and a growing appreciation of the significance for psychology of that obscure phase of mind revealed in 'psychic phenomena,' hysteria, and neurology, together with an important advance in the study of animal behavior. "It is impossible," he writes, "to believe seriously, I think, that all, or even most of the lavish hypotheses, the generous enthusiasms, the brilliant *aperçus*, and the wearisome, if cynical, ingenuousness of this movement can bear the test of calm investigation. Indeed, it may be contended, with great show of reason, that most of these accounts of the play of 'basic forces' and 'insatiable urges' show a poverty of reflection and a prodigality of quasi-scientific verbalism which make psychology cut a very poor figure in comparison with other sciences; and there are excellent grounds for believing, as a recent writer has shown, that much in the new psychology is the work of 'slumpers' who mistake names for causes after the fashion of the 'faculty' psychology which is erroneously alleged to be dead." Nevertheless, pioneer work is being done, and it is very hard.

The relation of the new psychology to moral responsibility is two-fold. In the main the new theories constrict, if they do not completely stamp out, the sphere of genuine responsibility. The determining or driving force in action is always an instinct or impulse. On the other hand, some of the new theories would greatly enlarge the sphere of our responsibility; we are responsible for failure to inhibit recurring temptations and suggestions. The therapeutic value of psycho-analysis depends upon conscious catharsis, while Coué, Baudouin, and the new Nancy School insist upon the value of auto-suggestion and self-hypnosis in strengthening our moral fibre.

The new psychology cannot change our judicial system, with its use of penalty, for the latter is maintained for the simple pragmatic reason that it works. Nevertheless, the truth of the new psychology, if established, would have important consequences for the business of living. If deliberate action and self-control are empty names, its self-styled optimism is a sham. If on the other hand our volitional life is seen to require more self-direction, we can improve our lot by taking heed to the new revelation. If the latter theory be true, "the usefulness of the new psychology lies principally in the spade-work it is doing. It is immensely important on any theory to know, or to try to know, how far our rational control of ourselves extends, and what price we have to pay for the use (and for the abuse) of this or the other persistent inhibition. The pity is that so much of this spade-work raises such clouds of dust." The strength of the new doctrines probably lies in amending rather than in supplanting. If the new gospel "has not succeeded so triumphantly as it is apt to boast, it has done an invaluable work none the less; for it has forced all the thinkers of the present hour to give a serious and not merely an official recognition to aspects of moral and of social problems which are as fundamental as they are perturbing." On the other hand it should be

remembered that in all of humanity's irksome toil and "an uncomfortably large proportion of moral rules and responsibilities . . . only seigneurial shackles of the herd," with them have come comfort and decency. With all of our excessive bridling, our lot is more tolerable than that of the cave dwellers before the day of taboos. Self-control may be irksome and sometimes dangerous, but it is vital to civilization.

Is Determinism Rational?

Howard V. Knox in the *Hibbert Journal* for July proposes this question and then proceeds with a pungent answer in the negative. He insists that "whether Determinism is formulated as (a) "Whatever is, must be," or (b) "The real is rational," or (c) "All voluntary action is necessary," it is (1) indisputable, (2) meaningless, (3) indisputable *because* meaningless." The fundamental contention of Determinism that freedom is theoretically inadmissible, because only the "necessary" is intelligible contains both a *petitio* and a contradiction. Both fallacies result from a vicious use of formal logic. The *petitio* appears in applying deliberately to the problem a traditional and formal logic which is by nature deterministic, whereas the problem lies here in knowing whether any logic of necessity is capable of handling the whole of reality. To assume that the proper function of intelligence is the static analysis of parts rather than the perception of wholes is begging the point at issue. "Moreover, not only does the deterministic argument take the intelligibility of 'necessity' for granted; but it also *assumes* that 'necessity' remains intelligible when voluntary activity is brought formally within its sphere." If then "to explain" means to place in a system of necessity, i. e. absolute necessity, to explain mind and volition would *a priori* demand a deterministic verdict. But this demand coming from the "scientific outlook is (in intention and of set purpose) impersonal, non-ethical, and non-teleological; and the 'necessity' which expresses it necessarily shares these characteristics." It is just this impersonal and abstract pitfall that the voluntarist avoids. "The traditional 'Logic', in short, is an attempt to conceive the world as a 'system' which is *uninfluenced* by the presence within it of intelligent beings. Just so far as the abstraction is applicable and useful, 'Logic' may possess its own peculiar kind of truth. When the abstraction is taken as the whole truth, it manifestly becomes self-contradictory and meaningless." Intelligence as exercising control, i. e. volition, refuses to fit into any Intellectualist system of necessity. "To Intellectualism, in all its forms will must always remain an insoluble problem; for will is precisely *the point at which intelligence becomes a real factor in the shaping of reality*. All that Intellectualism *can* do with such an inconvenient entity is to explain it away altogether: but in doing so it destroys the *connection* between 'intelligence' and 'reality'."

But since the scientific use of the term 'necessity' excludes volition, to speak of necessary volition is a contradiction. Hence at this point Determinists assume an ambiguous position, either that there is no objective or recognizable difference between voluntary and reflex action, or, that action which is really voluntary must, for the purposes of 'pure theory', be treated

as non-teleological. The former does not prove psychical Determinism, while the latter destroys the sufficiency of Intellectualism as a theory of reality. In all events, necessity is not proved to be the only principle in the interpretation of the world. Hence it is not necessary to suppress the reality of purpose. Psychical Determinism, on the other hand, is essentially self-contradictory. The choice therefore must be made between Voluntarism and Behaviorism. "For the moment we must be content with this reflection: that in a psychological sense Determinism means too much, and in a logical sense too little, in that its various 'meanings' psychologically support, but logically cancel, each other. Nevertheless, its subtle attempt to *exclude* will from reality is logically equivalent to the admission that in a world which *includes* mind, 'necessity' is not the final word."

The New Materialism

The discovery of a tenable theory of consciousness has always been a bugbear for naturalistic thinkers. A review of recent typical materialistic attempts at solutions of the problem is found in the *Journal of Philosophy* for June 22, from the pen of Professor Pratt. The reasons for the abandonment of the materialistic hypothesis in the latter part of the 19th century were purely logical, such as the significance of consciousness in evolution, and the self-destruction of any system of truth in a universe of absolute necessity. The rise of parallelism at the same time was more favorable to the needs of naturalism, and left the theory of the conservation of energy intact. The ill-repute of parallelism at this time, however, has forced naturalistic thinkers to seek new positions of defense. Three general views are possible, namely, the denial of the efficiency of consciousness, the identification of consciousness with energy, and a position which attempts to avoid either of the two horns of the dilemma. These positions are supported respectively by Professors Warren, Montague, and Sellars. After a thorough analysis of these typical theories Professor Pratt concludes that neither is a tenable solution of this traditional difficulty of naturalistic systems. These three proposed solutions, he writes, "are typical in the sense that between them they seem to exhaust the possibilities. Professor Warren avoids the absurdity of identifying consciousness with brain but does so only by making consciousness inefficient and thereby committing himself to consequences that seem equally difficult of acceptance. Professor Montague clings to the efficiency of consciousness but only at the cost of calling consciousness a form of neural energy. Professor Sellars is unwilling to commit himself to either of these difficulties; and ends by falling a victim to both. My conclusion can only be that the new materialism has failed to bring forth a single consideration that makes the materialistic hypothesis really easier of acceptance than it was at the time when nearly every thinker gave it up twenty years ago."

WILBUR HARRY LONG.

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

Clear Vision in Simplicity

A REPLY TO MR. KAUFFMAN

To speak paradoxically has always been the privilege, perhaps largely the necessity, of sages. Yet some have spoken with a direct simplicity that has often failed of its mark because of the popular bent to search out hidden meanings. While Christ often clothed his counsels in parables, his moral teachings were conveyed in simple direct statements intended, no doubt, to say exactly what they purported. John Burroughs has written in the same way. Preeminently a naturalist, practiced in telling his observations in simple, beautiful language; as a philosopher he differs from most philosophers in recording, still simply and beautifully, the clear crystallizations of long pursued meditations.

Mr. Kauffman, ably discussing the religion of Burroughs in the July *PERSONALIST*, finds that while Burroughs believed in God he did not believe in personal immortality, and in that curious alliance of affirmation and denial unconsciously straddled himself with a paradox—in this instance construed as coupling incompatibilities. The philosophic analyst is thereby challenged to the consideration of an interesting hypothesis; for the assumption that theism is untenable without subjoining egoistic continuance can hardly be taken as axiomatic. To all apperceptions of deity affected by anthropomorphism, the corollary is provided for in the premise; but in the vaguer gropings of this later day, pantheistic in the modern light of being affected by a rather thorough knowledge of nature, the mind penetrates to a vista in which God is concealed by his very greatness, while of the soul of man hardly anything can be predicted more than that it is not lost—since nothing is lost—in the vital unfoldment of the Universe. The hypothesis reintroduces the controversy between God as being and God as essence. But I doubt whether such questions are worth the scars of controversy. The important thing, the practical effect upon present personality, would be indifferent; since either conception involves a high and compelling recognition of responsibility. But all worthy attitudes are inter-illuminative, and that of Burroughs is not without instruction, even to the most concretely theistic.

Rarely if ever before has a mind like that of Burroughs, suckled in religion, matured in scientific knowledge and tempered with the intimate companionship of fields and woods, gazed so long, so solemnly and so questioningly at life's everlasting wonder and mystery. The religious instinct, the need of religion, was as real and vital to him as the cool clear water dipped

from sequestered pools. But the God he was compelled to grope for, and the interpretation of his own life demanded by spiritual sensitiveness, both had to be tried in the matter of fact crucible of science. Save for the latter he had been a mystic: but for the former a mechanistic materialist. Burroughs was neither. Through his intimacy with nature he was able to strike forth certain new, grandly satisfying ideals—from his expanded point of view, immensely compatible.

His ideas have peculiar value in that they shatter another dogma, they disqualify another hypothesis: we do not lose personality, but we rise, possibly, to a greater conception of life in its eternal unfoldment and progression, by seeing through the eyes of this great simple nature-philosopher that a human being can believe in God, even be in awful intimacy with God, and yet not demand diuturnal identity.

GEORGE LAW

"Warbling Harps"

I hold in my hands *The Evangelical Primer* whose yellowing pages are well-started on their second century. A beloved student, knowing the Professor's predilection for the old and the curious, saved it from destruction and sent it to us. The point of greatest interest is not, however, in the catechisms it contains, "doctrinal", "historical", and Westminsterian, but in the purported poems for children at the end, beginning with "The Dying Mariner" and going on through "The Judgment Day" to "The Alarm." In this anthology of infant verse we were struck with the lines:

"Where warbling harps and songs proclaim
The Great Redeemer's glorious name."

"Warbling Harps", we challenge you to prove that the term is not exactly correct, but is there not something left for desire if one is hungering for *poetry*? The mind of the writer of those lines was no more on fire with poetic imagery and passion than was the mind of Carl Sandberg when he sang (?), "I can take off my bloody shirt"—we think that quotation is exact. He was talking *down* to the children of a century ago just as Sandberg talks *up* to us.

But stay, is not the commonplaceness of such effort the reason for its popularity? It just about reaches where the mass of men are. For are we not, we who are in the main drive of life, forever eking out our music, our poetry, and our romance, even our religion, with the veriest common-places? Our harps warble when they ought to sing, and we take the music of life out in a trill where we should grasp its profounder meanings. Who shall bring us really to grasp the thrill of life, its depths of tragedy, its moving tides of soul-meaning? No thrush's note that wakens the morning for our sleepy eyes, no sunset painting its indescribable splendor but is profound with pathos, praise, or despair, and we creatures of the day turn from these

ineffable expressions to our own harp tinkering and trilling. It's enough to make the true artist blush for shame. But these warbling harps of ours have value which sometimes the artist does not know. He is bent on perfect expression. We are bent on self-expression. And this, too, has its glory and its place. It is, however faulty, an expression of ourselves, and it is of moment.

A pioneer school-teacher unable to carry a tune used to go early to the school-house to practice some notes that seemed to him like music. He always declared that he learned to sing, but none of us were ever quite convinced. Of one thing only we were sure; he had made honest effort. Was that to count for nothing? No, for in the sum of life it is not the accomplishment that counts so much, as it is the effort. Warbling is valuable, as an expression of the stretch of the human spirit.

Einstein's Theory and Modern Philosophy.

May I point out that your kind reference to my article in *Mind* on Relativity (THE PERSONALIST, July, p. 199) scarcely does justice either to the principles involved or to my treatment of them? As the subject appears to me to be of absolutely fundamental importance to modern philosophy I should like to summarize the situation as I understand it. I have never, to begin with, suggested that Einstein's work is "foreign or unimportant to philosophy". On the contrary I have emphatically maintained its outstanding value and significance¹; these are patent to even the most superficial consideration; and from this standpoint my criticisms have been specifically limited to the argument, which has been strenuously advanced in one form or another throughout the whole philosophical world, that the scientific theory of relativity supports in any degree, or even finally establishes, some type of the philosophic principle of relativity. My own view of this issue,—the importance of which is self-evident, is that Einstein's theory has not the slightest direct reference to this philosophic problem. Philosophically, his theory is (on this point) strictly neutral; it leaves this problem totally unaffected and with all its pros and cons exactly what they were before. But this contention, obviously, does not imply that his discoveries are "foreign or unimportant to philosophy".

Scientific relativity, in short, is one thing; *philosophical* relativity quite another; and if modern philosophy is not to be plunged into barren and fruitless controversy, their distinction, as I have argued all along, must be carefully observed, even while we recognize the unique value of the scientific principle in itself. But to confuse them, or to regard them as intimately connected together, or even as identical, is a fatal error which vitiates the entire issue between idealism and realism. As the controversy proceeds this, in my opinion, is rapidly becoming clearer and clearer. For not only has Einstein himself asserted that "there was nothing specially, certainly nothing

¹ Cf. *Mind*, Jan. 1922, pp. 47, 52.

intentionally, philosophical about" his investigation¹, but I have good grounds for believing that he admits that his theory has nothing whatever to do with what he calls "psychological space and time"; by which he means time and space as these are present to consciousness in sense-perception. I hope ere long to procure from him a published statement on this point which will place beyond all doubt the fact that he deals always and only with our scientific *concepts* of the units and methods of spatio-temporal measurement, and *not* directly with time and space as these are immediately perceived.

This distinction can not be too strongly emphasized. For it is the true nature of space and time which constitutes, *inter alia*, the question at issue between realism and idealism. To assume therefore that Einstein's theory directly implies that *perceived* space and time, in themselves as such and as distinct from spatio-temporal units and systems—a distinction of vital importance which is however, consistently ignored—are through and through relative to finite experience or to individual knowledge, is not only totally incorrect as a matter of fact, but also prejudices, without the slightest justification, the whole ideal-realist controversy; and I have never understood why the eminent American counsel for realism have allowed their case to go by default, as they certainly seem to me to have done hitherto. Of course my impression may be a wholly mistaken one.

Scientific relativity, in other words, is concerned solely with the physical theory of the external or material universe. It has therefore no bearing on the nature of mind or knowledge or experience. Philosophic relativity, on the contrary, deals primarily with experience, and only secondarily with external Nature. If we keep this elementary truth in mind, it is easy to understand that the two subjects are poles apart; and it is extremely unfortunate, in the interests of clear thinking, that the term "Relativity" should be shared in common by both physicists and philosophers. This has resulted, so far, in endless confusion; and I should be glad to see some of the many able realists, who have done so much for American philosophy, wielding a stout cudgel in defense of their essential principles on all these points, so that we may be saved from a recrudescence of subjectivism. If they will allow me to say so, their position is much more firmly based than they seem to have realized.

Liverpool, Eng.

J. E. TURNER.

Out of Eden

"Katy-did-it", that is, she brought to our vacating minds the first sense of the summer's end. Yet there were many other signs had we been so open-visaged as to have seen them. The little river had grown lower and lower under the constant evaporation of the late summer heats. The half-submerged crock which held the company virtinals had to be moved farther into the stream, the little cascade that united Wannellyn Brook with the

¹ *Nature*, June 16, 1921, p. 504.

San Gabriel had become but a misty wedding veil of water, the larger trout could now be found only in the deeper rapids and more secluded pools. Hands had become calloused with protracted toil, stomachs accustomed to the ubiquitous bacon and flap-jacks. Over the mind as one lounged stretched out at length before the evening fire of logs had crept a vast content unbroken by newspapers or the exactions of letters. How simple life had become. Ninety-five per cent of the toil of modern life is caused by the frills. It is the five per cent alone that is necessary for happiness and comfort. If Adam was condemned to live by the sweat of his brow something more than providing for physical needs must have been involved, for Nature is not harsh but kind in most of her moods.

Just then a Katy-did began to chirp upon the hearth and the spell was broken. "I shall make over the gray voile" murmured lady Brown Bonnet, and we knew the end had come.

Two days later the burros were at the door, and we left behind us the lovely mountain vistas with their haze of blue. And the golden rod was the flaming sword of the angel lifted up at our departure out of Eden.

Along the Bookshelf

Is Belief in Immortality Passing

IMMORTALITY AND THE MODERN MIND, by KIRSOPP LAKE, Winn
Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Harvard University, Harvard
University Press, 1922. Pp. 51.

IMMORTALITY AND THEISM, by WILLIAM WALLACE FENN, Dean of
the Harvard Divinity School. Pp. 41.

THE BELIEF IN GOD AND IMMORTALITY, by JAMES H. LEUBA,
Professor of Psychology at Bryn Mawr College, Open Court Publishing
Company, Chicago 1921. Pp. xxi—333.

The recent appearance of these books on Immortality will raise the question in many minds whether the belief in immortality is likely to survive the assaults being made upon it by the disbelieving modern psychology on the one hand, and the materialistic spiritualism on the other.

The confusion of the average mind upon the subject is set before us in the Ingersoll Lecture of Professor Lake, *Immortality and the Modern Mind*. He calls attention to the change which has taken place in the present age respecting physical survival. The former generation believed in actual physical survival, whereas we do not. The chief alternative which he sees is the establishment of proofs, like those sought by the society for Psychical Research in modern spiritualism, in which he confesses little confidence.

He takes his own appeal to mysticism, by which he thinks to discover such assurance as there may be for a doctrine of immortality in the immaterial character of personality.

Dean Fenn, in *Immortality and Theism* (the Ingersoll Lecture of the preceding year) rests his belief in immortality upon his belief in God.

"For me theism means belief in personality as the source and sum of all values and ideals, best apprehended by us intellectually in the form of purpose animating and unifying all reality, a purpose which finds its progressive fulfillment in the growth of moral ideals and human efforts for their realization."

"A rationally significant world requires that these human values laboriously won shall continue to exist, if not here then elsewhere, but that means immortality, for human values inhere only in human personalities. They cannot be floating, unattached, abstract existences and unless we are prepared to say that having been attained by us human beings they survive only in the personality of God which we have served thus to enrich, which would mean that human love nourishes divine selfishness, there is no other alternative than the conclusion that a rationally significant world implies the immortality of human personalities."

The feeling of the devout believer in immortality could scarcely be better expressed than in these words:

"Can man ever reach a point at which his actual self shall be perfectly coincident with his real self, at which all his possibilities shall be fully realized and he is no longer conscious of an ideal call? That seems to me quite inconceivable; for us, always, the Pilgrims' Chorus, instead of the complacent chant of the arrived; in God's purpose concerning us there is always the progressive fulfillment both in us individually and by us in the world. In other words, the religious view of life presents itself to me as the endless pursuit of an ever advancing goal, that is what God's purpose for us means, that purpose never is fulfilled, the process of self-realization is never complete when death comes, but God's purpose carries over the physical experience and man keeps on forever. Thus it is that a religiously significant world means immortality."

We wish that every minister of the gospel might read Professor Leuba's book *The Belief in God and Immortality*, not because we agree with his conclusions, but because he presents facts which, however disconcerting, every teacher of religion ought to face. After the allowance has been made for the form of his questionnaire, the first one of which would have been offensive to ninety-five per cent of cultured believers in immortality, the facts probably are as stated, that a great proportion of college students and educators believe neither in a personal God nor in immortality. The great reason is not far to seek.

We are at present impatient of any knowledge which does not yield itself to the material measurements of science. It is the fashion of the hour to scoff at the deeper values of life, which cannot be so measured, as unreal. We are told by the blasé that even love is naught but a chemical reaction, and we drive our heads to believe what our hearts deny, fearing that someone will accuse us of being unscientific. This is the strange and ridiculous obsession of our time, this despising of human, moral, and religious values. But Leuba actually gives us the confused notion of the average *intelligentsia* who know enough to be profoundly sure about a partial knowledge, but who do not think deeply enough to coordinate knowledge with life itself.

Professor Leuba's book should be calmly read and judiciously received, and we deplore the bitter attacks that have been made upon him. Nevertheless we feel that the conclusions of the final section of the book are not scientifically warranted. He overestimates the effect of his book in the interests of unbelief. Christian belief in immortality has survived many attacks quite as strong as his, and the alternative he suggests is not true, that one must either accept his book or else surrender the position of the fearless inquirer and assume that of the ostrich.

His statistics regarding the future of belief in immortality would sustain his conclusion only were he to bring statistics which would show the scholarly attitude of the past to have been essentially different. Scholarship and skepticism have not just now begun to walk together. In spite of this, Christianity has ever fostered the means of higher education. She has

survived with ever growing intelligence, feeding upon her own "destruction". Why? Because she has been founded on life rather than on Theology, and in the end, the life and soul of man is greater even than his mind.

Christianity (and with this the Christian belief in immortality) must stand upon its ability to respond to the deepest human needs, not on historicity or dogmatism of any kind. The sooner institutional Christianity recognizes that fact, the sooner will it demonstrate universally its all-conquering power. It need not deny the facts which Leuba presents. It need quarrel only with conclusions which spring from his prejudices and are not necessitated by the facts invoked. The belief in immortality has survived because Christianity is not primarily a belief, but a life, a way of life to which immortality is essential. We do not believe in immortality because it is comfortable or acceptable, nor because we could not live decently without it, but because the Christian soul looks forward to a life of growing knowledge, self-realization and power. In the light of this belief, grow the virtues of patience, balance and sanity in the face of misfortune and loss. It is not a question that can be settled by science, nor by a majority vote of the 'greater' minds. Beliefs, at the best, are never final; only life is final. Even skepticism is never final, though such is its confident boast. It is characteristic of Christianity that it can receive into itself just the changes of which Professor Leuba complains and survive and prosper by the increment. This it could not do if it were not a life. The survival of change is the principal fact about life.

Our radical friends in theology, economics and politics seem constitutionally careless of spelling and proof-reading in a way that detracts from their influence. We noticed six misspelled words in one-half page of eighteen lines. This is very bad in a book that lays claim to scientific accuracy.

Synthesizing Modern Thought

THE REIGN OF RELATIVITY, by VISCOUNT HALDANE. Yale University Press, New Haven, 1921. Pp. xxiii and 480.

To the thought of the editor this is one of the most significant works in philosophy that has appeared in several years. It catches its interest and importance from its attempt to gather the standpoints and results of present day science and philosophy into a synthesis of meaning. Inasmuch as both science and philosophy, in spite of all dogmatisms to the contrary, are very much at sea such an attempt upon the part of so clear a thinker as Viscount Haldane is sure to be fruitful and valuable.

The synthesis is made about the modern theory of relativity as applicable not only to science but likewise to philosophy and depends upon a doctrine of degrees. The author distinguishes the Victorian outlook from our own by calling attention to the notion of contrast between mind and spirit, natural and supernatural, which characterized the thinking of that period with the new synthetic power put in our hands by the doctrine of relativity. Einstein has shown us that the whole system of sidereal movements is taken from a single set of coordinates but in being so taken presents a single and limited phase of the truth. As the old astronomy based upon the as-

sumption of a static earth could give us only a partial view of reality, so we can approach truth only by enlarging our knowledge of the various relations in which a fact is set. What may appear very complete truth from a single standpoint becomes very inadequate or even inapplicable as looked upon from the wider standpoint. The individual good may be a national menace. How one acts upon a desert island is of different significance from action in the midst of the complications of the crowded city. One cannot therefore apply unrelatedly the ethical norms of one situation to that of another.

When one speaks upon the materialistic realm of atomic and force measurement he must not assume that there is no truth which material measurement cannot reach. He sees evidence of the approaching synthesis in knowledge in the tendency of biologists to break away from the dogmas of an exclusively mechanical standpoint, and to claim the privilege of expressing life in terms of conceptions that belong to the order of life alone.

The new doctrine of relativity by showing the inadequacy of the older Newtonian concept of time and space is compelling a readjustment of scientific thinking which makes room for a new understanding between science and philosophy. Of Einstein's achievement he says:

"Whatever criticism may have in store for his doctrine, it has at least accomplished several great advances. It has made the physical picture which the universe presents more intelligible to science; it has banished out of physics the necessity of attributing an objective character to gravitation, the force which has always been under suspicion in so far as it seemed to necessitate the hypothesis of action at a distance; and, finally, it has enabled all the laws that underlie physical events to be reduced to differential equations, an advantage not the less real because only a mathematician can be happy with it."

But a comprehension of the relativity of space and time systems demands a mental congruity which is inexplicable apart from the efficient reality of intelligence.

Haldane points out the danger from scientific hypotheses which contain metaphysical assumptions frequently received as fact and accepted indiscriminatingly. Speaking of biology he writes:

"A biological epistemology can therefore only possess relative truth. It can no more account for our knowledge of that world, which it has already in its explanation assumed to be there, than can the classical notion of space and time as absolute account for facts of observation which modern physics has placed beyond doubt and which yet appear to be irreconcilable with that notion. Its case is indeed a much worse one, for it cannot account even for itself. We are thus driven back to the revision of our popular idea of the relation of the biological thing to its environment as an explanation of knowledge. As we shall find in more detail later on, knowledge cannot be thus explained. It is itself presupposed, even when we distinguish a particular sensation from a concept. The distinction between the two falls within know-

ledge itself and presupposes it. Only for the sake of convenience do we refer to sensations apart from concepts or concepts apart from sensations. When we do this it is for a reason analogous to that for which the mathematician permits himself to talk of infinitesimals, and to calculate with them as though they expressed more than mere relations."

The author's views on immortality and his consideration of the dilemmas of modern spiritualism are most valuable and appropriate at the present hour.

Throughout the book he writes as a modern representative of the Hegelian position in philosophy. As ever the difficulty in any synthesis thus approached is a reference of final positions to the fallacy of the abstract. In criticizing Bergson's view of the relation of the personality to time he defines personality thus:

"We must not think of consciousness as a property, the consciousness *of* a person. The person *is* consciousness. He is essentially activity and process, but it is activity and process aware of themselves and existing only in this awareness, an awareness within which all distinctions, including that between real and unreal, arise. In other words consciousness is implicitly self-consciousness, and is fragmentary and incomplete when conceived otherwise."

But why embroil ourselves in difficulty by saying "personality *is* consciousness"? In this we appeal to that realism which Haldane here and there asserts regarding knowledge, that it exists. So we gain nothing in attempting to analyze personality into constituent states. Otherwise we do not see how he can avoid the conclusion that in states of unconsciousness and sleep the personality perishes.

THE ANALYSIS OF MIND, by BERTRAND RUSSELL, F. R. S., Macmillan, New York, 1921. Pp. 310.

Mr. Russell is so widely influential that his book will need to be read, weighed and reckoned with. It is to be commended as an attempt to put into systematic form the neo-realistic epistemology. As such it is of very great interest.

The aim of the author is to show that a "neutral stuff" of consciousness is the necessary basis of compromise between the materialistic assumptions of present day psychology and the idealistic theories of modern physics. As is usual in attempts at compromise, the result is likely to prove satisfactory to neither side.

As would be expected in a theory of thought and knowledge much space is given to the definition and consideration of consciousness.

We say "I think so and so", which suggests that thinking is the act of a person but to Mr. Russell thought as an act appears unnecessary and fictitious. To him the occurrence of the content of a thought constitutes the occurrence of the thought and he can discover nothing corresponding to

the supposed act. He presumes it would be more exact to say "it thinks in me" or better still "there is a thought in me." This position becomes of added interest when we proceed to discover that an impersonal world of objects and of words writes itself upon the mind.

It is not in a spirit of cavilling that we would ask what is a thought in me. Can it exist apart from "me thinking"? If that is true all that we need to do is to expose ourselves to the world of nature and of words and the result should under the proper environments be a liberal education. It is the old doctrine of mind as *tabula rasa* on deck and in command once more, having met with a sea change. Not only does objective experience write itself into ideas without any active participation of self but words have an exactly similar kinetic power. The word "motor" is held to have "some of the same causal efficiency as the object." Just as your neighbor's Henry Ford can cause you to jump for your life, so you may jump equally far if I say "motor" loudly and excitedly. This seems to us to be trifling both with ideas and with language. Not only are our muscular activities caused by influences such as these, "a certain sensory situation producing in us a certain bodily movement," but sometimes this movement consists in uttering words.

It would appear possible to let the unvarnished fact and riddle of the universe get uttered and without the further ado of discrepancies and variations. One is reminded of Mr. Spencer's childlike trust in the Unknowable which he considered the father of his thoughts, which thought-children he must not carelessly let die, being all of them as true as the universe itself. The trouble both with Mr. Russell and Mr. Spencer is that sensory situations apparently create opposing words, thoughts, and theories in other people. These can lay equal claim to truth as representing the Unknowable or sensory situations and there is an end of organized knowledge and of reasonableness as well.

Thus a bear-skin is said by Mr. Russell to produce in a horse reactions closely similar to those produced by a real bear, but we do not therefore say the horse is conscious of a universal or abstract knowledge of the general term bear. With this it is easy to agree but not with the conclusion that therefore there is equally little reason to assume a man to be conscious of a universal because he can say "I smell bear". It seems to us just this power of abstraction or reflection, or arriving at a universal, that accounts for the difference in the reaction of the two. It helps the man to overcome his fears at the empty bear-skin. The horse cannot reflect on the meaning of his experience and therefore fears.

There is resort to the Humean device of vivid and faint states of consciousness to distinguish between realities and imaginations, facts and dreams. One scarcely has the patience to unravel his dialectical description of how one tells sensation from mental image when in practice the norm of reference is so simple. If the dreamer never awakes and the maniac never returns to normal both dream and hallucination leave him incapable. But once awake he discards whatever is not normal to waking experience or recovered to mental sanity he judges by the reference to what is normal to his experience and common-to-all in experience. There is really no need to adopt the air of mystery or the lingo of dialectic. Mr. Russell adopts the claims of the

Freudians as if they were altogether proved. It would seem that the main part of our consciousness consists of the unconscious or at least of the sub-conscious. Efforts at decency and morality are only undertaken to deceive ourselves and the neighbors, while the real animality of our baser natures unceasingly work for their expression beneath the surface. It is very easy to cast the charge of hypocrisy at all the reformers and this is seemingly the intellectual demand of the hour.

Russell makes no distinction between phenomenal and efficient causality. Thus he is led into a lengthy discussion to prove that we cannot place the cause of the man's death because we cannot exhaust the gamut of phenomenal causes. Was it the arsenic, or the physiological changes, or failure of the heart? This appears as barren as the ancient dispute as to which straw, the first or the last, it was that broke the camel's back.

It is not inapropos for Russell to finish what the materialistic psychologists have so well begun. We have of late been flooded with books on animal psychology which existed by reading into animal activity the reflective consciousness of men. Having read out of psychology the existence of a soul and latterly of consciousness itself, why not adopt Russell's further suggestion? This is that, because of the deceitfulness of introspection, the best way to study human psychology is to observe the behaviour of animals.

There is in the book one common point of agreement. It becomes increasingly clear to thoughtful men that there is no absolute criterion of truth or knowledge. Should we thereby be disturbed? No, because life is practical and grows from more to more. We have truth enough to see by and to live by. There is no doubt about the great requisites of life, either in knowledge or in action. The desirability of truth, justice and love cannot be denied. Some halting and casuistic Pilate may ask "what is truth"? and who that is human knows as yet the answer. It is the part of life to learn what is the meaning of truth, justice, and love guided by such examples as we have. There is for man no ultimate nor absolute truth until he has attained the perfection of God. If we were to be given ultimate truth we could not understand its perfect implications, till we were perfect in mind, will, and accomplishment. Who knows for instance the application of the Golden Rule? We are learning it only laboriously century by century in governmental, social life and the individual relations. But we can live by it, find the answer as best we can, and die by it, and in the process find our salvation. Not by empirical facts, nor ultimate understandings of truth, but by faith are we saved.

The book is beautifully printed on paper that is a joy, but it is carelessly proof-read.

Throwing Personality to the Psychons

ACTIVISM, by HENRY LANO ENO, Research Associate in Psychology, Princeton University. Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J. 1920, pp. 208.

This book should attract wide attention for its evident effort to construct

upon the basis of the new electronic physics a consistent theory of thought and knowledge. For this reason all will be interested and many will welcome the author as a real pioneer in the realm of philosophy. Fundamental reality is described as an activity, and activity is defined as "that by reason of which change exists". We are also admonished that ideals are activities as in the case of the ideal of the painter. By perfectly logical reasoning it is apparently the ideal and not the painter that paints the picture. Here we have the abstract inserted in the place of the concrete and so the reasoning can go on. We learn also that values are activities, but we are not told how they act apart from the willing individual nor why being present they do not always act. Again, both consciousness and awareness are named as activities. The preponderance of spiritual and mental realities over material ones will of course be noted in these creative efficiencies which he names and which run through physical, psychic, and metapsychic and which embrace all classes of being, entities, relations, and processes. Should one inquire whether an activity is an activity of something he would receive the doubtful answer "an activity of itself", without any apparent consciousness that the question is begged. If an ideal can act in and of itself what relation does it bear to the will of the painter? This we are not told, as the painter is ignored in the interest of the activity. Whereupon the question arises whether an ideal is the same as its attainment and what in such a case is the need for an activity.

To the keen observer the new movement among many scientific and philosophical thinkers toward metaphysical explanation by the *petitio principii* method of referring it to "function" has been very obvious. Eno makes fertile use of this device. This appears in the definition for consciousness, which in lieu of anything else will have to be accepted as a description of personality.

" 'Consciousness', then, is simply the generic term for the total activities of a unitary psychokinetic complex of a certain kind—of a certain interrelated complexity and intensity,—just as 'electricity' is a generic term for the total activities of unitary psychokinetic complexes of certain other kinds—of certain interrelated complexities and intensities."

We can get no further with personality seemingly than to describe it under the functional term of "unitary complex", but the term must also be used to cover a variety of facts which in the end reduces the marvels of will and freedom to a matter of electrical activity. "A complex of atoms is what it is because of the particular natures of the atoms which compose it; and these particular atomic natures are what they are because of the nature of electricity which permits its units—the electrons—to be held together in certain stable configurations, these stable configurations being dependent in their turn upon the organizing relations involved. What electricity *does* makes the atoms what they *are*."

But does the electricity act uniformly or whimsically? If uniformly it does not account for differences in complexes, if whimsically, he is not using the term electricity in any known sense and we must seek either the law or the will behind the whimsy. It is but another way of saying that when things are different it is because it is their function to be different. Such is more a form of words than an explanation.

We witness an equal difficulty in the attempt to get any sort of unity into the unitary complex. This he imparts by telling us that "'complex' means an integration of relations". An integration of relations would however imply something to do the relating. If this relating or unifying factor is consciousness it must be the consciousness of a self-relating unit. Otherwise consciousness would be of nothing by nothing. Upon this basis there could be neither error, nor contingency, neither need for brain nor for personality.

As an illustration of an artificial effort to attain scientific accuracy we note the attempt to discover in the psychon or "minimum awareness" a unit which can be used as physics uses its hypothetical ions and protons. These appear to the reviewer an attempt to impose the formal hypotheses of natural science upon the facts of life. These formal hypotheses which are frequently mistaken for scientific fact or "discovery" ought in all fairness to be called conjectural science. Of this conjectural science the author furnishes a fair illustration.

"The complex of psychons which is an electron interacts with other electrons as an electric unit, not as a mere congeries of psychons. Its relations with psychokinetic activities, however, are as a psychokinetic complex and not as a unit of electricity. They are psychokinetic and not electrical. Its psychokinetic relations are inter-electronic. Proceeding from below the planes are progressively inclusive."

This, one must admit, is a fair show of scientific words but without a shred of evidence in fact.

The book is good, however, and one must assign to its author a high degree of conscientiousness and effort. His defects are not those that arise from lack of intellectual keenness. His weakness is that which springs from an effort to philosophize science, and in our age this will by some be counted as strength.

THE MORAL AND SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CONCEPTION OF PERSONALITY, by the late ARTHUR GEORGE HEATH, sometime Fellow of New College, Oxford. Clarendon Press, Oxford. 1921. Pp. 159.

This posthumous volume is a very clear and concise treatment of personality both as to its definition and meaning and as to its relation to society and the state. The author thus states his fundamental position:

"In the main there are two questions, as we have already seen, to be considered: How far is personality the necessary basis of morals, and in what sense is it the summary expression of a moral ideal? I wish to establish first that though some moral goodness may be found elsewhere than in persons, its most characteristic forms demand personality: that equally the highest goodness of which we can conceive would be personal goodness: that it would further be the goodness of finite personalities who could in no way be absorbed into one another though they could, and necessarily would, live in intercourse with one another: but that this society could not be identified with the State, that the

attempts to elevate the State into a moral being higher than any finite individual must fail, and that the divergence between personal development and social duty is in some sense a real fact however badly ordinary thought may state it."

To him personality implies a continuous self, conscious that it is a unity of diverse states and phases extending over a period of time and contrasted with a world not itself. Thus he lays the foundation for a general personalistic position which he argues with exceeding clearness.

His consideration of the person in his social aspects has an unusual appropriateness for our time in clearly showing the ultimate failure of any attempt at social solutions which overlooks the demands of the individual human spirit.

One finds himself wishing that so valuable a discussion might have been given a more dignified and worthy format.

THE WAYS OF LIFE, a Study in Ethics, by STEPHEN WARD. New York, Oxford University Press. Pp. 126.

If one had to stand upon his head with one eye bandaged, there would undoubtedly come to him in time a strange and curious view of the things which he has normally seen in an upright position. The report of how matters would appear from such a position persistently maintained might possess an interest to the student of abnormal psychology but could scarcely be considered important to the normally minded. This seems to us figuratively applicable to Stephen Ward's *The Ways of Life*, which shows the comparative ease with which words may be used deceitfully. He hopes to build a system of ethics by a negation of ethics.

One is prepared for this upon reading early in the book pages of dialectic to disprove causation. Ward has no apparent notion of the existence of a distinction between phenomenal and efficient causation; and because he can neither reconcile nor unravel the two, which he sees only in inextricable confusion, he legislates them out of existence by personal fiat, a fairly old and familiar manner of disposing of difficulties.

In his judgment, thought must take the place of morals in the progress of society. "When things go wrong it is a common remedy to suggest moral regeneration. If the foregoing arguments are even approximately correct there is no need to go to this length: indeed it is safe to say that from the point of view of mere statesmanship it would be better if the word and idea of morals could be expunged.....That which more than anything else delays a solution of present tangles is the idea that in some way or other the world can and should be made to satisfy moral aspirations." Thus he argues the immorality of morality because in the long-run morality pays. If it pays, then there is no moral virtue in it. So he concludes that "there is no ultimate difference between selfishness and altruism, inasmuch as a proper regard for one's own interest is a proper regard for the interests of others."

Through it all he maintains a hair-trigger resentment of all religion institutionalized or personal, which makes him jump at shadows indicating

an abnormality unfitting him to speak with authority or even with judicial calm.

The book will be dangerous only to the unthinking and morally confused, who will likely find in it the justification of their own moral recklessness.

THE VITAL AND SOCIAL FACTORS IN RELIGIOUS BELIEF,
by JOHN LEWIS, M. A. Manchester (Eng.); T. Griffiths & Co.

This small volume possesses a peculiar interest for Personalists. For Personalism must always emphasize its social aspects; it is the very reverse of the bad types of individualism, as is evident from its recent *Credo* and its very definition of *reality*. It is the importance of the social factors throughout the long evolution of religion that has been given special prominence by the author; his work constitutes a valuable study in anthropology, from which its seamy side has been—of set purpose—dispensed with. It is intended primarily for the student and the minister, but none the less will general readers find in it much of great interest, presented from an original and individual view-point that can have been attained only through a close study of the entire field. The subject is approached in the best scientific spirit—that spirit which is confident that the strictest adherence to facts is the only sure basis whereon to erect any stable structure of principle. More definitely, this basis is psychological. “The point of view is that of Functional Psychology. The religious life will be studied as a functioning of the human organism in its efforts at adjustment with what it regards as vital and ultimate” (p. 15). Thus we trace a real connection between Isaiah and the Australian aborigine, and a true sympathy uniting the ancient Anatolian to Spinoza. This catholicity of outlook is equalled by the author’s knowledge of the literature of his subject both recent and historical, among which the products of American thought hold a distinguished place. His conclusion is that “the conception of God was brought into being in response to the demands of the passion for life” as regulated and controlled by an “idealising power that is akin to the inner spirit of the universe” (p. 323). Thus one purpose dominates the whole course of history. Nothing passes away without yielding its contribution to the evolving Whole; and this is true, not only of history but equally of Nature. It is unfortunate that so stimulating a volume contains an undue number of misprints. I hope that a fresh edition will soon provide the opportunity for their revision.

Liverpool.

J. E. TURNER

BIBLE AND SPADE, by JOHN D. PETERS, Ph.D., Sc.D., D. D. Charles
Scribner’s Sons.

This is one of the most welcome and stimulating books that have appeared for many years, in its union of scholarly and literary acumen with religious faith. It embodies the Bross Lectures, delivered at Lake Forest College last year on the foundation of the late William Bross. Not all of the Lectures have been thought worthy of a place in the Bross Library, in which the present volume numbers seventh. The first to be published was the series

"*The Bible, Its Origin and Nature*", given in the year 1903, by Dr. Marcus Dods, whom many will remember as the trusted friend and teacher of Henry Drummond. Dr. Peters is already known by his admirable volume, only recently published, "*The Psalms of Liturgies*" (Macmillan, 1922), which were the Paddock Lectures for 1920. By "spade" is to be understood the careful digging at Babylon and elsewhere by eager seekers after ancient records carved on stone. Dr. Peters has the highest regard for the ancient Babylonians, to whom civilization owes no small debt. He declares himself as not concerned in his lectures to "defend" the Bible, but as anxious to find points where the documents of the Bible and archaeological discoveries throw light one upon the other, either giving us two witnesses to a fact, or the one explaining the other.

JAMES MAIN DIXON

THE INNER WITNESS OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL, by REV. LAWRENCE KEISTER, A. M., S. T. B.; The Otterbein Press, Dayton, Ohio.

To those who are interested to-day in theological problems, and are anxious to make use of all the light that comes from Greek and Oriental Philosophy, the Gospel of John is immediately of value because of its employment of Platonic terms like *Logos*, the "Word" or interpretation of things. It tells us how the world in which we live is inexplicable without a higher life, to which Christ gives us the "Way",—a term dear to Oriental philosophy. The author admits this in his Introduction, when quoting Kaufman, who "calls the author, 'the Plato of the inspired circle', while another writer expresses his opinion of his work in these words:—"The work is a philosophical one, the result of reflection on the character and words of Jesus.'" The book, while a reverent and helpful study, is entirely on "safe" lines, and does not follow up these implications.

J. M. D.

ESSAYS IN FREEDOM AND REBELLION, by H. W. NEVINSON. Yale University Press, New Haven. Pp. 213.

To the man saturated and content with the present order as it is, this volume of essays will surely bring dismay and anger; for Mr. Nevinson is not at all satisfied with things as they are, nor with that stultified type of mentality which fears looking facts in the face. There are sure to be many points of disagreement with him and in order to read him with calmness one needs to realize the hidden benefits accruing from the mental joltings he is sure to experience here and there. Mr. Nevinson is a good deal of a radical, saying things which many of us do not believe or but partially believe, and frequently displays the swagger of the iconoclast. We can forgive, however, because he says things that make us think and says them in a delightfully interesting manner. If one begins he is sure to want to finish the book.

SYMBOLISM OF THE DIVINE COMEDY, by JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER, Professor of Comparative Literature, Columbia University. Published by Columbia University Press, 1921. Pp. 245.

Three essays: the first long, but still bulging with overpacking; the second,

medium—a “happy” medium, in many senses; the last short, but long enough. the first two illuminating; the last two readable.

The first, “Ariadne’s Crown”—in which are hypostatistically tagged and elaborately interrelated *a la* St. Thomas Aquinas all the double dozen of spirits girdling Dante and his Guide in the Solar Heaven—is a marvel of ingenuity; but it needs marginal subheadings, or a paragraph-revealing printing on larger pages, to aid the gentle reader. (When learned publications shall finally come into the bailiwick of “scientific management”, can we expect to have such offerings in outlines, rather than in prose?)

Essay number two, “The Three Blessed Ladies”, more than makes up for all the rest: I wish I had the space to detail how charmingly and convincingly the writer persuades you that Mary, Lucia, Beatrice compose, in the gentler sex, a counterpart of the Trinity.

Lastly, “The Comedy of Dante”—italics the author’s—subtilizes, *vid* the famous Epistle to Can Grande, on the dual significances findable in the Latin title. I applaud the major premise that Dante was fully and purposefully conscious of *all* the apposite meanings and connotations involved in his own diction; many futile squabbles of critics would be silenced and many new and broader vistas opened if we could agree to allow Dante that much intelligence. If “*nove* Muse” (Par. ii, 9) *can* mean both “nine” and “new” (by the way, it is rhetorical bathos if “nine” alone is meant), and “saluto” and “salute” are deliberately confused in the *Vita Nuova*, and “raggi” in Par. xiii, 16 can perfectly well be translated both “rays” and “spokes”—and so on—why balk at admitting, for instance, that Dante was influenced in his choice of title for what he calls in Latin “*Vita Nova*” by the mystic number nine that so obtrusively figures therein?

H. D. AUSTIN.

A HISTORY OF SOCIAL THOUGHT, by EMORY S. BOGARDUS, Ph. D.,
University of Southern California Press, Los Angeles.

This survey of human progress by the able and popular head of the department of Sociology at the University will be read with interest outside of the student body for whom it is primarily intended. It is, indeed, “Dedicated to my students who are transforming their social thought into helpful living.” But, as the author remarks in the Preface, “In it any seriously-minded person should find a fundamental background for understanding the central theme of human progress, a substantial basis for attacking the most important problems of the day, and a call to renew his faith in the soundness of human aspirations.”

Naturally the religious quantum, with a sympathetic attitude to other faiths than the Christian, is not ignored. Today when Mr. Wells asks us to regard the Buddhist emperor Asoka, as one of the few great men of history, it is well to understand the political principles on which he worked. Such an estimate is found in Chapter III:—“The teachings of Buddha engendered a delicate social consciousness regarding the relation of the individual to

his fellows. The precepts were strong enough to break down rigid class barriers. The underlying conception was broadly human. . . ."

While Dr. Bogardus gives full credit to the humane side of Socialistic thought, represented by such thinkers as Karl Marx, yet he points out the dangerous elements. "In Russia," he remarks, "Marxian socialism in 1918 came into power. The Bolsheviki represent the radical wing of the Marxian followers. They established essentially a dictatorship of the proletariat, substituting it for the dictatorship of capitalists which existed under the reign of the czars. Bolshevism substituted occupation for geographic area as a basis of representative government. This program is deficient and sociologically untenable, because occupational groups do not encompass all phases of human progress."

How disastrously "untenable" the program has proved is perhaps the most serious fact in the world of today.

J. M. D.

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- MODERNISM IN RELIGION, by J. MACBRIDE STERRETT, D. D., Litt. D., Emeritus Professor of Philosophy in the George Washington University. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York, 1922. Pp. xiii and 186.
- MATHEMATICAL PHILOSOPHY, a Study of Fate and Freedom, Lectures for Educated Laymen, by CASSIUS J. KEYSER, Ph. D., LL. D., Adrian Professor of Mathematics in Columbia University. Published by E. P. Dutton & Company, New York, 1922. Pp. xiv and 466.
- SOME MODERN CONCEPTIONS OF NATURAL LAW, by MARIE T. COLLINS, Ph. D., formerly Scholar and Fellow in the Sage School of Philosophy, Cornell University. Published by Longmans, Green & Company, New York. Pp. iv and 103.
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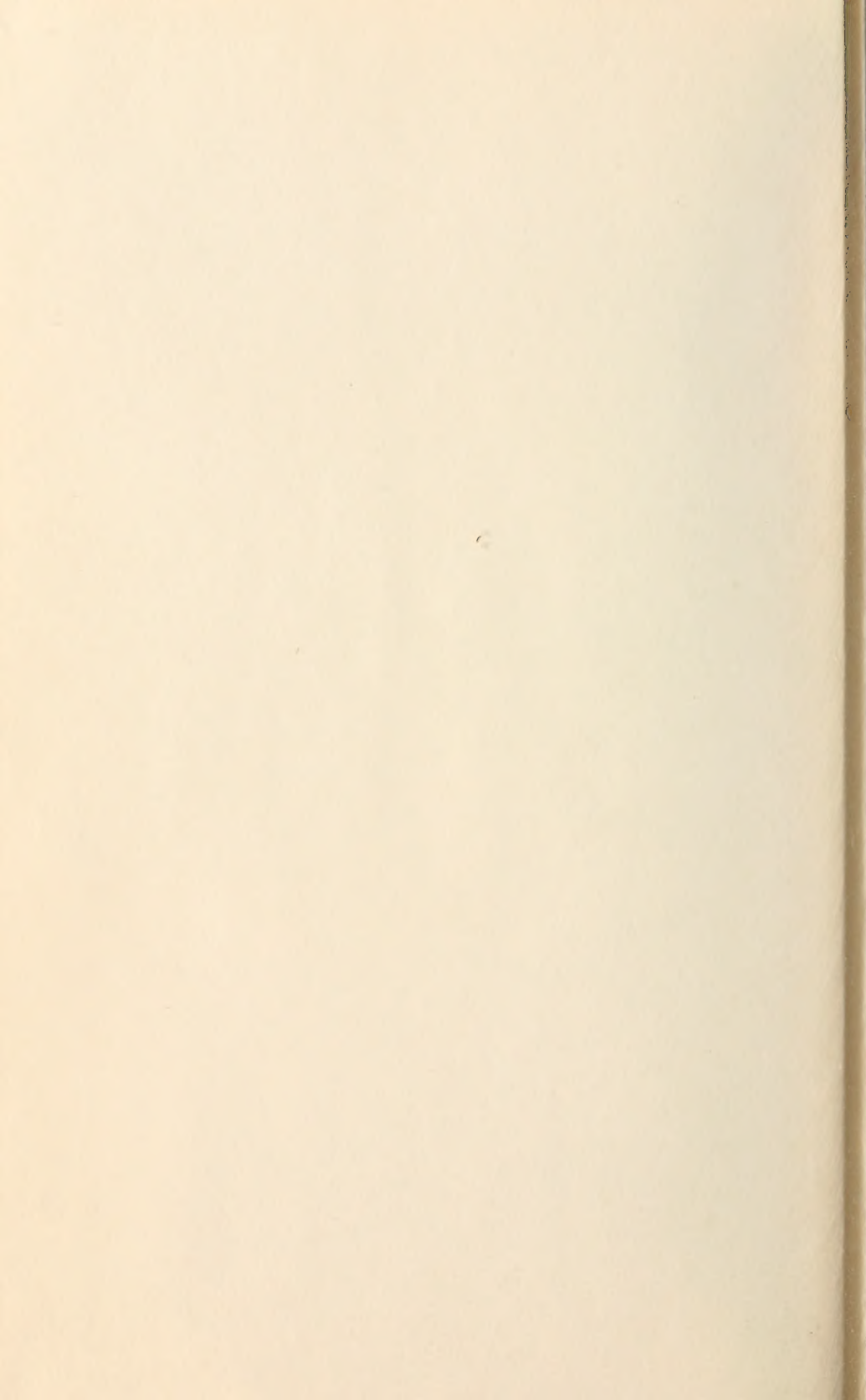
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